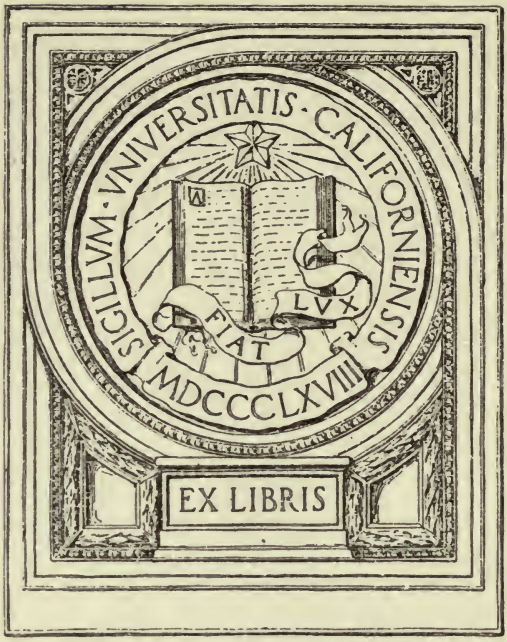
THE MEMORIES OF SIR LLEWELYN TURNER

16/3/6


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

THE MEMORIES OF SIR LLEWELYN TURNER

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoriesofsirlle00turnrich

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Jones, Son & Harper, Photo. Ludlow

Stanley A. Cumming

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE MEMORIES OF SIR LLEWELYN TURNER

MEMORIES SERIOUS AND LIGHT

OF

THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798
WELSH JUDICATURE AND ENGLISH
JUDGES ADMIRALS AND SEA-FIGHTS
MUNICIPAL WORK AND NOTABLE
PERSONS IN NORTH WALES STRANGE
CRIMES AND GREAT EVENTS

EDITED BY J. E. VINCENT

LONDON ISBISTER AND CO. LTD.
15 & 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN W.C.
1903

DA722
.1
T9A3

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
London & Edinburgh

Dedication

TO MY DEAR WIFE AND LOVING COMPANION, MY COMFORTER IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, WHOSE AFFECTIONATE KINDNESS TO ME IN NUMEROUS ILLNESSES I DESIRE TO ACKNOWLEDGE BY DEDICATING TO HER THIS BOOK OF REMINISCENCES OF A LONG PUBLIC LIFE, WHICH I HOPE MAY NOT HAVE PROVED ALTOGETHER USELESS, AND WHICH I WISH HAD BEEN BETTER

535315

INSTEAD OF A
PREFACE
I OFFER AN
APOLOGY

BEING an old man writing from memory on a number of subjects, I have found it impossible to preserve throughout that consecutive recital of events, which, at an earlier period of life, I might have been able to do. The facts have been engraved on my memory, but the task of recording them consecutively was beyond my power at my advanced age.

LLEWELYN TURNER

PARKIA, CARNARVON
April 1903

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

SIR LLEWELYN TURNER—A STUDY IN CHARACTER

Pp. 1–11

CHAPTER II

PARENTAGE AND GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

Birth—Father's education—"Wonderful Robert Walker"—Visit to North Wales—Slate quarry—Mr. Williams of Pwllycrochan—Fighting quarrymen—Foundation of William Turner and Co.—Irish Channel dangers—Enemies' cruisers—Invasion of Pembrokeshire—Stammering cabin-boy—Riding across North Wales—English and American sea-fights—*Little Belt* v. *President*—*Guerriere* v. *Constitution*—Bingham and Mends—Yankee and nigger songs—*Macedonian* v. *United States*—Apathy of the Admiralty—*Chesapeake* v. *Shannon*—Story of Captain Clint—The *Shannon* at Sheerness—Captain Murphy—The *True-blooded Yankee* in the Irish Channel—*Pelican* v. *Argus*—Carelessness of Admiralty—A Bill of Lading of 1811

Pp. 12–39

CHAPTER III

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

The family Bible—Mother's ancestry—The Irish rebellion—Kit Cooper's murder—Cutting off a lady's finger—Doyle, "Brigade-Major"—Sir John Moore—Murder of the Rev. Francis Turner—The "Ancient Britons"—Generals "Needless" and "Useless"—Sir Watkin and the sailor—A foolhardy rebel—French privateer in English Channel—Pluck of a sloop's mate—An amateur doctor—Father becomes Mr. Assheton Smith's partner—The building of Parkia—Famine in Llanberis—Irish lawyers at Vaenol—Lord Manners—Lord Plunket—Curran—Irish witnesses—Dillon of Carnarvon—His wit—Irish cars—The curate discomfited—Curran and

Lord Avonmore—Lord Kenyon's cheap dinner—Increasing business—Warren Hastings—Curran and Mickey—A successful "tramp"—Slanderers—Origin of Turner Family—Mr. Assheton Smith—An honest prisoner—A confiding gaoler—An act of mercy—A blunderbuss—Cannons at Carnarvon—The privateer *Endeavour*—Carnarvon Castle—Southampton Canal—A verse—Irish ecclesiastical appointments—Father's stories—General Gore—Baron Garrow—Murder by "Hwntw Mawr"—Manufacture of "port" wine—Home life at Parkia—Hospitality—Dogs and tramps—Modern improvements—Party rancour and its consequences—Lawlessness—Suet and dripping—A boaster humiliated—H.M.S. *Nelson*—Death of father—His form of prayer . . . . . Pp. 40–79

CHAPTER IV

THE WELSH JUDICATURE AND THE ENGLISH JUDGES

Ancient Welsh Judicature—Legislative history—Laws of Hywel Dda—A sheriff's ball given by father—Engaging the hangman—Lord Chief Justice Tindal—Game and red salmon—Judges Raine and Kenrick—Maule on Messrs. Carbery and Nolan—A lawsuit in hell—Executions at Carnarvon—Barbarous laws—Welsh juries—Pineapple in a Welsh garden—Jury packing—Notes on judges—Tindal C.J.—Bosanquet J.—Alderson B.—His jokes—Vaughan J.—Pompousness of—Hired witnesses—An anonymous libel and a dying confession—Lord Lyndhurst—His marvellous memory—His second marriage—Williams J.—His fancy for woodcocks—Defended Queen Caroline—Election excitements—Highway robbery—"Goody-goody" days—The North Wales Bar—Two leaders bound over—A narrow escape—A chestnut—*Williams* v. *P. Buckland*—Jervis as cross-examiner—Patteson J.—The degrees of drunkenness—The new gaol—Lord Newborough—The "Black Hole"—Wrong site of new gaol—Temperance pilgrimages—Sir Edward Baines—Visiting prisons—Timely severity and consequent gratitude—Crime as a trade—Serjeant Taddy—A convivial under-sheriff—Mr. Watson Lloyd's humour—His powers of mimicry—His death—Creswell J.—His manner—Britannia Bridge murder—Lord Abinger—Lord Denman—An interesting forgery—A mistaken arrest—Recidivisim—A discussion in grand jury—Duties of grand juries—An obstinate magistrate—A manslaughter—Two burglaries—The dogs save Parkia—The servant and her lover—Blind butler as witness—Dignified judge—Impudent prisoners—Sir Charles Felix Smith was Lever's Trevanion—The French bully defeated—Lord Campbell—A mountain murder and a cruel accusation—A confession—Jervis L.C.J.—A poisoning case—Demonstrates thimble-rigging—Earle L.C.J.—An idiot witness—His repartees—Bovill L.C.J.—Visit to Coombe Wood—Some Tichborne doggerel—Yachting on the Straits—Rioters in Flintshire pardoned—Engagement of Bovill and Miss Barnwell—Malins V.C.—A jest—Lord Bramwell—First meeting—His courtesy—Later friendship—

A letter of congratulation—Bramwell's hatred of a lie—His manner—Yachting arguments—Bramwell as mathematician—His deadly sarcasm—Trying a witness backwards—Welsh clerical witness to character in sheep-stealing case—Drunken parson's trick—Bramwell's affability—An abrupt prisoner and a prompt judge—Curious breach of promise case—Mr. McIntyre, Q.C.—Absurdities in slip-shod English—Bramwell and garrotters—His "large dog"—*Punch* on Bramwell—Sir Fitzroy Kelly and his pupils—Letters from Bramwell—Lord Chief Baron Kelly—Special retainers—Quaker and mistress—Kelly's activity—Cockburn L.C.J.—Prosecution of Palmer—Rugeley and "Palmerstown"—Murder by gamblers—Inventor of the "drop"—Himself hanged—Tichborne Trial—Contempt of Court by Whalley M.P. and others—Their credulity—The preparation of the evidence—Identification of claimant by Sir R. Tichborne's mother—Byles on "business"—Martin B.—His courage and industry—The long drop in jest and earnest—Professor Horton the inventor—Mistaken for hangman—Talfourd J.—Coltman J.—Mr. Temple and the poker—Crowder J.—Riding on circuit—Watson B.—Death at Welshpool—A Board of Trade inquiry—Keating J.—An Anglesey murder—Grove J.—An unjust attack—Humbugging gaol chaplains—Reports of criminal trials untrustworthy—The judge's venison—"Goat by gad"—Lord Robert Cecil—A chaplain overcome—Pollock B.—A "beater" plaintiff—Moving prisoners for trial—Views of judges—Huddlestone B.—Sir A. L. Smith M.R.—His premature death . . . Pp. 80–160

CHAPTER V

NOTABLE MEN OF NORTH WALES

Sir Richard Bulkeley, tenth Bart.—His good nature—Electioneering repartee—His rapid changes of opinion—A Quarter Sessions blunder—A Roya visit and a rash delay—Sir Richard and the farmers—"Little Pickles"—Yacht-racing quarrel and reconciliation—Letters and illness of Sir Richard—A raid on Dublin Castle—Visit of the Prince of Wales—Difficulties of preparation—Exertions of Mayor—Sir Richard's congratulations—The *Rothsay Castle*—The late Lord Penrhyn—His character and value—An address by Sir Llewelyn Turner—Mr. Lloyd Edwards of Nanhoron—His bulk and hospitality—Lord Newborough—Chairman of Quarter Sessions—A violent prisoner—A "pig" of new species—Irishman and counsel—The tale-bearer snubbed—Lord Newborough and Jesus College—The biter bit—Chancellor Trevor at Carnarvon—His powers of reading—Contrast to Welsh clergy—Anomalies of Church in Wales—Neglect of English population—The Rev. Thomas Thomas—An address—His zeal for education—The Rev. James Crawley Vincent—Exertions during the cholera—His courage—And death—Note from his son—Dean Cotton—His practical sermon—Door-scrapers—His wit—Incompetent clergy—"An' 'im they 'anget"—"Tak' the breeches"—Dean Cotton and Lord

Newborough—The "piose drummer"—"Man *is* an animal"—Dean Cotton's blindness—Address by him—The best "rope"—"Let us be partial"—Dean Cotton's cheerfulness—His regard for Sir Llewelyn—His death—John Bright—His affection for Wales—His freedom from party spirit—An interesting letter—His views on Welsh language—Letters by Sir Llewelyn Turner and Mr. Bright—An appeal for common sense *versus* sentiment—Endorsed by Mr. Bright—Views of a French philologist—Mr. Bright's handwriting—Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, M.P.—His assistance as to the Yacht Club House—His industry—Election scenes—His handwriting—Sad result of illegibility—The bay mare "shot," not "shod"—Sir Llewelyn his trustee and executor—Mr. Richard Davies, M.P.—Contests Carnarvon Boroughs 1852—Disgraceful literature of old elections—Mr. Davies returned for Anglesey—Appointed Lord Lieutenant—Retirement from Parliament as Unionist—Mr. Robert Davies—His character—Major Nanney—The herrings—"Paws off, Pompey!"—A yacht accident—Mr. Samuel Holland—Recreant groomsmen—Mr. Fosbery Lyster—Mismanagement of Carnarvon Harbour—Sinning against the light.

Pp. 161–219

CHAPTER VI

NAVAL REMINISCENCES

Royal Naval Coast Volunteers—Sir Llewelyn Turner raises—Letters from Admiralty—Admiral Tatham—Sir W. Mends—Value of force—Folly of abolition—Sir Llewelyn's knighthood—Admiral Tatham's congratulations—Sir Llewelyn's services—Acknowledged by Captain Mends—Royal Naval Reserve—Started by Lord Clarence Paget—Sir Llewelyn's labours—Sudden support from Admiralty—An anonymous letter—Sir Llewelyn's forgiveness—Sir William and Lady Mends—Their kindness to sailors—A "family of warriors"—Sir William's famous ancestor—The *Arethusa*—The ballad—Letter from Sir William, 1871—Foundation of the Naval Reserve—Speeches by author and Captain Pechell, R.N.—Good advice to sailors—Admiral Mends—Made C.B.—G.C.B. later—His services—Reorganises crew of *Vengeance*—At Sebastopol in *Agamemnon*—The timidity of Admiral Dundas—A caustic bluejacket—The midshipman's signal—Beaching the *Royal Albert*—Discipline of crew—The *Pique*—Quebec to England without a rudder—Mends' hatred of political government—"Man overboard"—A prompt coxswain—Rescue by the *Hastings* in Holyhead Harbour—Mends as Director of Transports—A visitor at Parkia—Materials for life of Admiral Mends—Meeting with a convict in the *Royal Albert*—Marryat and his "reward of merit"—Correspondence of Admiral Mends—His interest in Carnarvon Bar and Menai Straits navigation—Letter concerning Admiral Tryon's death, 1896—Reference to Captain Mahan—Death of Lady Mends—Letters from the Admiral—His death—Letter from his daughter—His "Life"—His orders—Admiral

Watling—Capture of the *Bourbon*—Services at De La Passe—Mentioned in despatches—Association with Sir Llewelyn—Letter from Admiral Watling—Admiral Otway—Wrecked in the *Thetis*—Acquaintance with Mends—Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, G.C.B.—A friendship of forty years—Pain of separation—Rapid promotion warranted by ability and rank—His diary—Visits to Plas Llanfair—Command in Mediterranean—Lord Clarence as "all-round man"—Carpenter—Linguist—Sculptor—Statue of Nelson in the Straits—Its origin and progress—Sir Llewelyn revises Lord Clarence's "Life"—Correspondence—This book suggested—An Admiral *in spurs*—Improved communication with Ireland—Inauguration of the statue—Lord Cowley's speech—Sir Llewelyn's speech—Sale of Plas Llanfair—Death of Lord and Lady Clarence Paget—Admiral Sir Edward Augustus Inglefield—Association with Sir Llewelyn—His services—Arctic expeditions—Admiral E. W. Turnour—His later sufferings—His services—Review for Sultan at Spithead—Ball at Guildhall—Helping the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cairns)—Letters—Death of Admiral Turnour—Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton—Loss of the *Captain*—Causes of disaster—Sir Hastings Yelverton's career—Comptroller of Coastguard—Intercourse with Sir Llewelyn—Rear Admiral Brooker—Commands the *Wyvern*—Her unseaworthiness—A letter—Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney—His career—Navarino—Franklin search expedition—Letter touching Lord Clarence Paget and Navarino—Vice-Admiral Schomberg—Queen's Harbour Master at Holyhead—Admiral Sir William King Hall—His services—Rousing a sleeper in Kaffir War—Campaign against intemperance—His successes—Admiral Sholto Douglas—Helps Sir Llewelyn to find Lady Turner—His career—Rear Admiral Halsted—The *Dauntless*—Devastated by yellow fever—Memorial to the victims—Naval odds and ends—The ill-fated *Eclair*—More yellow fever—Admirals Gough and Evans—A Russian count horsewhipped—A descendant of Nelson helped by Sir Llewelyn—Horatia Nelson Ward's son cannot obtain a nomination for the Navy—Sir Llewelyn intervenes—Sir Llewelyn's success—A lock of Nelson's hair—Mrs. Horatia Nelson Ward—A visit to Raglan Castle and a happy coincidence—Nelson's hair willed to his family—A court-martial—A mock trial . . . . Pp. 220–297

CHAPTER VII

SHIPWRECKS AND LIFEBOAT EXPERIENCES

Early familiarity with wrecks—Admiral Crawley's lifeboat—Neglected at Llanddwyn—Loss of the *Staff of Life*—Good work later—Early catastrophes at Carnarvon—The *Atlantic*—A Spanish wreck—Tailor, wrecker and drunkard—Emigrant ship wrecked—Bodies stripped by waves and sand—Sir Llewelyn boards a wreck—How the Highlander came to Parkia—The inscription near him—The *Jane* of New Orleans—The Southerner and his butler—The s.s. *Monk*—Channels at Carnarvon Bar—Variation and

causes—The *Vine* of Nevin—Light in ballast—An unfortunate exchange—Possible improvements at the Bar—Lighting already improved—Wrecks reduced—Examination of masters and mates—Value of tugs—Llanddwyn a good lifeboat station—Clynnog useless—List of wrecks—Lifeboat must have seafaring crew—Wanted rocket apparatus—A sleepy watcher—Wreck at Malltraeth—Sir Llewelyn and the *Erin o' Bragh* to the rescue—An ungrateful master—Carnarvon lifeboat beaten back—To the wreck by land—Llanddwyn lifeboat upset—One man only lost—Half oars broken—Sir Llewelyn's signal—The Yankees' smart appreciation—A barrel and a line—Sir Llewelyn's brave attempt and failure—A new signal—Jonathan cute again—A coward in his lifeboat—Return to shore—Vessel beached down wind—All saved—Next day Sir Llewelyn takes command—The captain's caution and Sir Llewelyn's opportunity—Inexperienced meddling with tides—A new sandbank—The *Meteor Flag*—A perilous wade—National Lifeboat Institution—Its jubilee meeting—Address by Sir Llewelyn Turner . . . . . Pp. 298–324

CHAPTER VIII

CLEANSING THE AUGEAN STABLE

Municipal apathy—Local Board established at Carnarvon—Foul and insanitary courts—Difficulty of obtaining building sites—Hotbeds of fever—Apathy in London—The cholera—An early victim—Health Committee—Services of the Rev. J. C. Vincent—Dr. Seaton's opinion of Carnarvon—Sir Llewelyn's vigorous actions—Threats of violence—Interested opposition—Struggle with pig-keepers—"Hearing a smell"—Builders on Sanitary Boards an evil—Pig-styes and fever at Bontnewydd—Complaints of poor-law officials—Wanted gentlemen of position—Denbighshire an example—Carvarvon as residence for retired officers—Nuisances round the Castle—Carnarvon as it might have been—Sympathy of Sir R. Bulkeley, Lord Newborough, and Colonel Williams—A narrow gauge railway to Gaerwen—The useless bridge . . . . Pp. 325–342

CHAPTER IX

YACHTING REMINISCENCES

Owner must be independent of master—Value of early seafaring training—Sir Llewelyn's first boat the *Nautilus*—Her iron cut-water severs a hawser—"Dick the Devil" and "Will Summerhouse"—The *Gleam*—Early regattas—The germ of the R.W.Y.C.—Harwich Regatta, 1846—Mr. Parker Smith—Bad harbour management—Deep channel diverted—A race won cleverly—Selecting courses—Convivial affray at the "Three

Cups"—Rough customers—Yarmouth—*Ino*, *Prima Donna*, and *Seiont*—Their peculiarities—A practical joke abandoned—Yarmouth in mourning—The *Circe*—"Man overboard"—A narrow escape—Nearly wrecked—General Turner Jones overboard—Smart handling—Foundation of the R.W.Y.C.—Commodore the Marquis of Anglesey—Vice-Commodore Robert Stephenson—Rear Commodore Llewelyn Turner—Commodore Assheton Smith—The regatta balls—Colonel Williams as Vice-Commodore—Lord Penrhyn as Commodore—The late Lord Anglesey—Sir Llewelyn's modesty — Sausage breakfasts — Commodores Grindrod, Graves, and Littledale—Littledale no pothunter—The *Queen of the Ocean*—A bad racing course—Unscrupulous masters and racing—"Win, tie, or wrangle"—Ladies in peril—Ungrateful wretches—Banquet at Poulton—A delayed landing and too warm a welcome—An obstinate master—Imprisoned by wasps—Merry visitors from the *Ariel*—Colonel Birchdall of the *Vision*—Her successes—A banquet at Preston and a duel averted—Mr. Trevor Roper—The *Wyvern*—Neaped at Carnarvon—Colonel Piers Williams—The *Hussar*—Best as schooner—Sir Harry and Lady Oglander—Accident to Lady Oglander—A foot lost through carelessness—Llanddwyn pilots wrongly accused—Wreck of the *Hornby*—Letter from Colonel Williams—Mr. French—A deaf and dumb yachtsman—Colonel Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart., C.B.—The fighting Hamiltons—The *Hermione* and Miss Hermione Hamilton—Commodore Sir David Gamble—The *North Star*—Sir David's yachts—Mr. Stopford—Mr. Darcus of the *Viola*—Mr. Poole of the *Mervinia*—Sir Llewelyn's eyesight saves a catastrophe—Mr. Williamson Tilley—The *Ranger* beats the *Daring* by time allowance—The *Surprise*—The *Cecilia*—*Extravaganza* beats *Marian*—Commodore Brideson—Jokes on the *Nimrod*—Mr. Leader—Mr. Grinnell Pp. 343–386

CHAPTER X

CARNARVON CASTLE

Carnarvon Castle—Marquis of Anglesey as Constable—Whitewashing the Castle—Mr. Morgan as Deputy Constable—Former neglect of Castle—The new gates—Masons trick Mr. Morgan—Letter from Lord Carnarvon—Sir Llewelyn appointed Deputy Constable—Lord Carnarvon presents railings—The moat channel—Sir Llewelyn as antiquarian—Visit of Royal Archæological Institute—Difference with Corporation—Sir John Puleston as Constable—Attempts to use the Castle for frivolous purposes—Visit by Lord Russell of Killowen—Birth of Edward III. in Castle can be proved—Another book . . . . . Pp. 387–395

APPENDIX A

Stanfield Hall and Its Terrible Tragedies—The Birthplace of Amy Robsart . . . . . Pp. 399–424

APPENDIX B

A Tragic Event and a Most Remarkable Coincidence of Names Pp. 425–430

APPENDIX C

Irish Hospitality and Wit . . . . . Pp. 431–449

APPENDIX D

Perjury in Carnarvonshire—Education . . . Pp. 450–461

APPENDIX E

Intemperance—Sunday Closing . . . . . Pp. 462–479

APPENDIX F.

Ghosts . . . . . Pp. 480–491

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Facing page
Sir Llewelyn Turner	*Frontispiece*
South-west View of Parkia	3
Statuary by Lord Clarence Paget	4
Parkia	12
Captain Clint	33
The "Shannon" at Sheerness in 1846	36
Clonattin, partially burned in the Rebellion of 1798	42
Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.	48
The Right Hon. Lord Manners	51
General Gore in his Old Age	70
Miss Roberts	75
Mrs. Jones, of Mona View, Carnarvon	77
Mr. William Turner	79
The Right Hon. Lord Campbell	121
Lord Chief Justice Bovill	126
Baron Bramwell	128
Lord Chief Baron Sir Fitzroy Kelly	138
The Hon. Baron Pollock	156
The Right Hon. Lord Justice Smith	158
Lord Newborough	178
Admiral Tatham, C.B.	222
Admiral Sir William R. Mends, G.C.B.	232
Admiral The Right Hon. Lord Clarence Paget, G.C.B.	256
Lady Clarence Paget	264
Lord Clarence Paget and his Statue of Nelson	266
Admiral Winterton Turnour	272
Admiral Sir W. King Hall	279
Admiral Sholto Douglas	281

Facing page

Horatia Nelson Thompson Ward 291
Fanny Viscountess Nelson 295
Figurehead of the Ship "Mountaineer" of Liverpool 303
"Down Helm, 'bout Ship, Ease Off Jib Sheets" 357
The "Queen of the Ocean" going to the rescue of the "Ocean Monarch" on fire 365
Colonel Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart., C.B. 367
The late Lord Carnarvon 389
Mr. John Jones of Carnarvon Castle 391
Sir Llewelyn Turner 392
Stanfield Hall 399
Stanfield Hall (Plan) 405
Stanfield Hall (Interior) 410

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

SIR LLEWELYN TURNER—A STUDY IN CHARACTER

"Good wine needs no bush," and the wise and genial words of Sir Llewelyn Turner which form this fascinating book are most emphatically good wine. It follows that it would be out of place for me to burden the volume with anything partaking of the nature of an introduction. Worse than that, it would be a useless waste of time; for it is matter of common knowledge and experience that introductions and prefaces are rarely, if ever, read.

But I have committed myself to the statement that this is a fascinating volume; and it becomes necessary accordingly for me to explain why I am entitled to be regarded as a high authority on the subject. Also, so far as the wider world is concerned, it may be necessary in some cases to state who and what Sir Llewelyn Turner is, that his sayings, experiences, first and second-hand recollections and opinions should be embalmed in a book.

In claiming high authority upon the question whether these pages are interesting or not, I am entirely free from the reproach of intellectual vanity. Accident, rather than natural capacity, has made me an editor of several more or less critical newspapers in succession; and I am that much-abused person, a professional reviewer. Consequently in the ordinary way the sight of manuscript is to me anathema maranatha, after years spent in wading through hundreds and thousands of pages of unsolicited, and for the most part

entirely unsuitable, contributions. In like fashion the sight of new books is, save in exceptional cases, loathsome to my eyes, and my idea of a holiday is either to go to sea, without books or papers to read or paper to write upon, or to do the manual labour of a navvy or a gardener. To the end, in spite of strenuous endeavours to be conscientious, I have been physically unable to read a book of any kind which failed to interest me, and, naturally, I have grown more and more difficult to rouse to interest. It is for this reason only that my testimony to the interesting quality of Sir Llewelyn Turner's work is of value. He has worked a literary miracle in stirring a sleepy appetite and in giving new pleasure to a jaded palate. Not once or twice, during the delightful task of editing his book, have I sat down to read in a critical spirit, only to find, after hours had slipped by unmarked, that the critical duty had been forgotten and had gone out of mind, and that the glamour of the writer's personality, the charm of his memories of old times, had obtained absorbing possession of my mind. The consequence, of course, of this involuntary tribute to the many-sided powers of Sir Llewelyn Turner was a duty of re-reading with a view to alteration and suggestion ; but for the most part, when the *duty* had been fulfilled, it turned out that it might have been neglected with safety, since the *necessity* for editorial suggestion was hardly ever present.

All the society of North Wales is familiar with Sir Llewelyn Turner's stately figure and voice ; and probably all the society of North Wales thinks that it understands his character. I had deluded myself into the belief that I understood him and his character before I read this book in manuscript. Also there are a large number of distinguished men, and there have been many more, no longer with us, who probably knew the true Sir Llewelyn Turner, the width of his mind, and the catholicity of his interests, far better than his neighbours could know them. Admirals, judges, and even Royal personages could tell how they have found in Sir Llewelyn Turner the rare man who, by sheer force of character and determination not to permit his mind to be confined to a groove, has risen superior to all the inducements

SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF PARKIA

to be provincial in an environment where provincialism is exceptionally clogging and narrow. (In passing it may be observed that this statement as to the provincialism of Carnarvonshire, although advanced with sincere conviction, may be traceable to a somewhat intimate knowledge of the conditions of life in that particular county: certainly the same thing is said frequently of other counties by those who know them best.) But there will doubtless be many persons, all the same, to whom the name of Sir Llewelyn Turner is entirely new. He has not been a member of Parliament, a great writer, a commander of armies, a colossal bankrupt or a notorious criminal; and these are the positions in which the names of men become known to the great world. But, for all that, he is an interesting, profitable and entertaining subject of human study; and, since his book really tells us little of his own doings, save in an incidental and self-effacing fashion, it is simply necessary to say something of him and of his surroundings—surroundings which have tended in many ways to direct his tastes towards subjects in relation to which he has done valuable service to the world at large as well as to the people of his own neighbourhood.

A mile or two outside Carnarvon, looking down upon the Menai Straits at their most beautiful part, stands Parkia, the happy home of Sir Llewelyn Turner's boyhood. It was built, as the following pages show, by his father in days long gone by, and upon a smaller scale than it shows at present. It has recently received some additions, and in it, tenderly cared for by Lady Turner, Sir Llewelyn has written of those among the things which he has seen and done and heard, in the course of an active life of four-score years, that are worthy to be commemorated. The surroundings of the house itself are distinctly pretty, and many a so-called landscape gardener might learn useful lessons from the manner in which the contours of the sloping ground, and the tiny brook that runs on the left of the house, have been used for beauty. Moreover the grounds—it is not a nice word, but it is the only clear one—are full of memories of good work done and of valued friendships. Hedges of

laurel and of yew, round the rosary, were planted by Sir Llewelyn's own hand; here you find a tablet affixed to an ivy-covered wall on which a wise saw is recorded; there a statue, weather-beaten and moss-grown, which brings to mind Sir Llewelyn's long and precious friendship with Lord Clarence Paget.

These things, like the gigantic Highlander in a side hall within the house, a reminiscence of a wreck in connection with which Sir Llewelyn did yeoman's service sixty-three years ago, bespeak the man. Wandering among them one begins to understand the principle upon which his long and honourable life has been led. It is, in brief but yet in the widest sense of the words, that which his hero Nelson caused to run round the fleet before Trafalgar. Sir Llewelyn has done his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, but he has construed the word "duty" in the most generous spirit. His duty towards his neighbour he has fulfilled both as a Carnarvonshire man, and as an Englishman. No man has ever served Carnarvon more faithfully in connection with local affairs, none has been more insistent in promoting the well-being of the little community through good and evil report, and in the face of unscrupulous and interested opposition. For its present cleanliness—the use of the term will be better understood, perhaps, by those who knew Carnarvon of old than by those who see it as strangers—Carnarvon has partly to thank the railway, which practically eviscerated the worst of the slums; the cholera, which in 1867 made the old town pay full penalty for the hideous sin of filth; but most of all Sir Llewelyn Turner, who many times accepted the troubles and burdensome office of Mayor with no other object in view than that of cleansing the Augean Stable. Similarly Sir Llewelyn in days gone by did excellent work in connection with the harbour (work of which the effect is now, he says, in a fair way to be nullified by subsequent and ill-considered operations), was a wise and industrious magistrate, and was regular in his visits to the prison. Nor did he neglect the lighter side of life, and his services to the Royal Welsh Yacht Club as founder, and subsequently as Commodore

TO ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD CLARENCE PAGET, G.C.B.

SCULPTOR OF THE GREAT STATUE OF NELSON AND OF THESE BEAUTIFUL FIGURES

How chaste the mind, how chaste the work
Where nothing commonplace doth lurk,
Sailor, sculptor, and dear friend,
May peace and joy thy life attend.—LLEWELYN TURNER.

This inscription is on a large stone at the back of the statues and above them. One lady is supposed to have been going to the water close by with her jug. She has fallen asleep, and the other comes and is looking with surprise at her

after half a century as Rear and Vice-Commodore, are more than worthy to be remembered. To life-boat work, also, he devoted his energies, and in the pursuit of it he never hesitated to undertake personal risk and responsibility.

All these things were duty, but duty in the obvious sense, well performed. It is rather in the width of his construction of the word that Sir Llewelyn Turner has been remarkable. A man's first duty, as a citizen, is towards his neighbour; but he owes another and perhaps a more sacred duty towards himself as the work of his Creator. It is the duty set forth in the parable of the Talents, the duty which may be summarised into making the best of one's opportunities, not merely for selfish reasons, not for money or fame, but because they are opportunities, and because they have been given, although they are often unperceived and unnoticed. The sequel will show first and foremost that Sir Llewelyn Turner, both in Wales and in England—for he saw much of London and of great affairs at one time—was thrown into contact with many leading men and women: it will show also that the friendships thus made were valued and cherished not only by him but also by those who shared them with him. It will show also that he did his share, and more, in promoting great national movements, particularly that in the direction of temperance. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in his life has been the keen zest with which he has entered into every topic of interest that came into his life. Mixed up much with naval officers, closely interested in naval affairs, he displays a knowledge of quaint old fragments of naval history which is almost surprising. Associated from time to time with judges of the High Court he has not only been careful to continue his relations with those among them who survive, but he has also ransacked the stores of memory for anecdotes of the bad, but amusing, old times of the Welsh judiciary. Visiting in England he has picked up scraps of information concerning great trials of days gone by which can hardly fail to attract admiring attention. Brought up by a father of extraordinary versatility and of strangely diversified experience, a man whose reputation for wit and wisdom stood remarkably high, and

by a mother whose recollections of Ireland and its traditions in a very troublous period were of the most exciting character, he can remember a hundred things to tell us. That has happened not because Sir Llewelyn has been a taker of notes and a maker of diaries all his life; it is indeed matter for deep regret to him, and of even deeper regret to us, that it has not been so. It has happened really because instinctively rather than deliberately recognising the duty of making the best intellectual use of his opportunities, he has cultivated an intelligent interest in every sensible subject that came under his notice. As a fact his notes are all the result of drafts made during the past two years upon a memory which, if it be weak sometimes upon matters of date (which after all is of little moment), is still prodigiously accurate and minute concerning the events of years long passed away.

The result is, first of all, a very entertaining book; for Sir Llewelyn's sense of humour is quick and sharp, and his store of anecdotes is endless. But the book is something more than that; it is a work of peculiar value to the historian. From the modern point of view of history, kings, statesmen, generals, mighty movements and epoch-making battles, although they can never lose their importance as subjects of study, have ceased to be the only interesting facts in history. The historian has taken to the study of the social phenomena of given periods, and he is as anxious to realise and to describe the state of British society at the dates of the Conquest, of the Civil War, or of the first Reform Act, as to paint those events themselves. "The great-condition-of-England Question"—to use a familiar phrase—is the question of questions.

To the student of history from that point of view Sir Llewelyn Turner's book is a valuable as well as an entertaining companion. In whatsoever he has seen, in everything that he has heard on good authority, he has cultivated an intelligent interest, and although he regrets in his modesty many missed opportunities, the reader is sure to be struck rather by the way in which he has seized every chance of compelling life to be interesting almost in spite of itself. Let this be exemplified by a few cases out of

many. Hundreds of men must have heard those stories of the iniquities and the humours of the Welsh Judiciary which Sir Llewelyn Turner places upon record. (The humours, it may be observed in passing, become more apparent as time soothes the bitterness which must have been felt by those writhing under the injustice of the moment.) It has been reserved for Sir Llewelyn Turner to preserve them in a bright and attractive form, so that each scene lives, so that the words produce a clear and dramatic picture in the mind. Others must have heard in youth stories from eye-witnesses of the great Irish Rebellion of 1798; but few, if any, could have achieved the feat of recollecting so many of them so minutely, towards the end of a long life, after omission to note them in early years. As it was in the cases of the Welsh Judiciary and of the Irish Rebellion, so it was in other matters. Sir Llewelyn was never contented with a superficial knowledge of any subject which came under his notice; he always probed it to the bottom.

Thus, from recollections of his father he is able to give us an unexampled picture, perfect because it is painted with so much strong simplicity, of the romance and adventures of commerce by sea and land in days long gone by. Associated on terms of familiar intimacy with eminent admirals, and well acquainted with naval ports, he has studied naval history and naval development, and he brings back to us many naval yarns of importance no less than of quaint interest. Yet at the same time he was no dreamer, nor a mere seeker after curious and entertaining information, but always a practical worker on well-considered lines. The collector of these grand stories was also the prime mover in establishing the Naval Reserve movement at Carnarvon. If, on the one hand, a long visit to the old and moated Hall which was the birthplace of Amy Robsart caused him to ransack the records of the terrible tragedies which afterwards occurred there, and to study the stories of the crime in connection with the material topography, it must not be forgotten that, at the same time, he was doing his duty in relation to contemporary crime and criminals. As a magistrate, who had the advantage of being a practical

lawyer, he was assiduous and fair in the performance of his task, even to the extent of standing up against attempted injustice to publicans, although he was himself an ardent and active advocate of the Temperance movement in England as well as in Wales. In this cause, indeed, he paid repeated visits to the great towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and to various centres in Wales, addressing large meetings with much success in speeches of earnest eloquence. Above all he was constant and judicious during his active life in the performance of his duty as a visiting justice; and his observations, based upon personal experience, concerning the reforming value of long and short sentences respectively, are worthy of close attention from those who have to administer the law. From an essentially kindly and merciful man comes a grave warning as to the mischief of injudicious leniency, a clear demonstration of the beneficial effects of timely severity.

In one respect, but in one only—for Autolycus is bluntly classified in *A Winter's Tale* as "a rogue"—Sir Llewelyn Turner has been like Autolycus. He has been a consistent "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," which were of real value; but the trifles were simply opportunities in which he claimed no special property. He has been an observer, a student, and a thinker, in relation to every worthy subject that came within his reach, and the world is the richer for his habit of mind. He had eyes to see, and ears to hear; and he has seen and heard keenly, laying by the result of his observations for cool and sagacious reflection. Few men, if any, have succeeded so completely in fulfilling their local duties and in maintaining at the same time the broad and tolerant attitude of the man of the world, in the best and true sense of the phrase. That attitude he has been able to keep, in spite of an environment peculiarly calculated to impress the narrowness upon him, if he had not resisted it, in a remarkable fashion. He has not been content to take opportunities; he has gone out of his way to make them. There are indeed not many men to whom the homely and forceful lines of the Western poet are more applicable—

Were he a mining on the flat
He done it with a zest,
Whate'er he set his hand unto
He done his level best.

Municipal work at Carnarvon was, in very truth, mining on the flat, and Sir Llewelyn Turner threw his heart into it. But he kept his mind awake to the movements of the great world, and he has lived a full life, travelling when occasion permitted, studying as he travelled, watching always for that which was good in life, displaying always that intelligent curiosity which makes man's years on earth worth having. All the time, too, he has preserved an inborn, and perhaps hereditary, appreciation of wit and humour, for which his readers will bless him. Even now to tell him a witty story, if so be that it shall be entirely innocent and pure, will surely earn the reward of Homeric laughter on the part of a stately veteran of four-score years, who is erect as a grenadier of the King's Guard and light-hearted as any schoolboy.

That, as nearly as may be achieved, is a summary of Sir Llewelyn Turner's character. Just, energetic, kindly, broad-minded, a hater of iniquity, witty and amusing, above all things observant, he has been the best of companions all through his long life, a useful citizen, and a most valuable Englishman. That he may for some years to come continue so to be is the ardent desire of those who enjoy his friendship. When he, to use the beautiful phrase of South Wales, "crosses to the other side," he will, one likes to think, meet a host of friends who have gone before; at any rate for those who may be left behind his book will be some consolation, since in its pages the kind and wise old man lives, and will live.

One word more and I have done. Sir Llewelyn Turner will live in his book. He will live also in Carnarvon Castle, which from one point of view may be regarded as a conspicuous example of the principle, that of using his opportunities to the best advantage and for public good, which has animated him through life. Surely there was never a place more strongly calculated than Carnarvon to raise

the antiquarian instincts in any man. From the windows of Parkia Sir Llewelyn looks down on the Menai Straits, which the Romans forded (how, no man knows) when they invaded Mona, the last stronghold of the Druids; and the whole of the surrounding country is full of the fragrance of history. Here the Romans founded their settlement of Segontium, whence comes the name of the river Seiont which laps the Castle walls. (It is now disfigured by an expensive and unnecessary bridge.) Across that river lived Helena, and probably her husband Constantine, and the names of both are commemorated in place-names. The parish church of Llanbeblig is of immemorial antiquity; the road which runs past it and through Beddgelert is Roman; the whole place is full of memories of Roman, Briton and Dane. But its glory of glories is the Castle, "a fortress which," it has been well observed, "from whatever point or whatever distance it is viewed, assumes a romantic singularity of appearance, that excites mingled feelings of awe and pleasure in the beholder." It might surely have been thought that every native of the district with a spark of intelligence in his composition would have been an instinctive antiquarian, jealous of the traditions, and anxious to preserve the noble proportions, of the historic fortress in which the first Prince of Wales was undoubtedly born. As a matter of fact, it has been shown by experience that the grand task of preserving the Castle from ruin, of restoring the gaps made by the ravages of time without violating in the smallest degree the spirit of the majestic edifice, of clearing out the moat, and of, to speak figuratively, driving out the money-changers, has been reserved for that intelligent and public spirited Englishman, Sir Llewelyn Turner, to whom Carnarvon first, and all lovers of historic monuments afterwards, owe an inextinguishable debt of gratitude. In connection with Carnarvon Castle Sir Llewelyn Turner has achieved a great task, has performed a labour which, in spite of much petty and mean-spirited opposition, has yet been, from its very grandeur, a labour of love. This is not the place in which to give the precise details of the work which he has accomplished; for, if time

be given to him, he will embody these, and the true and complete history of the Castle itself, in a separate volume. But it is, in very truth, not too much to say that if, when the time comes, Sir Llewelyn Turner's body could be buried in Carnarvon Castle, it would be almost as fair to inscribe on his tomb as it was to place on that of Wren himself—

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.

That majestic edifice which Edward the First reared on the shores of the Menai has been preserved from Vandalism, rescued from degradation, restored to something approaching its ancient proportions, by Llewelyn Turner. It is but the irony of fate that the *honours* have not been for him but for others, who have done nothing. The *honour*—a very different thing from the honours, and infinitely more lasting—is his inalienable possession. No man who knows the locality can look at Carnarvon Castle without thinking of Sir Llewelyn Turner; and to have inspected it with him is a privilege to which many illustrious personages and persons, from the King downwards, look back with grateful and appreciative memory.

CHAPTER II

PARENTAGE AND GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

Birth—Father's education—"Wonderful Robert Walker"—Visit to North Wales—Slate quarry—Mr. Williams of Pwllycrochan — Fighting quarrymen — Foundation of William Turner and Co.—Irish Channel dangers—Enemies' cruisers—Invasion of Pembrokeshire—Stammering cabin-boy—Riding across North Wales—English and American sea-fights—*Little Belt* v. *President*—*Guerriere* v. *Constitution*—Bingham and Mends—Yankee and nigger songs—*Macedonian* v. *United States*—Apathy of the Admiralty—*Chesapeake* v. *Shannon*—Story of Captain Clint—The *Shannon* at Sheerness—Captain Murphy—The *True-blooded Yankee* in the Irish Channel—*Pelican* v. *Argus*—Carelessness of Admiralty—A Bill of Lading of 1811.

I WAS born at Parkia, Carnarvonshire, on February 11, 1823, the youngest of eleven children, and my father on the day I was christened nailed a horse-shoe on an old ash-tree close to the library windows, where both still remain. The date of this is fixed by the parish register of Llanfairisgaer, in which Parkia is situated and where I have always lived.

BAPTISM SOLEMNISED IN THE PARISH OF LLANFAIRISGAER IN THE COUNTY OF CARNARVON IN THE YEAR 1823.

Date	Christian Name.	Parents' Name		Abode	Quality, Trade or Profession
		Christian	Surname		
Feb. 26 No. 84	Llewelyn Son of	William Jane	Turner	Parkia	High Sherifi for the County of Carnarvon

(Signed) W. WILLIAMS, Curate of Llanbeblig.*
(By whom the ceremony was performed.)

* Afterwards Canon Wynn Williams of Menaifron, who took the additional Christian name of Wynn.

PARKIA

Why the horse-shoe was nailed up for me, the youngest, I know not. My father was the sixth child of a large family residing on a small landed estate called Low Mosshouse, at Seathwaite in Lancashire, and his father was the lessor of the Walmascar slate quarries. He was only twelve years of age when his father died, and was educated by his godfather, the Rev. Robert Walker, the clergyman of Seathwaite, widely known as "the wonderful Robert Walker," and wonderful he must have been, wonderfully good, wonderfully kind, and wonderfully industrious. The revenue of the living of Seathwaite was so small that one can hardly conceive the possibility that in a State Church whose Bishops were well paid such an anomaly could exist as a living the endowment of which for several years was £5 per annum, with a house and glebe which consisted of a large mountain farm.

The memory of this accomplished man was cherished by my dear father to the end of his long life, and a school account-book in which my father wrote his sums is amongst my most valued possessions. As it will hereafter appear, my father was engaged during many years of his manhood in very extensive enterprises, and I have always believed that the knowledge of figures, of which this old book affords ample evidence, had much to do with the success which attended his operations, and the geological knowledge he so fully possessed showed how well his practical education had been guarded by his reverend and revered preceptor.

The following is a very curious rhyme which I copy from the old book, as a specimen of the teaching of accounts of that remote period—about 120 years ago :

EXTRACTION OF THE SQUARE ROOT.

A rule to be got by heart by William Turner.

The root of your first period you
Must place in quote if you work true
Whose square from your said period then
You must subtract and to the remain
Another period being brought
You must divide as here is taught
By the double of your quote but see

Your units' place you do leave free
Which place will be supplied by the square
If you next quote figure there
Next multiply subtract and then
Repeat your work unto the end
And if your number be irrational
Add pairs of cyphers for a decimal.

Example :

Extract the square root of 190969 (437

16

83) 309

249

867) 6069

6069

I have only space for this one out of a great number of curious sums as to road-making and all sorts of practical matters.

" The wonderful Robert Walker " was the grandfather of Mrs. Thomas Casson, of Blaenddol, near Ffestiniog, who came to reside in Wales as the result of events which will hereafter be mentioned.

The life of the Reverend Robert Walker was the subject of various biographies. He attended to his farm, and sheared his own sheep. His parish was large and straggling, and he would walk for miles in all sorts of weather to baptize a child or minister to the sick ; he took pupils, and taught them with a care and attention which was beyond all praise, and which might well put to shame the practices of many higher-salaried and more fortunately situated masters. A man of delicate constitution, yet he was often at his work at two o'clock in the morning. It may seem a paradox that this extraordinary man, whose clerical income was so ridiculously small and whose health was delicate, left at a very advanced age more than £2000 behind him, earned by the hard labour of tuition and attendance to his farm. His teaching was far better, as proved by the result in my father's case, than the teaching to which I was for some time subjected by a scion of a noble house, who, though a university

man, excelled more in the thrashing line than any other. Glad was I to remove to the teaching of the Reverend Doctor Owen, who never punished a boy unless he deserved it, and whose friendship I enjoyed to the end of his life, which was extended beyond the "four-score years" of which the Psalmist speaks.

When my father, as he often told me, arrived at man's estate, he was sorely troubled by the feeling that his mother must be very much hampered by so large a family, all maintained by a landed property which was not large, and a slate quarry, the profits of which were I believe not very considerable. At length he made up his mind to quit the nest that he felt contained too many birds, and try his fortune elsewhere.

The careful education which he had received from the venerable clergyman, who never felt any pains too great to discharge whatever duty he undertook to perform, embraced geology amongst other subjects, and proved of incalculable benefit.

My father, having heard that the Welsh hills contained beds of slate, determined to make a walking tour through the northern mountains, and told his brothers, who as in my case were much his seniors, what he intended to do, and that he would take whatever they chose to give him and go and seek his fortune. They asked what sum he required, and he said he would leave it to them, and they gave him £500. His earliest examination of rocks in Wales was in the neighbourhood of Llanrwst. There he found a vein of slate, and ascertaining that the property belonged to Mr. Williams of Pwllycrochan, near Colwyn Bay (a fine old mansion, now converted into an hotel bearing that name), he called upon Mr. Williams and told him his story, and produced the testimonials with which he had provided himself. Mr. Williams, who was a large landed proprietor, accompanied him to the place, and they entered into a partnership to work a quarry on the land upon a small scale to start with; and Mr. Williams, with a kindness and generosity which my father deeply appreciated, insisted on his making Pwllycrochan his home for the time.

My father told me of a curious incident that occurred one day when he was standing looking at the men at work. A strange man came up to him very hurriedly and put a piece of paper into his hand with a few words written in Welsh upon it. As my father was ignorant of the language he could not read it, but became immediately enlightened by one of his own men, who hurriedly advanced and said : " That is not for you, Sir, but for me ; " and he explained that he (the speaker) was the bully of the parish in which they were, and that the paper was a challenge to fight from the bully of the next parish. " Os y dych yn ddyn cwffiwch fi," " If you are a man, fight me." My father said, " You surely will not fight with a man with whom you have no quarrel ? " " Ah," he said, " I must ; I should lose my place as bully of this parish if I refused." The battle came off in a day or two, my father's man being victorious ; and as his man was not the challenger, he was very much rejoiced at the man's victory.

It is highly gratifying that this practice of fighting amongst the lower classes, and of duelling with swords and pistols by the upper classes, with or without any adequate cause, has disappeared. It was a common practice even in my boyhood to see men stripped naked to the waist and covered with blood fighting in the streets of Carnarvon ; and although but a young boy at the time I was intensely disgusted with the wife of a clergyman, who, in a house where we were having tea, took her cup of tea to a small table at the window to watch two men who were fighting furiously and covered with blood.

After working this quarry on a small scale without any loss my father came to the conclusion that it would not pay, and that it would be a waste of time and money to go on. He told Mr. Williams so, and said he must make his bow and depart in search of something better. Mr. Williams, with a kind appreciation which went to the heart of my father, said : " Mr. Turner, you shall not leave me if I can help it ; I have formed a sincere friendship for you, and if there is anything I can do to further your plans I will do it *con amore*." My father assured him that he had appreciated

his kindness very much, and that it would be with deep regret that he would leave a home that had been so kindly and unexpectedly afforded him, and they parted with mutual expressions of esteem. My father was not an ungrateful man, and had he ever forgotten the goodness of Mr. Williams he must have been so.

Having made a careful examination of miles of mountains he at last hit upon a splendid vein of slate at Dyffws, near Ffestiniog. The place was for sale, but he had not enough money to purchase and work it. He accordingly wrote, to two friends in Lancashire, Mr. Thomas and Mr. William Casson, the former of whom married the daughter of the Rev. Robert Walker. These two gentlemen came over, but could each put in no more money than my father, and when the quarry was purchased they had not enough money to work it properly, and applied to Mr. Hugh Jones, of Hengwrt Ucha, Dolgelley, who became a partner, the quarry being designated "William Turner and Co." The vein proved to be of very great value, with the advantage of the making of slate without any great cost of uncovering soil. My father, who had good friends, soon obtained large Government contracts for the supply of slate; and the firm very soon found themselves sending slates to cover barracks at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Dublin, Cork, and other places. A fine wide road was made from Dyffws to the main roads, and slates in vast quantities were carted to Tan-y-bwlch, thence taken in large flat barges to Ynyscongor, an island opposite to what is now Portmadoc, a town which was not then dreamed of. At that time the sea went up far inland towards Beddgelert, and in later years Mr. Madoc formed and carried out the splendid and valuable embankmment which bears his name. Under the lee of Ynyscongor the barges discharged into small brigs, which transported the slates principally to the places I have named and to others.

It is curious to contrast the business transactions of those days, of little or no banking facilities, with the easy methods of transporting money, cheques and money orders in the present day. My father frequently collected in person the money due for slates sold, and when one considers the

state of travelling at the time, it must have been exceedingly dangerous and difficult and tiresome. No bridge across the Menai—sailing-packets, which were cutters of from seventy to a hundred tons, between Holyhead and Dublin—no Kingstown Harbour—the danger of crossing the Channel, which my father, as will be seen further on, had to do, was great from privateers and enemies' cruisers. On February 22, 1797, the French landing at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire took place. It is said that some returned or escaped convicts from a penal settlement who got to France represented that if a French landing took place in Pembrokeshire the people of that locality would rise and join the enemy. Accordingly two French frigates, a barque and a schooner, with about 1300 men, chiefly gaol-birds, landed on the coast near Fishguard. The Earl of Cawdor with a troop of yeomen cavalry, a detachment of the Cardigan militia, Colonel Knox's fencible infantry, Captain Ackland's infantry, some seamen with artillery, and some hundreds of gentlemen volunteers, appeared on the scene. Lord Cawdor adopted an admirable device, sending messages to the various upland farms and cottages for the women to assemble in something like martial order and parade on the hills with the tall hats and red cloaks of their Sunday attire; and thus the French were led to imagine that a large military force was concentrating on the hills ready to march to join the troops below. On the 24th the British troops already mustered marched towards the enemy, and a demand was made for their immediate surrender, the officer pointing to the apparent concentration of troops on the hills. On the 24th the French surrendered, stacking their arms in front. They were then marched to Haverfordwest. The whole affair seems to reflect great credit on Lord Cawdor and all those associated with him in this matter. I had the pleasure of inspecting the place on a yachting expedition several years ago, and travelled to Haverfordwest with a lady, Mrs. Williams, of Fishguard, whose husband had written an account of the matter from personal recollection of the events which he witnessed. One of the French frigates was captured some time after, and became the flag-

ship stationed off Woolwich Dockyard, where I often saw her in days gone by, when the Woolwich Dockyard was in working order like Portsmouth and Plymouth.

The sailing-packets from Dublin to Holyhead had sometimes with strong north-easterly gales to go to Rhoscolyn in Carnarvon Bay. A ring for mooring still remains on a rock there (which I have in later years often used with yachts); it was placed for the benefit of the mail-packets, which it would have been dangerous to trust at single anchor in such narrow waters between rocks. As mentioned elsewhere, carriages and horses were carried on the decks of these cutters, and the passengers had to provide their own food. The passages sometimes lasted for many days, and woe to those who had neglected to go sufficiently provided.

One of these sailing craft with a large number of passengers on board was drifted in a calm upon a rock called the West Mouse—the westernmost of three rocks outside the Anglesey coasts known as the East, Middle, and West Mouse, the East Mouse being near Amlwch. A large number of passengers were drowned; and a gentleman I knew, who died many years ago, told me that he saw a number of the bodies recovered soon after the disaster; amongst them a major in the army, of splendid proportions. Captain Skinner, a naval lieutenant, commanded one of these packets, and years afterwards one of the first steamers, and miserable little craft they were. Skinner was a man of great popularity with all passengers to and from Ireland and with the gentry of Anglesey, where he hunted when the opportunity offered.

My father, who had a wonderful memory and a great vein of quiet humour, used to relate a most amusing anecdote of Captain Skinner and a cabin boy who stammered. It is known that a stammerer can sing when he can't speak. The Christian name of the steward was Simon, and one day when getting up some salt water in a bucket he and his bucket fell overboard. The captain was below in the cabin, and the stammering cabin-boy ran down the stairs as fast as he could, stammering in great excitement—"Su-su-su-su-." "Sing it, Jim, sing it, Jim!" cried the captain

earnestly, seeing it was something serious. Jim then set to and sang—"Simon's gone overboard bucket and all, Simon's gone overboard bucket and all." Captain Skinner was soon on deck and gave the order—"'Bout ship"—a boat was lowered, and Simon was rescued with the loss of his bucket. The inconvenience of travelling must have been intensely disagreeable and attended with considerable danger. Imagine any gentleman with a travelling carriage bound from Ireland to London finding himself at anchor in Rhoscolyn! The carriage could not be landed, and he would have to wait until the wind moderated to enable the cutter to get round to Holyhead.

On one of his numerous visits to Dublin Mr. Turner purchased a very fine horse for a ridiculously small sum of money. It seems that the animal had been on the slate quay at Dublin and had backed against a stack of slates which cut him behind, and nothing would induce him after wards to back into a cart or carriage of any sort, and the owner was anxious to be rid of him.

The sailing-packets always started from the Pigeon-house Fort at the outer end of Dublin quay, and the horse was sent aboard in the morning with corn and hay. The packet was to sail in the evening, and my father had to receive between £500 and £600 from Messrs. Dowling, well-known merchants of that and of much later days. Their office was on the quay, and from it towards the end there was a wall of great height. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the great wall entirely obscured the road, which was left in darkness. As he had so much money about him, Messrs. Dowling sent a clerk to accompany him to the sailing-packet, lest he should be relieved of his cash by the way. They had not proceeded far before the clerk became alarmed, and ran back as hard as his legs could carry him, without saying a word. Naturally my father was doubtful whether the fellow was in a fright or in league with some one to rob him, as it was known in the office that he was going to sail that night with his bag of money. He tucked the bag under his left arm, and kept the right arm clear for action, but he arrived alongside the packet undisturbed, landed at Holyhead,

rode across Anglesey, crossed of course in the flat boats at Bangor Ferry, where the George Hotel is, and rode on for Blaenddol Ffestiniog, where he was then living. He rode down the steep wooded hill, passing Mr. Oakley's house at Tan-y-bwlch about an hour after midnight, there being still a bright moon as when he sailed from Dublin, and in a lonely part of the densely wooded road a dog suddenly jumped over the hedge, and he was again on the *qui vive* lest the dog should be followed by two-legged animals in search of prey; but nothing came of it, and he arrived safe and sound with his bag of money secure.

We hear much of the "good old days." Give me the days when a man can travel without seeing a gibbet supporting the body of a murderer, can receive in his own house or office a bill for any amount securely sent by the post office, or a cheque on a bank on the spot, and when a man has no need to carry more money than will pay for his fare and his hotel bills. In rather earlier times, some families were founded by robbing passengers in Anglesey, between Beaumaris and Holyhead, who had travelled *viâ* the Lavan Sands. The apparently careless way in which money was carried from debtor to creditor may be estimated by the following anecdote told me by my father. When he was living at Blaenddol, in Merionethshire, he was going in a gig to Dolgelley one morning and had to pass a cross-road; coming along the road traversing that on which he was, he saw a gig with two people in it driving towards the crossing of the road, but rather nearer to it than he was. As the vehicles approached each other he soon recognised the captain of a brig which regularly carried Dyffws slate to Ireland. The captain, who was in a great hurry, held up a bag and shouted—"Here is £400 for you, Sir, from Dublin." The captain placed the bag on the hedge of the crossing and rapidly continued his journey. My father picked up the bag, which was all right. It has often struck me as remarkable that a man who frequently carried so much money with him should have gone about unarmed, as my father used to do. He was a remarkably fine and handsome man, standing rather over six feet in his stockings, with

broad shoulders and deep chest and exceedingly powerful. I did not of course see him in his prime, but I often heard people who had been out coursing with him say that he was the most rapid runner they had ever seen and could outrun his sons; but what are strength and agility to meet pistols, daggers and swords, as men who travelled much in those days with large sums of money were liable to realise.

There had unfortunately been "bad blood" for some time between England and America, and matters were unfortunately precipitated between the two nations by a curious encounter between the large American frigate *President* and the small English sloop of war *Little Belt*. Previous to that the English frigate *Guerrière* had taken three men alleged to be British out of an American ship, and the Yankees were furious and anxious to catch the *Guerrière*, and, as will hereafter be seen, they eventually succeeded after war broke out.

The *President*, of 1500 tons, had a crew of 475 men, and though nominally a 44-gun frigate really carried 56 guns. The *Little Belt* was a small sloop-of-war of 400 tons, under Commander Bingham, carrying twenty guns and a crew of 120 men and boys. Falling in with the *Little Belt* at sea, and although there had been no declaration of war by either country, the large American frigate gave chase, and Commander Bingham, who kept the course he was going, hove-to with his guns double-shotted, when he found he was being pursued. He wore three times as the frigate (of the nationality of which he was ignorant) appeared to be trying to assume a position to rake the sloop. It is a moot point to this day who fired the first gun, and it seems to be generally thought that it was fired by accident. Prior to its being fired each ship had hailed the other without reply, but immediately after the firing of the gun a furious action commenced, which lasted for more than an hour.

The *Little Belt*, owing to the damaged state of her sails and rigging, became so unmanageable that none of her guns would bear on her powerful antagonist and she ceased firing, and the *President* also did the same. Commodore Rogers hailed to know what the ship was, and inquired if she had

struck, to which Commander Bingham hailed, "No." It seems wonderful that she was not sunk in a few minutes, but the fact may partly be accounted for by her being so small and low that many of the shots of the big ship went over her. Her loss was eleven killed and mortally wounded and twenty-one wounded severely and slightly. The *President's* damage was trifling owing to her heavy scantling, so that she could not be penetrated by the light guns of the smaller vessel. The position was an extraordinary one, as war had not been declared.

Commodore Rogers sent a boat aboard with a message that he lamented the unfortunate affair, and that had he known that the British ship's force was so inferior he would not have fired into her. Probably he would not have done so had she been a ship of 1500 tons instead of 400. He offered every assistance, and suggested that the *Little Belt* should put into an American port for repair, which was declined. The *Little Belt* soon after reached Halifax, and Commander Bingham was at once promoted to post rank, and got command of a frigate.

The *President* was captured during the war by the English frigate *Endymion* and other frigates. She was a splendid ship, and is at present in use in London Docks as a depôt ship.

Some years later on, my dear friend Admiral Sir William Mends, G.C.B., became a midshipman with Captain Bingham in a frigate he commanded after the war with America was over, and he, Captain Bingham "heaped coals of fire" on the American Navy by an act of great ability and kindness. An American frigate, the name of which I have forgotten, was at anchor in an open roadstead in South America, and as she entirely failed to get up her anchors she buoyed them, slipped her cables, and went to sea. After she was gone Captain Bingham, whose ship was anchored in the locality, went to work and raised both the abandoned anchors, and safely landing them and the cables, wrote to the American captain to say where they were to be found.

My old friend always spoke in the highest terms of Captain Bingham as an able sailor, a first-rate officer, and in every

sense a gentleman. They (Bingham and Mends) were going up a river at night in South America near the scene of the buoyage of the anchors in one of the frigate boats. The tide was running at a most rapid pace up the river, and as there was an unseen hawser across the stream the boat was capsized and Captain Bingham and some others were drowned. Fortunately for the nation he served so faithfully in a long and honourable career my dear friend Mends was saved.

The first action, *after* war was declared by America, was that of the *Guerrière* and *Constitution*. The American frigates were built with stronger scantling (thicker sides) than an English seventy-four, and a few months after the capture of the *Guerrière*, Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the United States Navy, reporting to the Chairman of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, wrote, that "a 76-gun ship" is built of much heavier timber; *a shot that would sink a frigate might be received by a seventy-six with but slight injury; it might pass through between wind and water in a frigate, when it would stick in the frame of a seventy-six and be harmless*." Hence the Americans had the good sense to cut down several seventy-sixes *into frigates* and build other frigates on the same systems of *heavy* scantling and large tonnage.

In the action the broadside guns (that is one side only) of the *Guerrière* numbered 24 of a side, the *Constitution* 28, but the difference in pounds weight was—*Guerrière* 517, *Constitution* 768—a difference in weight of shot of 261 pounds in favour of *Constitution*. The crew of the *Guerrière* numbered 244, that of the *Constitution* 460, a difference of 216 men in favour of the *Constitution*. But this was far from all the advantages of the latter. The *Guerrière* was an old frigate captured years before from the French; she had been long on the American station, and sorely required fresh powder and numerous fittings of a more modern character, and her thin sides were easily penetrable by shot to which the *Constitution* was impervious. The latter, in reference to her thick scantling, was known in America as *Old Ironsides*. She has been preserved by the American Government, and bears this name to this day. It often

appears to me strange to find myself so often connected with the past as in the case of Bingham and Mends, and in this case the cook of the *Guerrière*, at the time of this action, was a Carnarvon man, Bob Morris by name, who had been taken by a press-gang out of a Carnarvon sloop. His name in the Navy was Little, as he deserted and re-entered the service under the latter name. In later life when a pensioner he returned to Carnarvon, when he became the coxswain of a boat rowed by four young fellows of about seventeen summers, by name Llewelyn Turner, stroke oar; Richard Owen Poole, beam; George Curtis and William Thearsby Poole, bow oars. What a difference ten years makes! my old friend Sir William Mends was my senior by ten years and Lord Clarence Paget by eleven. When the latter was in command of the *Belvidere* frigate in the Mediterranean, Captain Dacres, who commanded the *Guerrière* when she was captured by the *Constitution*, was commanding in the Mediterranean and right royally entertained Commodore Hull who when commanding the *Constitution* had captured the *Guerrière*, and Lord Clarence was introduced to Commodore Hull by Dacres.

Bob Morris, alias Little, sung for us many American songs, which he learned when a prisoner of war in that country, and *real* nigger songs which he learned when in British ships-of-war in the West Indies. I regret that it never occurred to me to follow the advice of Captain Cuttle—"and when found make a note of"—a quotation often made by my old friend Admiral Evans, the Conservator of the Mersey. A scrap of one of Bob Morris's Yankee songs I recollect:

Brother Jonathan lost his sloop and where due think he faund her,
Sailing raund Cape Cod rigged out as a skuner.

Chorus—Corn stock twist yur hairs,
Cart wheel raund you,
Fiery drag carry you off,
Mortar pistle paund you.

Father and I went to camp to visit Capten Doogan,
And there we saw the boys and girls as thick as hasty puden,

Chorus—Corn stock, &c.

I forget the rest.

Of his *real* West Indian nigger songs I give a specimen :

Meat upon de goose, marrow in de bone,
De Deble in de ball-room, don't you hear him groan ?

Chorus—Hoopsah, me lads, can you do de like of me ?
Hoopsah, me lads, can you do de like of me ?

As my wife was so funny she wished for a sturgeon,
So I went down de ribber and I hear de fish a talking to me.
Te a me tadium my long-tailed possamum
I couldn't stop to catch him.
Peep troo de keyhole see de break of day,
Run upon de landing Coonah gone away.

Chorus—Hoopsah, me lads, can you do de like of me ?
Hoopsah, me lads, can you do de like of me ?

Returning to the American War, the next frigate action in which we were sadly over-matched was that of the English frigate *Macedonian* and the American frigate *United States*. The *Macedonian* carried 24 and the *United States* 28 guns on each broadside, the latter total 56 guns. The *Macedonian's* guns fired 528 pounds ; *United States* guns, being heavier, fired 864 pounds, there being a preponderance of 336 pounds for the latter. With regard to the crews, the *Macedonian* carried 254 men, the *United States* 474 men —a preponderance of more than half in favour of the latter frigate. Tons—*Macedonian*, 1081 ; *United States*, 1533—a preponderance of 452 tons in favour of the American ship, whose scantling gave her an even *greater* advantage, and a large ship has greater steadiness, which means better aim. There is great credit due to the administrators of the American Navy for the absolutely perfect manner in which they sent their vessels to sea. The marines were chosen from backwoodsmen who had the most perfect practice of rifle shooting ; their cartridges were enclosed in thin lead, so that they did not suffer from damp, and could not wobble about in the muskets ; their powder was fresh, whereas many of our ships had been abroad for years and required fresh powder. I well remember Captain Carden, of the *Macedonian*, who lived at the Menai Bridge for several

years when I was a boy, and had a model of the ship in a diminutive pond in front of his house. As far as I remember, the model of the ship was about four feet long—full-rigged, of course.

Despite the warning they had received, the English Admiralty continued to act in the apathetic way I have mentioned, and took no precautions, notwithstanding the loss of the ships I have named, and others that were greatly over-matched. They sent old captured ships to sail through the seas along the South American coast, through seas which were swarming with well-formed and more modern American ships. The worst of all was an old French frigate originally called the *Renommée*, renamed the *Java* in England, a miserable old craft, with her sides sloping inwards so far that her decks were very narrow for fighting the guns and working the ship. Clearly those who sent this wretched vessel in the condition she was in to pass through seas where so many encounters had already taken place of an unequal character were guilty of treason to their country. This old craft was to carry out to Bombay General Hislop, a new Governor and his staff, a large supply of stores, and boxes of copper for three new ships of war building in Bombay. Eighteen of her marines were recruits, sixty of her crew were Irish labourers who had never been to sea before, and people drawn from the press-gangs and the prisons, with a lot of boys, formed the crew. Her gallant young captain (Lambert) did all he could in the way of remonstrance; nevertheless she was sent to sea *before her rigging could be properly "set up,"* and the captain felt that if he encountered a French or American ship before his untrained crew could learn to fire he would be captured at once, even before he left the English Channel. When making for San Salvador, the *Java* fell in with *Old Ironsides*, the *Constitution* American frigate, and after an action of three hours and a half the *Java* struck her colours.* I am quite at a loss to understand how the *Java* maintained so long a fight; and when we contrast this splendid defence of the *Java* and those of the *Little Belt*, the *Guerrière* and the

* The captain, Lambert, was killed before the termination of the action.

Macedonian, with the rapid capture by the *Shannon* of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, it is impossible to doubt that the defence of the British ships reflected the highest credit on the officers and ships' companies, especially on Captain Lambert of the *Java*. It always strikes me as a very reprehensible thing on the part of our countrymen that the records of the actions of their sailors do not more clearly state the actual facts. Brenton's history gives us accounts of naval actions which in many respects may be compared to a record of a fight between a man and a boy, simply saying A. thrashed B.; that is, he tells us the British frigate so-and-so was captured by the French frigate so-and-so or *vice versa*. Mr. James, in his marvellously careful naval history, gives us very full particulars; but even in his case one has to examine the diagrams of frigate actions to ascertain the *duration* of the fights, which I have done in every case. If of all naval actions they would say, as sometimes is the case, "after an action of —— minutes or —— hours, the A. was captured by the B." it would do justice. I have examined the diagrams of the actions in all these cases, and they show *Little Belt* in half an hour was silenced, but did not surrender; *Guerrière* and *Constitution* two hours and fifty minutes; *Macedonian* and *United States* three hours; *Java* and *Constitution* three hours and twenty minutes. This last action covered the captain, officers and men with glory; and one is lost in amazement that so poor a ship with such a scratch crew was able to carry on so long a combat with such a fine ship as the *Constitution*. The practice of gunnery was actually discouraged by our Admiralty at the time, and many of our ships of war returned from a three years' commission without having fired a gun. If the money wasted by the Admiralty at this time had been expended in the *frequent practice of firing* I doubt not that some of the small ships that fought against such odds for so long a time would have escaped capture. The gallant capture of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, which was in entire possession of the British frigate *Shannon*, of slightly inferior force, *in fifteen minutes* shows what well-found British ships when well commanded

can do. The loss of one ship infinitely exceeds the cost of gunpowder expended by all the ships in keeping up the practice of gunnery, as will be seen was done on the *Shannon*. Party politics in this, as in a multitude of cases of various kinds, prevented the examination which would put an end to these disgraceful transactions. Yes, party spirit is the ruin of England. What can be more disgusting or disgraceful than to read in the reports of political meetings that the enemy, meaning the other side, must be defeated at all cost? If violent party men would attend more to the interests of the nation than to the striving for party defeats, our enemies would fear and respect us more, and if war broke out we would be one hundred fold more fit to fight.

It was a maxim with the English Navy that the French built finer ships than we did, but that we captured them. Amongst those captured was a beautiful corvette called the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and orders were given to build some like her. An idiot, for he could be nothing less, who was a Lord of the Admiralty, went to the dockyard, and seeing one of the new corvettes on the stocks *actually ordered her to be shortened five feet, and to be fitted to carry two more guns*. This silly old sinner might just as reasonably have cut off a foot from a four-oared boat and turned her into one of six oars, lessening her size and yet giving her more oars and men with greater weights to carry. He thereby lessened the speed, detracted from the appearance, made her less easy in a sea way, and gave her less room to fight her guns. It was like the case of a man who possesses a good picture and sets an inferior artist to alter it.

The Admiralty insanely sent out a superannuated admiral, Sir John Borlace Warren (who had done some good work when young), to deal with our most enterprising enemy, when there were plenty of younger men fit for the work; he did nothing, and, as remarked by Mr. James, it was well that his next in command, Admiral Cockburn, was a man of action. The officers and men who fought against such disparity were deserving of all honour, the Admiralty of the gallows.

Foremost amongst the many gallant sailors who writhed

with indignation at the losses we sustained in unequal fighting was that splendidly brave officer, Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, of the *Shannon* frigate. He was cruising in company with the *Tenedos* frigate, of similar force (Captain Hyde Parker), and when in Boston Bay sailed close to the harbour mouth and saw that one American frigate only was ready for sea, two others being under repair; he gave Captain Parker a written order (Captain Broke was the senior officer) to cruise away for two hundred miles, as he was determined to endeavour to encounter an American frigate and show what an English frigate could do on anything like equal terms. He then sent polite messages to Captain Lawrence, of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, to say that as the Americans with much larger ships and crews had captured several of our ships he trusted that Captain Lawrence would do him the honour of coming out to meet the *Shannon* on something like equal terms. Some of these messages are supposed not to have reached Captain Lawrence. Early in the morning of June 1, 1813, Captain Broke penned the following courteous and gentlemanlike letter, and discharged an American prisoner he had on board, a Captain Slocum (a merchant captain), with directions to deliver it to Captain Lawrence.

"As the *Chesapeake* now appears ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. The *Shannon* mounts 24 guns upon her broadside (that is 48 guns altogether), and one light boat gun. There are 18-pounders upon her main deck, eight 32-pound carronades on her quarter deck and forecastle, and she is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides 30 seamen, boys and passengers, who were recently taken out of a recaptured vessel. I entreat you, Sir, not to imagine that I am actuated by mere personal vanity in the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful

service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade you can no longer protect.

"Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

After this the *Shannon* with colours flying stood in close to Boston Lighthouse and lay to. The *Chesapeake* was at anchor in President roads, with royal yards across. While the crew of the *Shannon* were at dinner at 12.30, Captain Broke went himself to the mast-head and saw the *Chesapeake* loose her canvas. He was far too sensible a man to fight the battle close to the port of Boston, where the crews of the two frigates were under repair, and any number of soldiers and sailors might be embarked in boats in the event of a calm or his losing his spars or masts, and capture him by boarding in overwhelming numbers; and he accordingly went down the bay under easy sail and waited for the coming struggle about sixteen miles from Boston. A large number of pleasure boats and a schooner gun-boat, with a number of American officers and visitors on board, accompanied the *Chesapeake*, to witness the *whipping* of an English frigate; but of course at a respectful distance. The *Shannon* lay to, with her head to the southward and eastward, about eighteen miles from the Boston Lighthouse, and lay to under topsails, top-gallant-sails, jib and spanker. The *Chesapeake* bore down straight for the *Shannon;* at 5.40 she gallantly hauled her wind upon the *Shannon's* starboard quarter and gave three cheers; at 5.56 the action commenced by the firing of the aftermost gun of the starboard broadside by the *Shannon* into the port bow of the *Chesapeake* as she advanced along her antagonist's quarter. Captain Broke ordered his men not to cheer, so that there should be no random firing, but cool, deliberate aim taken. He had issued clear orders how each gun was to be loaded, and the parts of the *Chesapeake* that were to be fired at, as the latter got abreast of the *Shannon*. At 5.53 the jib-sheet of the *Chesapeake*

being shot away, and her helm for a few moments unattended to, probably by the shooting of the helmsman, the frigate came sharp up into the wind, and her stern and quarter lay towards the *Shannon;* Captain Broke at once raked her, doing terrible execution. At 5.58 an open cask of cartridges exploded on the deck of the *Chesapeake,* but did no harm. The latter took stern way; the *Shannon's* helm was immediately shifted, and her mizen topsail shivered. The *Chesapeake* forged a little ahead, but afterwards taking stern way the spare anchor of the *Shannon* stowed above the chesstree, having hooked the *Chesapeake's* quarter port; Captain Broke ordered the ships to be lashed together, and calling the boarders jumped on to the deck of the *Chesapeake,* calling out, "All who can, follow me;" and at the head at first of only thirty men, followed immediately by more, directly afterwards he boarded the enemy's ship that had begun the action with eighty more men than the number of the crew of the *Shannon.* Eleven minutes only elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the boarding of the *Chesapeake,* and in four minutes after the *Chesapeake* was in entire possession of the *Shannon.* The two vessels had broken loose from each other, and in hoisting the colours on the *Chesapeake* the American colours were accidentally hoisted over the English, upon which the *Shannon* instantly resumed her fire, and, her guns being so well served, their own first lieutenant and five of the boarders were killed. The mistake was immediately remedied, and the English colours hoisted over the American. Previous to this the Americans had surrendered, but one ruffian who attacked Captain Broke after the fighting was over and wounded him fearfully in the head, was soon killed by the indignant men of the *Shannon.* Captain Broke ordered a chair to be provided, and he sat and issued his orders from the decks of the captured ship until he fainted away from loss of blood, when he was removed in one of the boats to his own ship and placed in his cot.

The destruction wrought on the *Chesapeake* was fearful, the port quarter of the stern being terribly battered, and all her compasses and nautical instruments shot to pieces. Her surgeon reported the killed and wounded to be from

(*Negretti and Zambra, photo, London*)

CAPTAIN CLINT

160 to 170. Captain Lawrence was dangerously wounded, and thus the captains of both ships lay in their berths hovering between life and death. Mr. Watts, the first lieutenant of the *Shannon*, was killed as before stated, and the two ships had to be navigated to Halifax by young lieutenants. Provo William Wallace had now become first lieutenant of the *Shannon* and took charge of her—while Lieutenant Falkener, third but now second lieutenant of the latter ship, took charge of the *Chesapeake*. It must have been a fearful responsibility for two young lieutenants of, I think, twenty-two and twenty-three years only, to have about three hundred unwounded prisoners to guard, some of whom were removed to the *Shannon*. On the deck of the *Chesapeake* were found some casks with the heads off, containing wrist and leg irons ready for the crew of the *Shannon*, and as some of the Americans gave trouble *they* had the pleasure of wearing them. Owing to fogs and calms the two ships took six days to get to Halifax. Captain Broke was dangerously ill, and Captain Lawrence died before they reached Halifax. On their arrival Captain Broke was taken to the Commissioner's house, where he was confined to his bed for months, his life for a long time being despaired of. Captain Lawrence was buried at Halifax with great respect, all the naval and military officers in the port attending the funeral; but on the application of the American Government his body was allowed to be removed to his own country, where it was buried with all honour. I defer the further description of the condition of the *Chesapeake* to relate the following statement, which I received about forty years ago from a friend of mine, who, as will be seen, boarded both ships in Halifax directly they arrived there.

This gentleman, Captain Clint, was a retired merchant of Liverpool, who had formerly been at sea and commanded his own ship. Shortly before the glorious action I have related he was on his passage in his ship of 400 tons (a large merchant vessel for that period), and was captured by an American privateer off Cape Horn. The American captain put a prize-master and fifteen men to navigate his prize to Boston, and while I was on a pleasant visit to Captain Clint

at his residence in Cheshire he told me the whole story. He said that with great difficulty he got the Yankee captain to allow him to keep his cabin-boy, he himself being allowed to live with the prize-master in the cabin of his own ship. This man and all his hands used to get so drunk that they lay like swine upon the decks; and Captain Clint said that they were so frequently in that state that, if he and the boy could have taken their lives in cold blood, they had frequent opportunities of doing it. The first time they got into that condition he at once realised how certainly the ship would be lost in a gale of wind without men to take in canvas unless some precaution was adopted; accordingly, the next time they were drunk he practised the boy in letting go the topsail halyards in case of storms, of which they subsequently encountered several, and when that was the case all they could do was to lower the topsail yards on to the caps. At last they got as far as Boston Bay, and one morning after breakfast Captain Clint was in the cabin alone, the prize-master having gone on deck. He heard a great shuffling of feet above, and ran up the cabin stairs as fast as he could, and saw the yards of a large ship close to them looming out of a fog bank. A hail came from her, "What ship is that?" and Captain Clint at once, before a hand could be put across his mouth, sung out, "British ship captured by an American privateer." In a very short time there was a boat alongside with seamen and marines from his Majesty's frigate *Tenedos*, Captain Hyde Parker, and Captain Clint's ship was recaptured at once. Another boat brought Captain Parker, and the American sailors all ran below. Captain Parker told Clint that he had been sent by the senior officer, Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, to cruise away for some distance, that he (Broke) might fight an American frigate on equal terms. Captain Clint inquired where he was going, and he said it was immaterial so long as he could get a chance of meeting any of the enemy's ships. Clint then suggested that he might as well convoy him to Halifax, to which Captain Parker assented, and put a midshipman and nine men from the *Tenedos* to work the ship. The weather was foggy, and Captain Clint lost sight of the

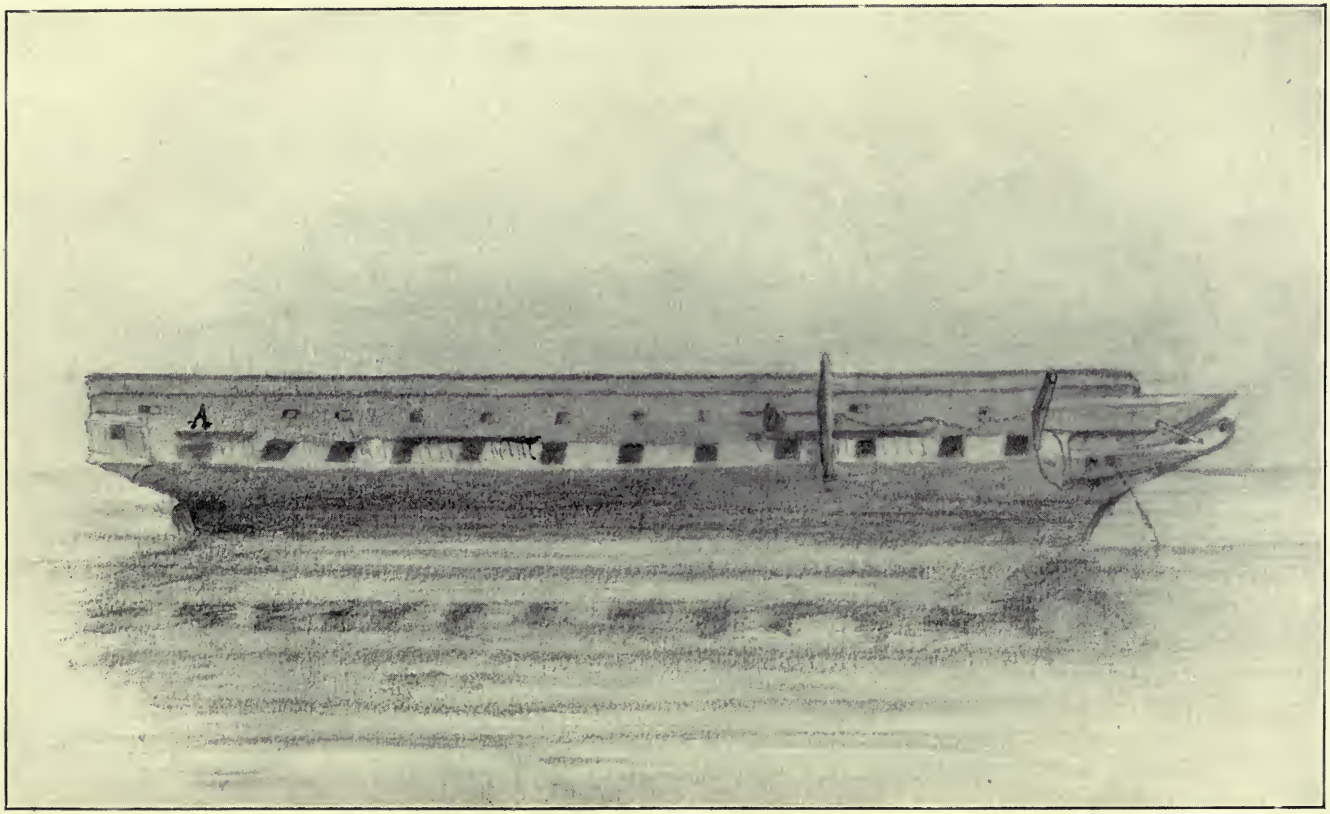
frigate, but got safely to Halifax, and while there witnessed the *Shannon* leading in the *Chesapeake*. There had been so many prisoners to guard, and wounded men to attend to in both ships, and so much time taken up in repairing damages to the hulls and rigging, that there had been no time for cleaning, and the decks and bulwarks of the *Chesapeake* were like shambles, covered with blood; what surprised Captain Clint most was to see many fingers with the nails on sticking in the bulwarks, where they had been carried by the shot. He said they looked exactly as if the bulwarks had been paper through which fingers had been thrust from outside. A year or two after my visit to him, Captain Clint, then an old man, died.

In the year 1846, some years prior to my visit to Captain Clint, I was aboard of the *Shannon* at Sheerness, and found the greatest difficulty in leaving her, as I felt so deeply interested. There were the marks, like the indentations of smallpox, under the upper deck, over the touch-holes of the main deck guns, showing, I fancy, that a good deal of the powder used had gone up through the touch-holes; and I felt deep interest in the cabin, where the glorious "Philip Bowes Vere Broke" wrote his celebrated challenge to the *Chesapeake*, and where he lay between life and death for the six days after the fight until they got to Halifax. She was evidently a very well-built ship, and by no means bad looking. I was sorely depressed when soon after I heard that she was to be broken up, as she was eventually. The Admiralty presented a piece of one of her timbers to Captain Clint, and I only wish I could have had a bit as well. A grander action was never fought. I have adverted to the long time it had taken American ships of larger force and strength to capture the *Guerrière*, *Macedonian*, and *Java*, ships 500 tons less than their captor, and of such light scantling; and here were two ships of substantially equal force, what advantage there was being on the side of the American, and the latter captured by boarding in fifteen minutes after the firing of the first gun. The handling of the ship was perfect, and her gunnery splendid, the *Chesapeake* being terribly mauled.

	Comparative Force.	Crew.	Tons.
Shannon .	Broadside guns 25 lbs. 538 .	306 .	1066
Chesapeake .	Broadside guns 25 lbs. 590 .	381 .	1135

The fact of the vessel with the smallest crew capturing by boarding a ship with so many men shows how great the destruction of the *Chesapeake* and her crew by the cool and steady firing of the *Shannon* must have been. When Captain Broke decided to board he had seen from the bulwarks of his vessel the deck of the other ship, and that his fire had disorganised the crew. He survived his wounds and got home, but was never after fit for service. He was made a baronet for his splendid action, but the wound to his head troubled him until his death. My friend Admiral Gough, who comes to visit me occasionally at Parkia, was berthed in the *Shannon* at Sheerness very many years later.

There was an Irishman of the name of Murphy, who made several voyages to and from Ynyscongor with slates, and was known to the Welsh masters of vessels and to my father, whose slates he had carried. A Welsh brig was captured by an American privateer in the Irish Channel, and when the crew were taken aboard the privateer as prisoners, the Cambrian captain was amazed to find that his quondam friend Murphy was the captain. Thinking that he had "a friend at Court" and would be all right, he addressed his captor by name, "Oh, Captain Murphy, how are you?" To his horror this proved a very false step; he had not calculated that Murphy, being a British subject, was liable to be hanged as a pirate if found out and caught capturing a British vessel. When Murphy heard himself thus addressed by name he in furious tones shouted, "What does the beggar say? Take the beggar and strip the beggar and put the beggar in irons!" The unfortunate ship-master was thrown more than half naked into the hold, with his arms and legs in irons. The war with France and subsequently with America also was at its height. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross were capturing the city of Washington and other places, and even our own ships of war were often



THE *SHANNON* AT SHEERNESS IN 1846

The port below the letter A was that from which William Wyndham fired the first gun into the *Chesapeake's* bow

the dread of a merchant vessel, owing to the pressing of sailors for the naval service.

In 1812 the *True Blooded Yankee*, privateer of eighteen guns and 160 men, captured in the Irish Channel the *Margaret* of Hull, the *Fame* of Belfast, the *George* of Liverpool, and three other vessels. *In thirty-seven days* she captured twenty-seven vessels and took nearly three hundred prisoners in the English and Irish Channels, and also took a Scotch town. The first captures of the *True Blooded Yankee* which I have mentioned were made *between Holyhead and the Skerries*, a proof that passage between Anglesey and Ireland was not a very safe adventure. This vessel captured an island on the Irish coast and held it for a week. The damage done to British and American trade and the armed ships of each may make men pause ere they embark upon war.

Pelican and *Argus*.

On August 12, 1813, the British 18-gun man-of-war brig *Pelican*—Commander Maples—anchored at Cork from a cruise, and the admiral at once signalled her to put to sea in search of an American 18-gun brig that was doing vast mischief to merchant ships in the Channel. The *Pelican* again got under weigh in a very strong breeze and heavy sea. On the 13th the *Pelican* observed a merchant ship on fire ahead and a brig standing to the south-east. The *Pelican* at once gave chase, but the brig was lost sight of in the night; but soon after daylight on the 14th the brig was seen in the north-east leaving a merchant ship which she had just set on fire, and steering towards a fleet of other merchant vessels. She proved to be the United States man-of-war brig *Argus*—Captain Allen. The *Pelican* carried a press of sail to close with her; the two brigs were well matched, their force being as follows:

	Comparative Force.	Crew.	Tons.
Pelican	Broadside guns 9 lbs. 262	101	385
Argus	Broadside guns 10 lbs. 228	122	316

The action was fought off St. David's Head, Pembrokeshire, with great ardour on both sides for forty-five minutes, when the *Pelican*, having been placed on the starboard bow of the *Argus*, carried her by boarding. Captain Allen, who was a distinguished American officer, was severely wounded and died of his wounds, and was buried at Plymouth with great honour, all the heads of the Naval and Military Departments attending his funeral. The *Argus* had made terrible havoc in the Irish Channel, burning many ships, and often horses and cattle in transit in them.

Having been all my life a close student of naval history I cannot refrain from again giving vent to natural indignation at the lax methods too often adopted by the Government of the day in their conduct of the second war with America. Small and old frigates captured years before from the French were thought good enough to send to fight American ships. Nothing can more fully prove the gross incompetence of the Admiralty of the day than this ignorant and stupid carelessness. "When Greek meets Greek then is the tug of war." The Americans proved that they were of the true stock they came from, and the care and circumspection with which they fitted out their ships were admirable, and afforded a painful contrast to the carelessness of our Admiralty at that time. In the case of the *Shannon*, the rapidity with which she captured the *Chesapeake* distinctly proved the inestimable value of good gunnery. In that case we have seen that the gallant Captain Broke—whose name will live for ever in naval annals—ensured it by giving prizes out of his own pocket for good shooting, whereas in some of our actions at this period guns were actually in some cases fired at random.

The following bill of lading is one of a vast number I have found amongst my father's papers, from which it is evident that quite a fleet of small brigs was employed by the Dyffws quarry. The names of the brigs were legion.

COPY

Id. ½
per sheet.

Printed by J. Hayes, Dartmouth St., Westm.
for his Majesty's Stationery Office.

SHIPPED, by the Grace of God, in good Order and well Condition'd, by *William Turner & Co.* in and upon the good Ship called *the JOHN*, whereof is Master, under God, for this present Voyage, *Lewis Lewis*, and now riding at Anchor in the *Port of Traeth*, and by God's Grace bound for *London with slates, to say, Nine Thousand five Hundred Dutchesses, Eleven Thousand Countesses, Nine Thousand Ladies, Eighteen Ton Queens and seventeen Tons Rags*, being mark'd and number'd as in the Margin, and are to be delivered in the like good Order and well Condition'd, at the aforesaid *Port of London* (all and every the Dangers and Accidents of the Seas and of Navigation, of whatever Nature and Kind soever, excepted) unto *Mr. Owen Hughes* or to his Assigns, he or they paying Freight for the said Goods according to agreement with Primage and Average accustomed. In Witness whereof, the Master or Purser of the said Ship hath affirmed to three Bills of Lading all of this Tenor and Date ; the one of which three Bills being accomplished, the other two to stand void. And so God send the good Ship to her desired Port in Safety. AMEN.

Dated in Traeth, April 9, 1811.

Contents unknown to LEWIS LEWIS

CHAPTER III

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

The family Bible—Mother's ancestry—The Irish rebellion —Kit Cooper's murder—Cutting off a lady's finger—Doyle, "Brigade-Major"—Sir John Moore—Murder of the Rev. Francis Turner—The "Ancient Britons"—Generals "Needless" and "Useless"—Sir Watkin and the sailor—A foolhardy rebel—French privateer in English Channel—Pluck of a sloop's mate—An amateur doctor—Father becomes Mr. Assheton Smith's partner—The building of Parkia—Famine in Llanberis—Irish lawyers at Vaenol—Lord Manners—Lord Plunket—Curran—Irish witnesses—Dillon of Carnarvon—His wit—Irish cars—The curate discomfited—Curran and Lord Avonmore—Lord Kenyon's cheap dinner—Increasing business—Warren Hastings—Curran and Mickey—A successful "tramp"—Slanderers—Origin of Turner family —Mr. Assheton Smith—An honest prisoner—A confiding gaoler—An act of mercy—A blunderbus—Cannons at Carnarvon—The privateer *Endeavour*—Carnarvon Castle—Southampton Canal—A verse—Irish ecclesiastical appointments—Father's stories—General Gore—Baron Garrow—Murder by "Hwntw Mawr"—Manufacture of "port" wine—Home life at Parkia—Hospitality—Dogs and tramps —Modern improvements—Party rancour and its consequences—Lawlessness—Suet and dripping—A boaster humiliated—H.M.S. *Nelson*—Death of father—His form of prayer.

THE unfortunate and terrible Irish rebellion in 1798, which resulted in so much bloodshed and loss to both combatants, took place prior to the marriage of my father and mother, the latter of whom was living in the midst of it, as will hereafter appear. Not long after the rebellion, Miss Williams (as my mother then was) came on a visit to the old mansion of Maesynuadd in the county of Merioneth, in which county the great Dyffws quarry was situated, and my father met,

wooed, loved, and married her. As their children were born he made the following entries in the Family Bible, a copy of which entry he gave me, made in his own handwriting. I copy it here to show the accuracy of his dealing with matters.

CHILDREN BORN TO WILLIAM AND JANE TURNER.

HENRY TURNER. Born at 10 o'clock at night February 20, 1803.
MARGARET TURNER. Born at 5 o'clock in the morning, September 2, 1804.
JOSEPH TURNER. Born at 5 o'clock in the morning, May 12, 1806.
WILLIAM TURNER. Born at 5 o'clock in the morning, January 23, 1810.
THOMAS TURNER. Born at 5 o'clock in the morning, March 6, 1812.
ELIZABETH TURNER. Born at 3 o'clock in the morning, April 11, 1814.
AGNES TURNER. Born at 9 o'clock at night, March 7, 1816.
ANN TURNER. Born at 5 o'clock in the morning, December 8, 1817.
JOHN TURNER. Born at 11 o'clock in the morning, July 3, 1819.
LLEWELYN TURNER. Born at 2 o'clock in the morning, February 11, 1823.

The writer of these pages is now the only one surviving, and if his elder brother, who died fifty-seven years ago, were alive he would be more than one hundred.

Although a native of Ireland my mother had some Welsh blood in her veins, being connected with the family of Griffith Williams, the Lord Bishop of Ossory in Ireland in the reign of Charles I. The Bishop was a native of Carnarvonshire, and left property to some charity not far from Bangor and Bethesda, but I have forgotten what the charity is. By a curious coincidence my mother was also related to a Quaker family in Ireland, and to the Irish Roman Catholic Archbishop Murray, who was alive during my early manhood. My mother was an ardent Protestant. During the wooing my father went frequently to Ireland, and he had to go to Dublin and Cork for his money, as there were no banking facilities in those days. There is an old seventeenth-century book at Parkia, in which the Bishop denounces with great indignation the indignities to which King Charles I. was subjected. There was another Welshman at that time, Judge Jenkins, who while in prison made the most tremen-

dous attacks on the King's enemies. In reading the denunciations made by the two Welshmen it struck me that the Judge was the most powerful hitter.

Few things interested me more than my mother's recital of her recollections of that terrible period of bloodshed —the Rebellion of '98—when so many lives were sacrificed and so many families ruined. During a part of the rebellion she lived with Mr. Johnstone, an uncle of hers, at the foot of the Wicklow mountains. Doyle, the brigade major of the rebels in that part, was a foster-brother of Mr. Johnstone, that is, Doyle's mother had been Mr. Johnstone's wet-nurse, his own mother being too delicate at the time to nurse him. Doyle was, I think, the surveyor of roads, and had borne the reputation of being a respectable man; but, as often happens, some indiscreet or mischievous person connected his name with the rebels, and he was driven into joining them. I am not quite sure as to the ins and outs of this, but I believe I am not far from the mark. Anyhow, Doyle became the head of the rebels in the county of Wicklow, and I fancy did a good deal, and as much as he could, to restrain their violence. Amongst the incidents which my mother related was the murder of Mr. Tate, a relative of hers. Mr. Tate was standing in one of his own fields looking at a few men whom he had managed to retain to get in his hay, when a party of rebels rode past, and incensed by seeing his men working for him, shot him dead and put his men to flight. A corps of boys, consisting of gentlemen's sons, belonging to the loyal families, was formed and trained; they were called the picquet guard, and amongst them was Kit Cooper, a cousin of my mother, who was a singularly active boy and very prominent in the corps. He was walking along a road one day with his gun, and was chased by a mounted party of the rebels. There was a stone bridge some distance in advance of Kit Cooper, and he knew that there was a very deep hole under the bridge called a "turn hole" (whatever that meant), and that if he could get as far as that bridge he could prevent their getting his gun, escape for himself being impossible. He reached the bridge, dropped the gun into the "turn hole," and told them they

CLONATTIN, PARTIALLY BURNED IN THE REBELLION OF 1798

Now occupied by Mr. Frederick Turner, grandson of Mrs. Turner of Parkia, *née* Williams

could take his body but not his gun; he was ordered to mount a horse behind one of the rebels and carried to a cross-road in a village, a corner house of which was a small shop occupied and kept by an old servant of Kit Cooper's father and mother, who had set her up in business. Kit Cooper was ordered to dismount, and then told to unbutton his coat and waistcoat and stand to be shot. This ungrateful old servant came out and the boy said—"Moll, won't you save me?" Moll's reply was, "Shoot him, shoot him, he is the worst boy in the picquet guard!" Sir Richard Musgrove, in his able and interesting work on the Irish Rebellion, speaks of Cooper's murder being effected by bayoneting; but my mother said his clothes, which were recovered, were riddled with bullet holes. It necessarily follows that in all risings, political or otherwise, robbers and all sorts of miscreants take advantage of the occasion to rob and plunder; a lady who was a cousin of my mother's was attacked by the rebels and a finger cut off to get her ring. The miscreant who committed this abominable offence fell into the hands of justice some time after, and was visited in prison by the son of the lady, who was anxious to recover his mother's ring. The prisoner treated him with the greatest insolence; the ring, I believe, was never recovered, but the scoundrel was hanged for his many misdeeds.

During the time my mother was staying with her uncle, Mr. Johnstone, it was reported one morning while the family were at breakfast that the rebels who were encamped on the mountain were beginning to descend. Mr. Johnstone, who was rather a portly man, went upstairs to look through a back window, whence he could see the rebels coming and, meeting a housemaid with a long apron strapped over her shoulders, he transferred the apron to his own person, and going downstairs collected some plate that was on the side-board and carried it in the long apron to a wood at the back of the house, where there were a lot of nettles, and left it there, where it remained secure. Doyle, the brigade major, rode in advance of the rebels, and Mr. Johnstone went out to meet him. Doyle had previously sent assurance of safety, and addressing Mr. Johnstone said, "Mr. Johnstone, you

know you and I are foster brothers, and I will take care that you suffer no wrong; but it is very cold in the mountains, and we are in want of blankets and whiskey and some wine, and if you will let us have what you can spare we will go away without molesting you further." Several things were collected, and while this was being done one of the rebels sighted a fine horse grazing in a paddock in front of the house; he went to the stable and got a bridle, and seeing one of Mr. Johnstone's sons he said, "Here, you young puppy, take this bridle and fetch me that horse." The "young puppy" took the bridle, went in the direction of the animal, but turning aside managed to conceal himself, and the rebels having got what they wanted from the house rode quietly away, the brigade major adhering to his word. Amongst the officers in command of the troops in the county of Wicklow was the famous Sir John Moore, afterwards killed at the Battle of Corunna. Sir John Moore, it is needless for me to say, was a most capable man and possessed of good common sense, and when the rebellion showed some signs of collapsing he sent an invitation to Doyle to meet him at some place he named, and they had a conference together. I believe that Sir John Moore went provided with some luncheon to share with Doyle at the meeting. It must not be supposed that this awful rebellion was all smooth like what I have briefly detailed. General Johnston and others were fighting in the adjoining county, where murder and rapine prevailed. Generals Lake, Needham, and Eustace were fighting the bloody battles of Enniscorthy, Vinegar Hill, Ross, Antrim, Arklow, Wexford, etc. The destruction of life was terrible and attended with great cruelty. Mr. Johnstone had to thank Doyle for his immunity. Sir Richard Musgrove, Bart., in his interesting history affords ample evidence of this. Speaking of the murder of the Rev. Francis Turner of Ballingale, he says he was shot in the jaw, piked through the neck, and his head violently shaken while the pike was in the neck. Sir Richard says, "This worthy gentleman, whose benevolence and amiable manners had justly entitled him to universal love and esteeem, and whose mind was highly adorned with profound and elegant learning,

fell a prey to the fanatical rage of a rabble *headed by his tenants* and neighbours, whom he had never failed to treat with kindness and benevolence. The principal leader in this atrocious act was Michael Keogh, Mr. Turner's proctor, whom he had raised from poverty to affluence by his kindness and generosity." The fearful condition of things may be judged from the following figures. The rebel army that attacked Arklow amounted to 31,000 men, Vinegar Hill 15,000 and small rebel posts 3000. The terrible destruction of life in the barn of Scullabogue was attended with every kind of horror. The barn was thirty-four feet long and fifteen wide, the walls twelve feet high, and it was crammed as tight as could be with people of all ages and sexes, who were suffocated and mutilated in the most horrible manner.

My mother did not see, but was within sound of, the battle of Arklow, and she used to describe to us with her hands the sound of the musket-firing; clapping her hands with amazing quickness in representing the firing of regiments and columns, and then clapping them slowly and with short intervals while the bulk of the soldiers were reloading with their long steel ramrods. A corps of 300 cavalry, consisting of Flintshire men called the "Ancient Britons," under the command of the Sir Watkin Williams Wynn of that day, who raised them at his own cost and played a conspicuous part, were in this battle. A wounded rebel lay on the ground after the battle, and an "Ancient Briton" went up to him. The rebel addressing him said, "Mr. Welshm*i*n, I have half a crown in my pock*i*t, and if you will spare me life you shall have it." The other replied, "Co tam, I will take you life first and you half crown after;" but an officer coming by prevented what might have happened.

Towards the end of the rebellion the Government, seeing that the head of the rising was broken, were desirous to avoid further bloodshed as far as possible. A large body of rebels were encamped upon a hill, and the generals, Needham and Eustace, had orders to attack, but had secret instructions from Government that if the rebels gave way they were to let them escape. The public, not being aware of the instruction given by the Government and believing that the generals had

been guilty of neglect, transposed their names from Needham and Eustace to Generals Needless and Useless.

My father used to relate a most amusing anecdote of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. After the rebellion was over Sir Watkin and his men were carried to Liverpool in a transport, and on the voyage one of the sailors in some way gave very great offence to Sir Watkin, who had a very thick tongue in speaking. Sir Watkin ran after the sailor along the deck of the vessel saying, "I will give you a damned good hiding;" but the sailor preferring the rigging to the hiding took to the former, and whenever Sir Watkin, who was continually on the watch for him, came near, the man took to the rigging. After a long voyage the transport arrived safely in Liverpool, and a plank was placed from the ship to the quay. In getting up the baggage one of the soldiers fell into the hold, and was brought up senseless. Sir Watkin, who always bled his own men and carried a lancet for the purpose (bleeding being then and for many years after the panacea for all ailments), pulled off his shell jacket and said, "Leave him to me and I will bthede (bleed) him." He did it rather awkwardly, and the blood spurted all over his shirt sleeves. As he wiped the lancet he "spotted" the sailor to whom he had promised the "hiding," and gave chase. On this occasion, Jack, instead of taking to the rigging, ran ashore along the plank. The Mayor and Corporation were waiting on the quay by the head of the plank to present an address to Sir Watkin, and the sailor ran right through the municipal body, with Sir Watkin in his bloody shirt in full chase astern of him.

Sir Richard Musgrove relates a curious occurrence that took place in one of the battles, when a rebel who was very drunk rushed up to a cannon and calling out, "Come on, boys, she can't go off now," took off his wig and cap and pushed them into the mouth of the gun, which being fired blew him to atoms.

I have mentioned the danger of crossing the Irish Channel, which at that time was exceedingly great, as will appear later on in these pages. In 1804 the sloop *Dick*, of Chester, with a cargo of slates from Carnarvon to Portsmouth,

was captured near the Land's End by a French privateer, and was recaptured by the *mate alone*. This brave man was a Welshman, who was left by his captors on board with four Frenchmen who formed the prize crew. It came on to blow exceedingly hard, and the mate, having contrived to obtain and conceal some fire-arms on deck, told the prize crew, who were ignorant of the nature of the coast, that unless they entrusted the helm to him they would all be drowned, but that he was well acquainted with an out-of-the-way bay where they could anchor in perfect safety until the weather moderated for them to resume their voyage. This satisfied them, and the four went down to the cabin to tea. Having made all his preparations the mate gently slid the hatch of the cabin, and they were helpless, as he told them that he would shoot the first man who showed his nose. He then steered the vessel safe into Torbay, and saved himself from a French prison, and the owners of ship and cargo and the insurers from loss. In recording so many events that took place before I was born I must crave the reader's indulgence for failing in many instances to record matters with precise consecutiveness, and the following is a specimen of it.

My father visited Ireland on numerous occasions, returning with the bags of gold paid for the produce of Dyffws quarry, and on many occasions visited the houses of his wife's relations. I wish I could recollect a tithe of the droll adventures he related. His description of an extraordinary event at one house which took place at the time of hayharvest was most curious. There were several men employed to get in the hay harvest, and they were fed on the best of fare, roast and boiled meats, *cabbage* and other vegetables, and puddings. Many of these poor cotters had perhaps never tasted flesh meat or cabbage in their lives, potatoes or at most "potato and point" * being their principal food. The weather was very hot, and they all ate meat and drank porter in great quantities, with the result that several men became exceedingly ill. They had to send many miles for

* Potato and point is a dish of potatoes, and, according to the Irish stories, the very poor used to grill a herring and point it at the potatoes to flavour them, as they could not afford to eat it.

medical aid, and in the meantime the gentleman of the house actually had the sick carried into the kitchen, stripped, and their bellies rubbed with oil and grease in front of a large fire, and then he ordered them to be swathed round with haybands. On the arrival of the doctor he said that no better treatment could have been adopted, but my father said that great alarm was felt as to the condition of some of the men. I wonder whether an emetic would not have been better, but there seems no doubt that the stomachs were fearfully distended.

The practical jokes of that time were of the roughest kind, and "tricks upon travellers" were of constant occurrence; but my father being a man of very great strength and agility was a bad subject to tackle, and I always heard that he could beat his own sons in running, although I was too young to witness the prime of his life, and had no experience of his or my mother's younger years. I know, however, that her fondness for her children was very great. My father never learned the Welsh language, but my mother learned to speak it fluently, probably through having some Welsh blood in her veins.

The great success attained by the Dyffws quarry led Mr. Assheton Smith of that day (the father of the late Mr. Assheton, the celebrated fox-hunter) to offer my father a partnership in the Llanberis quarry if he would come and live in the neighbourhood and undertake the control of the Llanberis quarry, which at that time was worked in a very primitive way. The slates were carried down the mountain in paniers on the backs of ponies and donkeys, thence by carts to Felinheli, which we now know as Portdinorwic. The new partnership was at once attended with great changes. Inclined planes were constructed to carry the slates down the hill, and a horse tramway through Llanddeiniolen and the valley of Nant-y-Garth was substituted for the previous primitive mode of carriage by carts. I think it is pretty well agreed that a great mistake was made in the time of the last Mr. Assheton Smith in substituting the inclined plane to Portdinorwic for the continuous line through Nant-y-Garth.

(*From a painting by Sir William Beechy*)

THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH, Esq.

Lord-Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire for many years. Died 1828

After my father's death I found in his handwriting on a loose slip of paper a copy of a letter to the contractor, expressing in the fewest possible words what he had to say.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Assheton Smith and I are much surprised that you have commenced the railway without the signing of a contract. We are both of opinion that £10,000 will be ample for the business.

"Yours,

"W. TURNER."

My father was without any exception the most terse letter-writer I ever knew, and both in speaking and writing he never wasted a word, and constantly and evidently inadvertently expressed himself with alliterations. The quarry soon became a large and most profitable concern, the figures in thousands exceeding the preceding ones of hundreds. Parkia was the place fixed upon for a residence, and my parents arrived from their previous residence of Blaenddol in a post-chaise. I have often heard my mother say that when she entered the house she said nothing on earth would induce her to sleep a night in it. So they drove to the Sportsman *Inn* at Carnarvon, which was on the site of the present large hotel of that name. The only hostelries fit for accommodating travellers in Carnarvon at that time were the Sportsman Inn, and the Boot Inn, which in my days had become a tramps' lodging-house—"How are the mighty fallen!" This place (the Boot) that had so degenerated was once the resting-place of Talleyrand, the great French Minister, who stayed at the Boot while visiting Carnarvon Castle during a tour he made in Great Britain. My father sent for a Mr. Fletcher, a contractor at Chester, and the bricks, floorings, doors, windows and rafters, etc., were sent in vessels from Chester, and what was subsequently seen of Parkia was erected on the front of its predecessor; the former house remained behind the new front in which the humble servant of the readers of these reminiscences was destined to be born in years then to come.

Mr. Assheton Smith used a somewhat ready metaphor in describing the rapid erection of Parkia, saying "that Mr.

Turner was the quickest man in his movements he ever knew," adding jocosely, " that he rode to Carnarvon one morning and saw nothing unusual at Parkia, and on his return in the evening beheld a mansion."

Prior to the coming of my father to Parkia, the old house was occupied by two brothers, both old bachelors, and the following amusing story was told to me about sixty years ago by Captain William Griffith, then an old man, who died very many years back, and who remembered the brothers. The house was then approached by a long lane where the lower drive now is. The two brothers kept a riding horse ; one brother was the parson of the parish of Llanfairisgaer, in which Parkia is situated, and the other was a retired master mariner. The latter was going to ride to Bangor one day, and the Bishopric of Bangor being then vacant his clerical brother said, " Well, brother, when you are at Bangor inquire who the new Bishop is." The " ancient mariner " heard at Bangor that Dr. Ure, who afterwards, if I mistake not, became an eminent English Bishop, had been appointed. The divine was anxious to hear the news on the subject and went to meet his brother ; they met at a turn in the lane, and the clerical brother hailed the old sailor with the question, " Well, brother, who is the new Bishop ? " " Ure, Ure," was the reply ; and the old parson, fancying it was " you are, you are," cried out, "No ! am I ?" and pulling off his hat and in the excitement with it his wig, was busy waving his hat when a neighbour who had come to call appeared on the scene, and the joke was too good to remain untold.

In the year 1812 there was a great scarcity of grain in these parts, as among the Egyptians of old, and as the quarrymen were in a great strait, my father suggested to Mr. Assheton Smith, who was in London at the time, that they should purchase a cargo of grain and sell it at cost price to the quarrymen, to which Mr. Smith readily assented, and he forthwith called upon Mr. Ford, the husband of a sister of my father, and asked him to make the purchase, which he did ; and Mr. Ford having accomplished his mission called upon Mr. Assheton Smith to report progress. Mr. Smith announced it to my father in the following letter :

THE RIGHT HON. LORD MANNERS

Lord High Chancellor of Ireland from 1807 to 1828

Copy.

"DEAR TURNER,—Mr. Ford has just been with me and says he has freighted a vessel with Barley for you and that she sailed yesterday. He has bought considerably more than I wished and the amount of the cargo which I thought would not have exceeded £400 or £500 will I understand go to about £1700. Where this money is to be found I don't know. You will let me hear from you upon it as something must be done to meet the expense—provided the vessel has a quick voyage without damage to the Corn I suppose there can be no loss upon it, but the difficulty is where to find so large a sum as £1700. Write directly.

"Yours sincerely,

"T. A. SMITH.

"LONDON, *May* 21, 1812."

Mr. Turner no doubt knew where to find the money, with the Llanberis quarry at his back.

Not long after my father's arrival at Parkia Mr. Smith enacted a law that he was to dine at any time he liked on guest nights without invitation, but must always do so on Sunday, *nolens volens*. Vaynol was then frequently visited by the principal lights of the law in Ireland—Lord Manners, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Mr. Plunket, the Attorney-General, who became (Lord Plunket) Lord Chancellor after the death of Lord Manners ; and I will endeavour to recount to the reader a few of the interesting and often most amusing anecdotes which my father related to me in after life. Naturally John Philpot Curran, the great Irish orator, was amongst the many eminent Irishmen of whom mention was frequently made by the great Irish lawyers.

There is an excellent likeness in the study at Parkia of Lord Manners, Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; another of Lord Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice of England (of whom my father had a good story), and one of old Mr. Assheton Smith of that period which is really further on. My father said that when he used first to go to Vaynol, Lord Manners was rather a portly man, but the last time he was ever there he had become very thin ; and when my father entered the drawing-

room at Vaynol, his lordship placed his hand on his stomach and with a somewhat melancholy laugh said, "You see, Mr. Turner, how stout I have become." It was the "beginning of the end," for he did not live very long after.

These great lawyers found Mr. Assheton Smith's hospitality afforded them a pleasant break in their journeys between the English and Irish capitals, where they posted in their own carriages, and in later years Lord Plunket erected Gorphwysfa (which is the Welsh for "resting-place") near the George Hotel. Amongst the many amusing Irish anecdotes at Vaynol was one of an Irish serjeant-at-law cross-examining a clever Irish witness. The witnesses in Irish courts of justice have or had (I have not seen them for some years past) a chair where they sit on the table in the middle of the barristers, and there are steps at one side of the table by which the witness ascends and descends. The serjeants (who no longer exist) had a dark patch on the wig about the size of a penny token called the coif, and it so happened that the steps already mentioned were close to the serjeant's place at the table. A learned serjeant tried in vain to shake the evidence. Pat, a witness on the opposite side to his client, carried far "too heavy guns" for him. At last the learned serjeant gave him up, and said angrily, "You may stand down, sir," and sat down himself. When the witness reached the edge of the table he sighted the black spot on the wig and, putting on a look of great innocence, and of appearing quite unsteady in his gait, he placed his finger on the black spot on the serjeant's wig, as if partly to support himself and partly from curiosity, and exclaimed, "It is just as I thought, mighty soft." The laughter which greeted the serjeant could not have been pleasant for him.

About this period a public passenger vehicle was *for the first time* started between Carnarvon and Bangor by Mr. Dillon, an Irishman, who kept a seed shop in Palace Street, Carnarvon, midway between the large market and the top of the street on the same side. The vehicle was an Irish car, the description of which kind of vehicle I will give in the words of an Irishman in Dublin who was told by an English

gentleman that he wanted a car. Pat asked, "Will you have an *inside* car, or an *outside* car, sir?" "What is the difference?" said the Englishman—meaning the charge. "The difference is this," says Pat, "an inside car has his wheels outside, and an outside car has his wheels inside." It seems to me that the reply is too perfect to require further explanation. My father had an Irish jaunting car, and going on it to Vaynol one fine Sunday, and seeing a sailor going the same way, he desired him to get up and ride, which he did on the other side next the coachman. When they got to Vaynol gateway, Mr. Turner ordered him to get down, which he did not do. The order was repeated. Jack probably thought it was Dillon's car, and could not understand why he could not complete his journey to Bangor. But at last on Mr. Turner becoming angry Jack perhaps realised the position and giving the coachman sixpence went his way.

This Mr. Dillon was a remarkably sharp man, with his head evidently screwed the right way on, and a witty Irishman. He was at one time churchwarden of the parish of Llanbeblig, Carnarvon, and my father told me that on one occasion Dillon accompanied the curate on an inspection of St. Mary's church in the town walls; for the edification of those who do not know Welsh I had better explain that "cyw" (pronounced *kew*) is the Welsh for the young of anything, as "cyw iar" (pronounced *kew yare*) for a chicken. Looking into one of the pews the curate said, "Mr. Churchwarden, there appear to have been rats at work here." "Bedad, the *kew* rats are the worst sort we have here," was the sharp if not polite reply. Another story about him which reached my father further exemplified the readiness of the Irish wit. A curate who owned some property in the county and had purchased some seeds from Mr. Dillon, lodged at the top of Palace Street, on the right side in going down from the Castle, in a house which is now, I believe, the office of Mr. J. Roberts, solicitor. The curate had gone out and was followed in a short time by the solitary servant-girl, who had only gone for a very few minutes to a neighbouring shop. While they were both away Dillon went to the house, the door of which

was wide open, and after knocking in vain for a time, and seeing the sitting-room door (close to the outer door) open, he stepped in, and placing the bill on the table returned to his shop. The servant girl and the curate soon returned, and when the latter saw and read the bill he rang the bell and asked the servant who had brought it. The girl said she did not know as she had just gone to a neighbouring shop for a few minutes leaving the door open, and that some one must have gone in and put it on the table. His reverence went down in an angry mood to Dillon's shop and asked if he had gone in and put the bill on the table. Dillon said he had, that being in a hurry to return to his shop, and seeing the door open he stepped in, after knocking several times at the door, and put the bill on the table. "Then, Sir," said Mr. ——, "you did a very impudent thing. How do I know if a man goes into my house what he may take away?" "Bedad," was the reply, "I saw nothing there but two mice with tears in their eyes as if they had had nothing to eat for a fortnight, and I can tell you frankly that I brought no more away out of your room than you brought away in your head from college." Mr. Dillon was the father or grandfather, I forget which, of Mrs. Rae, who a great many years after was the excellent landlady of the Sportsman Hotel at Carnarvon.

I have spoken of the Vaynol yarns as to Curran and others; amongst the rest was a most touching one as to Curran and Lord Avonmore, the then Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer of Ireland. Judge Johnston, one of the Irish judges who was evidently a judge not all judgment, was foolish enough to publish some letters reflecting upon the Government under the name of . . . They were traced to him and he was indicted under a then recent statute which enabled offenders to be brought from beyond seas for offences in England; publication in the latter country was proved, and his extradition was demanded. Mr. Curran with his usual power addressed the Court on behalf of Johnston; Curran and Lord Avonmore had been bosom friends for years, but some mischief-maker had "put between them." In the course of his great speech for Johnston Curran was

unable to resist the temptation of alluding to the former friendship and the Attic nights which he and the Chief Baron had spent together, and in a burst of eloquence, alluding to those nights of mental refinement and study, he exclaimed:

> For we spent them not in toys, nor lust nor wine,
> But search of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence and poesy—
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

The Chief Baron could not refrain from tears, and the old friendship was renewed until that separation which is for ever.

The stories my father got of Curran and others were immensely interesting, humorous and amusing, and I deeply regret that I had not the sense to record them. He seemed to have a story or a short piece of poetry *apropos* of almost everything one could talk of. The late Mr. Williams, of Treffos, who lived to a great old age, made a purposed visit to Carnarvon when he heard of my father's death to ask his son-in-law, Mr. Morgan, "if any one had recorded the sayings and anecdotes of old Mr. Turner of Parkia."

I mentioned Lord Kenyon as being the subject of one of my father's stories. Before he went to the Bar he studied law with Mr. Tompkinson, a very wealthy but penurious lawyer in Cheshire. One day as Mr. Tompkinson and his young student were going in a gig on business to another town, the young man asked the older what he considered the most important matter to bear in mind in the conduct of a lawsuit. Mr. Tompkinson, always having an eye to business, replied that if Kenyon would undertake to pay for their dinner at the town they were going to, he would tell him. "All right, sir," said the young man; the elder then told him that *good evidence was the most important.* They put up at the inn, and the old lawyer, who had hitherto on such occasions contented himself with a cold collation and beer, ordered a hot dinner and a bottle of their oldest port. The business was transacted in the town and the dinner enjoyed at the inn; as they neared the end of the old port, the senior said to the junior, "Perhaps we had better order the bill." "Very well, sir," was the reply. The bell was rung

and the bill ordered ; when the waiter brought it in he took it naturally to the older man, who said, " I have nothing to do with it, hand it to that young gentleman." On the waiter doing so, the young man rejected it and said that he had nothing to do with it. " What ! " said Mr. Tompkinson, " did you not distinctly promise to pay for the dinner if I would tell you the most important point in an action-at-law ? " " Where is your evidence ? " was the prompt reply of the youth who in later life became Lord Chief Justice of England.

The business at Portdinorwic increased and multiplied and Mr. Turner worked the following quarries and mines :

1. Llanrwst, for a short time only,
2. Dyffws,
3. Llanberis,
4. Coetmor, near Bethesda,
5. Penyrottedd,
6. Penybryn,
7. Gloddfor,
8. Dorothea,
9. The Copper Mine of Drws-y-Coed.

Most of these were before my time.

I have known him to rise at 3 o'clock A.M. drive to Beddgelert to breakfast, spend some time at the Dyffws quarry in Merioneth, return to dinner at Beddgelert, and sleep at Parkia. When he first came to live here, many years before my birth, it was spelt " Parciau," and was one of four or five of the same name. Having, as may well be conceived, an immense correspondence, he found it most inconvenient to be amongst so many " Parciaus," and he altered the name to " Parkia." It is to me most strange to find to this day many people spelling the name of a house that has for nearly a hundred years been occupied by the same family and called " Parkia," persisting in the old spelling. The number of " Parciaus " is most vexatious, leading as it does to no end of complications, and some have altered the " c " to " k." I am continually finding other people's letters in my letter-bag, and as a man who receives numbers of letters generally opens them in a hurry one

forgets to look at the addresses. I once many years ago found myself in receipt of a returned dishonoured bill, which I am glad to say was for somebody else. To this day the nuisance continues; it is very hard on other people as well as upon me, for the great number of other people's letters received in my bag are necessarily delayed a day after I get them.

Slates were generally divided as to quality under the names of "Queens, Duchesses, Countesses and Ladies," of which I think, but am not quite certain, my father was the godfather. Anyhow one of the Judges wrote a number of lines about him and his slates, which I have not been able to find, and the only scrap of it that I can remember is, "Turner he turned out his Queens." Amongst the scraps of poetry that I have heard him quote were some lines written by Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of England. During the trial of Warren Hastings, Burke, who pressed the case so strongly against Hastings, was unusually severe in his denunciations one day, and Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, being then counsel for Hastings, wrote on a slip of paper the following four lines:

> Oft have we wondered that on Irish ground
> No poisonous reptile hath ere yet been found.
> Revealed the secret stands of Nature's work—
> She saved her venom to create a Burke.

The paper was handed round to the Bar and finally to Burke, who was naturally displeased, and was much disconcerted for the rest of the day.

Amongst the many droll stories of Curran and his ready wit was one which one has very slightly to vary. Curran had a clerk, who came one morning very hurriedly to Curran's house. (The Irish Bar do not work in chambers but at home.) "What's the matter, Mickey?" said Curran. "Sure, sir, it's a point of law that's troubling me," was the reply. "Leave the points of law to me, Mickey," said Curran. "But, sir, they're threatening me with an action," said Mickey. "Ah, that's another matter. What are the

facts, Mickey ? " " Well, your Honour, my wife and I (said Mickey), good woman that she is, live in Dollier Street, and the other night as my wife and I (good woman that she is) were retiring to rest a shower of gravel was thrown at our bedroom window, and I put the blind aside and saw two gintlemin throwing gravel up. I opened the window and said, ' Gintlemin, though such your conduct does not betoken you to be, what is it you want ? ' ' Ah,' said they, ' sure it's not you we want at all, but your daturs.' ' Divile a sight of my daturs will ye get this night,' says I, ' and if you don't be off I'll sarve you in the manner you desarve.' ' Ah, sure,' says they, ' and how will you sarve us ? ' There was a little utensil handy which I laid hold of, intinding to impty the contints on their heads, but the handle broke and it cut one gintleman's nose, and they are threatening me with an action. Does your Honour think an action will lie ? "

Curran at once replied, " Ah, not at all, Mickey. Sure if a stranger comes uninvited what *can he expect but pot-luck ?* "

As already stated Mr. Turner made a walking tour through several of the Welsh mountains in search of slate rock. Fortified with the experience of his late father's quarries in Lancashire, and by the teachings of the Rev. Mr. Walker, which naturally embraced geological subjects as far as they were known in those days, he was well fitted for his work. The large amount of employment which his discoveries gave to great numbers of people was appreciated by some, but the fact of a stranger coming into the country and possessing himself of tracts of slate beds under the noses as it were of the inhabitants, created an amount of animosity and jealousy on the part of many who complained that a *tramp*, who walked over the country and got what ought to have been theirs, was unbearable. I recollect when I was a young man riding on a coach to Beddgelert, probably about seventy years after my father's advent, a gentleman on the coach told me he had been in Merionethshire, where a slate quarry which had latterly laid dormant was being revived and worked again ; that a great number of years before a tramp who was going through Wales purchased the quarry

for some tobacco, and made a large fortune out of his bargain. My fellow traveller was naturally much astonished when I told him I was the youngest of the children of the so-called "tramp"; and I thought if he could see him (my father was then alive) he would wonder how a tramp could have been transmogrified into the strikingly dignified and handsome old gentleman who was thus maligned. He, of course, apologised, but I told him that what he had heard was only one of the numerous fabrications as to the advent of the stranger, and I amused him by relating a number of them, and he naturally said he could not wonder at it, as even cultured persons were too often apt to be jealous and give vent to their feelings when they saw a great advantage snatched as it were from before them, and naturally many of the uneducated would give vent to their disappointment in various ways; but I was able truly to assure him that I had met many of the old people who remembered the great advent as it was to that part of the country, and who venerated the man who had developed it.

Some of the minor gentry and others who had got hold of a lot of the versions of the advent, gave themselves airs, such as I have described in another place, as happening to a grand old Waterloo officer; and in those days, as elsewhere mentioned, the minor gentry displayed an amount of jealousy of English and Irish people that has told to this day in the injury done to Carnarvon by driving families away; but it did not extend to the higher class of the gentry. The Chinese have a true saying that when a fellow cannot vie with another in merit he will attack him with slander. I recollect when I was very young an amusing retort. A lady, by no means noted for humility, speaking of an Irish lady, said she had no idea of a pack of Irish people coming into the neighbourhood and giving themselves airs, and alluding to a particular person. This was repeated to the Irish lady, who promptly retorted, "Irish or not Irish, thank God I am legitimate," which the other was not. I think I have elsewhere mentioned the number of anonymous letters my father received principally against his agents in charge of his various quarries and a few against himself. As to the various lies concerning

himself and his origin he never troubled himself; and some one, speaking to him with indignation that such slanderers so acted, elicited the only remark I ever heard him make about it, in that, to use the words of a very wise man, he was impervious to

> The hiss of the slanderer,
> The whisper of the detractor,
> The sneer of the envious,
> And the insolence of the fool.

Curiously enough soon after writing the above I received the following letters from the Vicar of Seathwaite, to whom I was previously an entire stranger, and I publish them in answer to any vulgar slanderers who may survive.

"SEATHWAITE VICARAGE,
"BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS,
"LANCASHIRE, *Sept.* 9, 1902.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN TURNER,—I venture to lay before you, as a distinguished member of the Turner family which took its rise in our parish of Seathwaite, in the churchyard of which lie the remains of your forefathers for many generations of the past, the needs of our little church in connection with its new organ, and I hope you may feel sufficient sympathy with the work to allow your name to be added to the list of subscribers.—I am, etc.,

"I. R. M. WALKER."

Replying to my letter (enclosing a cheque for the organ), in which I stated that my father had often described to me the appearance of his father and mother, Mr. Walker writes:

"Of the Turners of the previous generations to which you refer I happen to have had independent testimony. Mrs. Moore, a daughter of Mr. Tyson, the former vicar, when casually speaking some years ago to me about the varied successes in the world of the different members of the Turner family, said they were all a remarkably good-looking race, nor can it be said that goodness with them has been altogether confined to looks. The late Mr. Schneider, who married the daughter of your cousin, Canon Turner, of Lancaster, was no doubt

influenced by this connection to take in hand the rebuilding of our church over a quarter of a century ago ; and another outlying member of the family, Mrs. Gibson, of Whitehaven, who died about a month since, leaving large bequests to charitable purposes, founded and endowed in that town a church at her own sole cost.

"Generous deeds run in the blood, though exceptions unfortunately exist.

"Your father's name is given in our baptismal register, under the date of March 23, 1766, he being the sixth child of a family of eleven born to Henry and Jane Turner, of Low Moorhouse, in Seathwaite parish.

"Your grandfather, Henry Turner, was buried July 8, 1777, aged 49, as recorded on his tombstone, which curiously adds that he was the lessor of the Walmascar slate quarries for the previous twenty years.

"Our older registers prior to the first quarter of the year 1700 have perished, so that there are no records further back along these lines. One property bears the name of 'Turner Hall,' which was previously registered in that early period as 'Turner How,' evidently derived from the patronymic of its possessor at the date when local names began to crystallise, and so presumably to have been connected in the past with your family and to have formed what may be called the local cradle!

"I. R. M. WALKER."

There is also a curious little rhyme which is appropriate at this point.

Rhyme on the parish of Seathwaite, Lancashire, taken from the history of Turners:

Newfield and Nettleslack,
Hilker's house and Longhouse,
Turner's Hall and Undercrag,
Beech house, Ibrang and Tongue house,
Browside, Frostwell and Hemming house,
Dalehead and Cockley Beck—
You may gather all the wheat they grow
And never fill a peck.

Old Mr. Assheton Smith was a man of very kindly feeling.

He used to ride on horseback with the reins quite loose and slack. He often rode to Parkia, and, my father having many children, he would tell his groom to knock at the door, and the boys and girls soon trooped round him; and as he generally came, I believe, on his return from Carnarvon, he would sometimes shower tickets for the play (there were theatricals in those days) or other things equally agreeable; but it was almost all before my day, as the old gentleman died when I was very diminutive.

My father invariably spoke of him as a man who was always most considerate with his guests, and did all he could to make them at home, for which purpose he observed all their little peculiarities. I remember his giving me the following instance: my father was a man who had a steady objection to "mix his liquors," and never touched any wine but port after dinner, either at home or when dining out, and he had contracted a habit of slightly pushing aside the claret and sherry glasses after dinner. One day the butler, finding my father alone at Vaynol, said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Turner, but I was afraid you might be angry with me for only placing one glass before you lately after dinner; but Master told me he had always noticed that you never drink anything but port after dinner, and that you always slightly removed a second or third glass, and said he was sure it indicated that you preferred having only one, and that I had better in future only put one before you." There were others who had a general invitation, amongst the rest being the popular Captain Skinner, who could not often find time to go, and Mr. Sparrow of Holyhead, whose name I mention elsewhere. There was an old clergyman and his wife who stayed there every year or nearly so, and one day one of them declared that they had never had a cross word, upon which their kind host satirically remarked, "What an insipid life you must have led!"

My revered parent used to relate a most curious and interesting anecdote which one of the Judges had told him. I forget which Judge it was, possibly Lord Manners, as his lordship had gone on circuit as a Judge in England for some years prior to his becoming Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Like many Judges he was a very early riser, and like most of them was fond of walking, if time allowed, between the Assize towns. His lordship started at six o'clock one morning to walk from Carlisle, where he had finished the Assizes, to Appleby, where he was going to hold them, and on the way he overtook a man going the same way, and entered into conversation with him. The Judge asked how far he was going, and he replied to the Assizes at Appleby. "I suppose," said the Judge, "you are summoned on the jury." The man said he was not, the Judge suggested that he supposed he was a witness in some case (for judging by his decent appearance and demeanour he never dreamed of his being the subject of a criminal charge). His companion then told his lordship that he was going to be tried. "Oh then," said the Judge, "you are out on bail." To his great surprise his companion told him that he was *not* on bail, that he had been committed for trial on a charge of which he was perfectly innocent; that he was a stranger in Appleby, and could not get bail—that while in prison he had a letter from home to say that his wife was most dangerously ill, and the gaoler, who was a most humane man, had let him out to go and see his wife, relying on his strict promise to be back in gaol in time to take his trial. The Judge was particularly struck by the man's honesty and demeanour, and said, "Oh, then, you are going to keep your word." "Yes," said the poor fellow, "I would not break my word on any account." I have never forgotten that story and repeated it very often, and have often wondered what the poor honest soul thought when he saw on the Bench the companion of the early morning. The Judge concluded his story to my father by saying, "You may depend upon it I took good care that the man who would not break his word was not convicted, and I was satisfied of his innocence." The gaoler ran a most serious risk, and must have felt very strongly that the accused was innocent; and possibly the recollection of this to my mind most pathetic story may have influenced me once during the long period I was Chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Prison for these three counties, in the somewhat delicate act of employing legal

aid for a woman who was too poor to pay for her own defence, and of whose innocence I became convinced. By following up the suggestion of Mr. Jones, the acting governor of the prison (afterwards governor of Ruthin prison), I had the great gratification of witnessing her acquittal, which I am perfectly satisfied was deserved. My readers will perhaps pardon this deviation.

It so happened that one Sunday at the afternoon service in Carnarvon gaol, I was delivering a short address to the prisoners, and I chanced to say that the Judges gave it as their experience that from seventy to eighty per cent. of the criminal charges were due to drink, and I added, " Not necessarily in all cases that of the prisoner ; the drunkenness of others often brings innocent individuals into trouble and crime." I had chanced to turn just before saying this towards the female side of the chapel and noticed a most respectable-looking woman in the front row, and from her appearance I thought she was some friend of the matron, near whom she sat. To my surprise when I spoke of drink and the mischief often arising *from the drunkenness of others*, I noticed the blood mantle in a most extraordinary way up the neck and face of the woman I have spoken of. Her eyes became suffused with tears, and she leaned forward with both hands on her face, of which I saw no more then. I then visited the male inmates in their cells, and Lady Turner the females, as we were in the habit of doing on such occasions, and when I had finished and asked the governor to have the carriage ordered for me to go home he expressed a strong wish that I should visit one of the female prisoners, and read a letter which had been sent to her by a relative of the prosecutrix, as he had a strong belief in the woman's innocence. I accordingly went with him and the matron to her cell, and found it was that of the woman I had noticed. I had a long interview with her in the presence of the matron and governor, and left the prison deeply and solemnly impressed with a conviction of her innocence. On the way home in the carriage I told the story to Lady Turner, who had been visiting the females, and I said that I had a good mind to employ a solicitor to defend her. My wife's remark

was, " Do, for God's sake, if you think she is innocent. We shall be none the poorer for it." I did employ a solicitor, who ably defended her at the Quarter Sessions, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of the jury get up and say—" I was in the police court at Bangor when the prisoner was before the magistrates, and I noticed the greatest reluctance on the part of the prosecutrix to give evidence." Another Bangor man on the jury stood up and bowed assent, which was tantamount to saying, " I was there too and saw it." The fact was that the letter received by the prisoner and her statement showed that the drinking propensities of her mistress, who was or rather ought to have been a lady, had led to what might have been a pitiful miscarriage of justice. *The mistress did not appear at the trial*, and a paper purporting to come from a doctor at a distant place, to which the prosecutrix had removed, was most improperly admitted as evidence, despite the rule of law that the best evidence procurable shall always be given. In this case the best evidence would have been the doctor himself, or an affidavit from him attesting her illness. The poor woman, however, was acquitted. This latter is a great digression from the days of Vaynol and my father, but is *apropos* to my father's story of the prisoner at Appleby.

Vessels used to come to Portdinorwic from all parts, including the United States. There is an old brass blunderbuss at Parkia which was given to my father by an American captain in these circumstances: my father learning that it was to be the captain's last voyage, went to his ship to see him, and the American captain said, " Mr. Turner, this is my last voyage; I have traded here for some years, and have always been treated with the greatest consideration by you, and I am anxious to present you with some token of my regard and respect, to the value of five pounds." My father's eye happened to light on the blunderbuss; he replied that he would prefer something that had been in the captain's use and possession to anything new, and, unless he objected, he would choose the blunderbuss, which was accordingly given to him, and which I have still.

I recollect when I was a boy some very nice Danish vessels

taking slates from Portdinorwic. In the early days of which mention has been made nearly all merchant vessels carried cannons, as they were never safe from privateers and ships-of-war. Of course to resist a regular ship-of-war they were useless, and even against a well-armed privateer not worth much. I have heard of a brig that carried wooden guns, to frighten the enemy; she was capsized in a squall off Llanaelhaiarn, where the wind comes down through the valley in fearful gusts. At Parkia there are three old guns (two carronades and one long Tom) which were in a merchant ship in which my father had shares during the wars; another is a small cannon brought from the Black Sea by my dear old friend Admiral Sir W. Mends, G.C.B., after the Crimean War. It was captured in a Russian man-of-war schooner by the tender of the *Royal Albert*.

The wars with France and America were over before my day, and Carnarvon was full of old guns; they were stuck up at the corners of almost all the principal streets, which being narrow required protection for the corners of footways from vehicular traffic, and no end of people's yards had a gun on each side of the doorway, stuck up on end as a protecting post; but they were eventually purchased by the iron-founders.

I remember an old privateer brig called the *Endeavour*, which for a long time lay alongside of a yard, later Messrs. de Winton's foundry. She was there with all her masts and yards standing, and looking very smart; being empty she was easily capsized. One morning after some heavy easterly squalls the brig was to be seen, as I saw her, at low water, lying flat on her side, with her keel towards the quay, the ends of her yards sticking in the mud and her topmasts pointing to the Coedhelen shore. The hawsers that held her to the quay were stolen, and the squalls capsized her. She had been used for trade after she was a privateer, but had been most unaccountably left by the quay for a long time, and I never could make out how a rope yarn was left without being stolen, as no one lived in her. She was righted in a few days, relieved of her masts, hauled round to the quay (which is now dry land in Messrs. Owens' yard,

below the foot of Market Street), and broken up. There was evidence that she had been in action, as she had numerous plugged holes from round shots in her sides. I fancy from nine or six pounders, reminding one, as she was close to the town walls and not far from the Castle, of part of the Irish song of the " Groves of Blarney " :

> There's castles round her,
> That no nine-pounther
> Should dare to plunther,
> That place of strength.

But in this case neither the old privateer nor the stately Castle are any more " places of strength," and of the Castle the concluding verse may truly be applied :

> But Oliver Cromwell he did it pummel,
> And make a *brache* in its battlements.

The " *braches* in its battlements " it has fallen to my lot to repair, and I hope after I am summoned to depart on my final cruise that the grand old Castle, which I have been industriously repairing for thirty-one years with every stone in exact accord with the original building, may go on approaching its pristine state until some one sees fit to restore and occupy it. It is too good for a ruin.

But to return to the venerable man whose memory I revere ; amongst his many pleasant yarns and scraps of poetry I recollect the following lines, written I forget by whom, upon the action of a set of wiseacres at Southampton who actually proposed to cut a canal by the side of Southampton Water. The " cat " incident mentioned in them is an allusion to the great Sir Isaac Newton, who surprised his neighbours by cutting a hole for his cat and another for his kitten :

> Southampton's wise sons found their river so large
> That it would carry a ship but would not carry a barge,
> So wisely determined to cut by its side
> A stinking canal where small ships might glide.
>
> Like a man who contriving a hole in his wall
> To admit his two cats, one large, t'other small,
> When a hole he had made for his cat to go through,
> Another must have for his little cat too.

Amongst the many interesting stories with which his splendid memory was stored was one of an admirable satire on the Prime Minister of the day by a clever member of Parliament. At this great distance of time I am unable to recollect the precise date, or who the Prime Minister was. I chronicle elsewhere the readiness of some poor Anglesey rustics to palm off a drunken parson on an Irish parish, but that a Prime Minister of England should have sent an unscrupulous ruffian to preside over a diocese in Ireland was a scandal that no words can be too strong to condemn. A bishop of this kind had been appointed to an Irish diocese, and his drunken habits and repeated threats to shoot people in his diocese, his walking about with pistols, and his general habits of blackguardism, were so monstrous that the matter was brought as a solemn complaint before the House of Commons. The shameful action of the Prime Minister in making such an appointment was eloquently and forcibly denounced by several members; but the climax was reached when a member capped it all with a splendid piece of satire. I cannot pretend after so many years to give anything like a precise account of the words used, but this is the substance. The member to whom I allude, rising in his place, said that he had listened with the greatest attention to the eloquent addresses delivered by those who preceded him in the debate, but he ventured to suggest that their assumption of the fact that the atrocious ruffian whose misconduct they had so graphically described was the person whom the Prime Minister had appointed might be wrong; possibly there had been a mistake, for if this or any other Prime Minister had been guilty of the atrocity of appointing such a man to a Bishopric, no words could be too strong in which to condemn him. He would venture to suggest whether it might not be possible that the Prime Minister, actuated as he should be by a high sense of duty, had appointed a godly man in every way suited to the post. Honourable members would bear in mind the great peril of the roads, and the constant murders and robberies of innocent travellers. Might it not be possible that the Prime Minster had appointed a godly man who had suffered the fate of many others ? that in crossing Hounslow

Heath or elsewhere in his passage to Holyhead he had fallen among thieves? His credentials would no doubt be in the saddle-bags carried by the horse he rode, and perhaps one of the villains who robbed and murdered him, finding from the credentials that he was a bishop, conceived and carried out the idea of assuming his garb of bishop, going to Ireland and entering upon the office. To his mind some such solution might prove to be the case, and he trusted that the Prime Minister could show that it was so.

It goes without saying that this pungent satire did more to discredit the Prime Minister than all the other speeches, excellent though they were. It no doubt loses in the relation from memory, after so many years since I heard it, nearly half a century having passed over my head since my father died.

I always noticed one remarkable feature, even in his old age, of my father's relation of stories. He never told the same one to the same people without allowing them a sufficient interval to forget it; and if any of us laughed when we related an anecdote, he would say, "Never laugh at your own story, leave that to those who hear it," and I always observed that his practice of telling a droll story with a serious face was far more effective than stories told by those who laugh at their own jokes.

One of his stories *tickled me*. It was of a learned serjeant-at-law addressing an English Court on behalf of a lady client, whose name was *Tickle*. He was stating what her position was in the matter and used these words, "Now, Tickle my client the defendant, my lord"—and before he could finish his sentence the Judge interrupting suggested that the serjeant should tickle her himself. My father was decidedly the most terse man I ever met, and never in writing or speaking wasted a word.

On one occasion I recollect when I was a boy he received an invitation to dinner from a gentleman who was proverbial for short letters. The invitation ran:

"Dear Mr. Turner,—Will you dine with me on Friday?

"Yours,

"H. Williams."

The reply was :

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I WILL. TURNER."

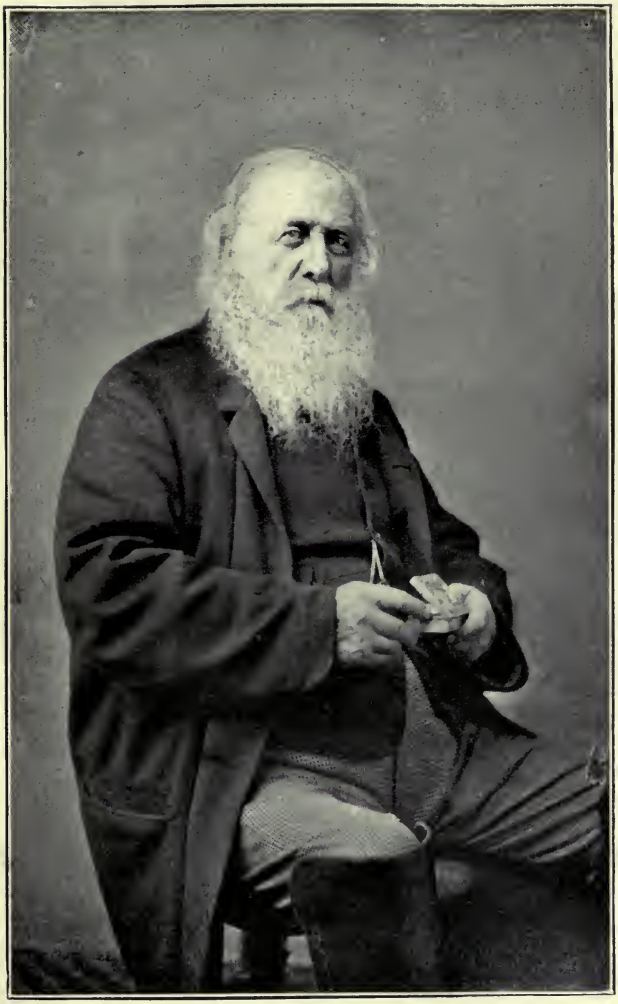
His name being William.

Another of the amusing stories of Curran which I remember was the following : Speaking of a very tall thin witness in a case in which Curran was counsel, he described him "as a man who had been educated for the Church but appeared to be better fitted for the steeple."

One of the many stories I remember was that of an Irish coachman who was dismissed for drunkenness, and not long after called upon his master and asked him for a character. "Oh, certainly," replied the master, who wrote the following testimonial : "The bearer, Michael Ofrehy, was in my service as coachman for three years, during which time he was frequently sober."

On one occasion at a public dinner at Carnarvon a man who was known to have disgraced himself by writing an anonymous and lying letter, and who always openly professed great admiration of my father, went up to him in the anteroom before the dinner (the initial of his Christian name was "P."). Holding out his hand he said, "Mr. Turner, I trust I see you well, sir ?" Mr. Turner put his hands behind him to avoid shaking hands, and pronouncing the name in full, said, "P., P., 'you preach and pray, and then betray,'" and turned his back upon him. I forgot to say that the anonymous scribe was a preacher of the Gospel.

My old friend General Gore once said to me, "Turner, your father is the handsomest man I ever saw." As the general was a remarkably handsome man of splendid proportions I replied, "Have you ever looked in the glass, general ?" I may here make a digression to say that General Gore was a captain in the 30th Foot, and served in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. There were two cousins of the same name, who were considered the two handsomest men in the army. The general and his cousin were both "Arthur" Gore ; the general's cousin was killed at Quatre Bras, and a letter which I have seen from the officer



(*J. H. Stewart, photo, Worcester*)

GENERAL GORE IN HIS OLD AGE

who was close to him at the time says : " Poor Arthur Gore's brains were scattered all over me." General Gore's daughter is the widow of my worthy friend, the late Mr. Smith Davids, as good and honourable a man as I ever met.

I fear the reader will tire of too many of my venerable father's stories, but I will risk one or two more.

When Baron Garrow, a well-known Judge, was at the Bar, he was one day trying in vain in cross-examination to get a parchment-faced looking old maid to admit that she had made a tender of payment of the money in dispute in the action that was being tried. A clever barrister in court wrote on a slip of paper and passed to him the following :

> " Garrow, forbear, that tough old jade,
> Will never prove a *tender maid.*"

With the death of Mr. Assheton Smith the partnership of the Llanberis quarry ended.

In detailing my father's early life in Wales and the trial at Dolgelley I ought to have mentioned the frightful murder of a woman by a man who was known as " Hwntw Mawr," or the " big South Welshman." The murder was in this wise. " Hwntw Mawr " went up to rob a small farm-house to the southward of Deudraeth, probably expecting that the occupants would all be away in the fields busy with the corn harvest. But unfortunately there was a woman in the house, and with a sickle he murdered her, cutting her most terribly. The unfortunate woman was not far from her confinement, so that it might be almost said that it was a double murder. Having taken the life of the woman he then ransacked the house, breaking open a number of drawers in a large oak piece of furniture, which were all locked, the bolts of the locks working into the short bar of wood above. The murder took place very many years before I was born, but my friend Mr. Holland, who lived not far from the place, took me to see it. Although so many years had elapsed the pieces inserted in the apertures the criminal had made above the bolts of the locks by forcing them were very plainly visible. The bolts of the locks all shot upwards. " Hwntw Mawr " was captured and taken

to Dolgelley on horseback, and in crossing a river he managed to slip off the horse on which he was riding behind one of his escort and one of them was unfortunately drowned. The murderer was tried at the Dolgelley assizes and duly hanged.

I well remember my mother often stating how thankful she was that my father had declined to go to Almwch with this "Hwntw Mawr." It seems he had frequently gone to my father and urged him to go with him to Amlwch, where he said there was a great fortune to be made in copper. My father was justly regarded as having a better geological knowledge than most people about this country then, and it was very natural that this man, who had seen the place and formed an idea as to its value, should wish to have the opinion of a competent person. My father's reply to my mother was that the man had no wish, as she thought, to rob and murder; but he said, "Had I gone with him and seen the place, both he and I would have been enormously enriched, as the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Dinorben, and others who had the luck to speculate in the Amlwch mines were, these mines having proved of exceeding great value."

It may not be uninteresting to my readers, the bulk of whom at all events have no personal knowledge of those times, to read some notes of the life of a country house at the end of the eighteenth (1796) and the early part of the last century. Amongst the old household papers at Parkia I found the following receipt for wine-making:

"Sir,—Agreeable to your desire I have sent the Receipt for the Wine, and a little of it you shall have when it is ready to bottle, but it will be a few months before it is. I am glad to hear that my uncle is so well, beg you will present mine and Mr. Grahme's most affectionate respects to him. With Compliments to yourself and all enquiring Friends,

"I remain,

"Your Obedt. Servant

"Mary A. Grahme.

"Exley, *Jany.* 25, 1796."

IN MEMORY OF

ANN BARBER

DIED OCTOBER 10, 1862

AGED 68 YEARS

THE FAITHFUL HOUSEKEEPER OF

MRS. TURNER, OF PARKIA

"Take Forty pounds of Maligo Raisins picked and clipped put them into ten gallons of soft water let them stand ten days and stirring them every day then run them thro a Sieve a little at a time first having yr Syrup made then put yr Elderberrys into a pot covered close set them into a Brown bread oven let it stand all the Night then strain the berrys a few at a time when cold take seven quarts of the Juice to every quart put half a pound of Lump Sugar let it stand few days then boil and skim it well, put it in with three quarts of Juice of Sloes made then put them into a pot with two quarts of water let them stand in an Oven all night and make the Syrup as the Cider put all to gether into a Barrel let it stand open till it has done working then cover it close up and let it stand Six Months before you Bottle if it you please you may put in Two quarts of best Brandy when you put in the Syrup."

The letter is endorsed "Mrs. Grahame, January 25, 1796, Receipt to make old Port." At Parkia everything that could be was done on the premises—the ale and beer being brewed at home, the oldsters drinking the former and the younger ones the latter; gooseberry wine, which was in champagne bottles, was frequently pronounced equal to champagne, and ginger wine of excellent quality was made in the half-barrel. Seven milch cows were kept for the use of the house, and my mother was most generous to her neighbours with gifts of glorious thick cream and fruit. Many pigs were kept and all the hams and bacon were cured on the premises; turkeys and ducks were numerous; as to hens I never saw so many until I visited three kind friends, maiden ladies, a few miles from Ludlow, the Misses Hall, of Ashford Court, who keep a vast number. One of these excellent ladies attends to them and the profits are given to charity. But to return to Parkia; the hay, oats, and turnips for the cattle were all home-grown; there was a pack of beagles, several shooting dogs, a brace of greyhounds, and two or three terriers. Sometimes a cow or an ox was killed at Christmas.

My brothers were all good shots, which I never was, unless the shooting of myself when five years old and was fearfully

wounded, through playing with powder, may be so reckoned. My father and each of us (that is, I when old enough) had long hunting poles for jumping in hunting and coursing. In addition to a large family, the house was not often free from company, Irish and Lancashire friends being always welcome, and how we were all stowed away when there were visitors I know not. My dear mother had all the Irish habits of hospitality, and good cheer abounded as in Irish houses.

Those were the days of flint and steel, and I have often watched a servant burning the tinder on which the sparks were struck for a light. The kitchen fire was kept slacked all night, as a quicker mode in case of the need of getting light and fire at night. I was approaching man's estate when lucifer matchers were invented, and I recollect two lines only of a song composed on the subject :

Oh, Lucifer's the very deuce, our prospects he will hinder,
'Twas he who caused the change between Miss Sparks and Mr. Tinder.

This invention was a great improvement and comfort, amongst the many we now enjoy. Tallow and wax candles gave way to Palmer's metallic spring candle-lamps, which were a considerable advance. These in their turn gave way to oil lamps.

I forgot in enumerating the dogs to mention that there was always a fine house-dog, and amongst them were some remarkably intelligent animals. The number of tramps in those days was exceedingly great, and they visited houses in gangs. My father never would allow a farthing to be wasted upon them, and used peremptorily to drive them away. We had one house-dog, whose name was Tiger, that had a great fight with a tramp, who pelted him with stones, but the dog drove him off. This dog would take no notice of a decently dressed person, but his wrath was great when a tramp appeared. I have heard my father say that when (as previously stated) he stayed at Pwllycrochan, there were two very large dogs chained under a sort of alcove in front of the hall-door. On one occasion when my father was

(*F. Whaley, photo, Doncaster*)

MISS ROBERTS

Former housekeeper at Parkia

away a tramp came into the back-kitchen at Parkia, when there were only two males in the house, and insisted on having food. These men were such arrant cowards that they actually allowed the fellow to sit down and eat the dinner provided for them, though ordered to turn him out; and when he was going away he wrote in most offensive language on a large slab outside a threat that he would burn the house down in less than a week.

The old house of Parkia has undergone many changes from the period mentioned, but the greatest is the warming apparatus of Mr. Grundy's patent. I adopted it some years ago on seeing the testimonial of Professor Tyndall, who said that until he adopted it he had to go abroad every winter, but was better at home with a house so comfortably warm. One man now lights a coke fire in the cellar and warms the whole house, with no unsightly pipes, no hot water, and no nuisance of any kind; it is the greatest comfort to a house I ever knew. I do not like leaving the subject of Parkia without a warm tribute of respect to Mrs. Barber, long ago buried in our parish churchyard; to Miss Roberts, a native of Doncaster, living there at the very advanced age of near ninety; Mrs. Jones, of Mona View, Carnarvon, still alive, who were all in succession the faithful and honest housekeepers at Parkia for many years, and to whose fidelity we owed much; and to William Jones, who slept at Parkia for fifty years and retired with £500, which I would swear was as honestly earned as money ever was. Talk of the expense of county police, they are an enormous saving to the country. In the far back days of my youth the robbery of turkeys, fowls, ducks and geese, potatoes, turnips, carrots, tools and implements, and all sorts of things from the farmers was terrific. That curse of the country, *political rancour*, for which both parties were to blame, was very much responsible for this. The town of Carnarvon, which was lighted with gas actually before the city of Paris, had a good corporate landed estate, which was wasted by the blight of party strife. Tories issued writs of *quo warranto* against Radicals, and Radicals against Tories. When a man on one side was elected an Alderman

or a Town Councillor, writs of *quo warranto* were issued by the opposite side nominally to ascertain *quo warranto* (by what warrant) the defendant exercised the office, but really to obtain party victories.

The Castle Hotel and the adjacent houses down to the Castle, and the houses round Twthill and elsewhere, were erected upon Corporation property; and the leases being for some time past all at an end would now have been the property of the town, as well as its former land at Bodruel. The property was scandalously wasted, then mortgaged and foreclosed, and finally lost to the public. It may be asked what this has to do with the robbery and plunder of farmers? I answer, *much*. There was no money left to pay for lighting the town of Carnarvon or to pay constables, and consequently thieves abounded in it and were able to take home their plunder into the town at all times of the night and morning without any chance of detection. At Parkia the number of dogs kept us clear of much plundering, but the farmers, especially the smaller ones, were unmercifully robbed.

At a small farm not a mile from Parkia, as the crow flies, about sixty years ago, the old farmer was going out to "swpperu," that is, to feed the animals and settle them for the night, when he saw a light in a small outhouse separated by a low hedge from the dwelling-house. The door of this outhouse was open and a lighted candle stood upon a bottle; two men were at work filling a large sack, one holding the edge of the sack while the other filled it with potatoes, varying his occupation by pelting the old man with his own potatoes and so keeping him off. This is a mere specimen of the impunity with which robbers of all sorts carried on *their trade*.

I can remember when the streets of Carnarvon were lighted with oil lamps, and the first night the gas lamps were lit I was taken with other boys by the man we were reading with to see the new lamps, and took books and newspapers to see if we could read by the new light.

Returning to my father's stories, one related to Suet, the actor, who had a quarrel with a man who declared that he

MRS. JONES, OF MONA VIEW, CARNARVON

For many years housekeeper at Parkia

would thrash him on the first opportunity; returning on foot from the theatre one night without coat or umbrella he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and took temporary shelter in a doorway. The man who had the grudge against him saw him in the doorway, but as his collar was turned up he did not feel sure enough of his identity to attack him, and peering at him as well as he could, said, "Are you Suet?" "No," said Suet, shaking the rain off his coat, "I'm dripping." This witty reply so amused the would-be assaulter that instead of putting his threat into execution he burst out laughing and they made friends. Is it any harm on my part to add that the man who had put his own collar up, by his wit put the *choler* of the other down?

I have mentioned that Mr. Turner in the early days of Dyffws quarry used to go to Portsmouth and other places to receive the moneys due for slates, as the banking facilities were so poor.

There was one slate merchant at Portsmouth who was evidently very anxious to impress upon him the excellence of his position, and how he knew every one at Portsmouth. When he was buying slates at Dyffws, he told my father that he was most intimate with the port admiral, and could take his friends all over the dockyards whenever and wherever they liked to go, and if my father went to Portsmouth he would show him everything in the dockyard. Like all men who pretend to a position they do not occupy, this poor fellow suffered a humiliation that was very absurd, for when Mr. Turner next went to Portsmouth, he thought he would avail himself of the offer of the merchant and visit the dockyard. Alas! on the "port admiral's friend" presenting himself he was point-blank refused; but it happened that my father had a "friend in Court" in the Government purchasing officer, who had the *entrée* and took him over the interesting places.

I well remember a joke with which he used to tease my mother about one of these trips. There was a seventy-four gun-ship built not long before, called the *Nelson*, and on my father's return home he told my mother about his going all

over the *Nelson*, and that he could easily have captured her, as there was only one man in her at the time, and that he (my father) was a much bigger man. The vessel was not armed or manned, and was looked after at moorings by a ship-keeper. My mother inquired if the vessel was very large, and on being told that she was, asked if she was as large as our barn. She had at that time never seen a man-of-war, and had no conception of the size. It is a curious circumstance that this fine ship, built long before I was born, *was never sent to sea until*, I think, it was the year 1846 or 1847 or thereabouts, when I was at Portsmouth, and she was fitting out for Australia, where she was going as a harbour guard-ship. It struck me when I saw her that if the successive Governments could afford to keep this fine ship so long in harbour they could and *should* have razeed, that is, cut her down into a fifty-gun frigate and sent her to America in that war where her extra size and thick scantling would have been a match for the heavy Yankee frigates with thick sides. The Americans, as I think I have stated, had built some line-of-battle ships, but with that keen good sense which distinguished their conduct of the war they saw that, with their small navy, frigates to prey on British commerce would answer their purpose better, and no one acquainted with the history of the period can doubt the wisdom of their decision.

For very many years before his death Mr. Turner led a quiet life, entertaining his friends, but taking no part in public things except serving on the Grand Jury at the Assizes, and even that he gave up latterly.

MY FATHER'S PRAYER.

A few days before my father breathed his last in the room in which I was born above that in which I am writing, he desired me to bring pen and paper to his bedside, and to take down from his dictation the following prayer, and to keep one copy myself, and give one to each of my brothers. He dictated as follows :

MR. TURNER

From a bust at Parkia taken the day after his death

A Prayer used by William Turner for more than Fifty Years.

" Oh Eternal God, guide me by Thy grace in all my affairs, that I may be diligent, just, and faithful in the position in which Thy providence has placed me. Bless, O Lord, my labours as Thou in Thy wisdom seest most convenient for me. Preserve me by Thy Holy Spirit from covetousness, lying, and all base, indirect or sordid arts, and give me prudence, honesty, and Christian sincerity, that my doings may be attended by Thy blessing; and when I have finished the course which Thou hast allotted me here, I may be received into the inheritance of Thy Kingdom, there to rest, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

His death took place in November 1853, and had he lived until the following February he would have completed eighty-eight years of an industrious, well-spent life, during which I am absolutely certain he was never guilty of that which he prayed he might avoid, namely—"*base, indirect or sordid arts.*" When he dictated the prayer to me, I felt certain that this prayer had always been granted, and that the man who had carried on the vast enterprise of eight slate quarries and a copper mine had on that bed the full and noble satisfaction of having lived up to his holy and honourable desire. He had a profound contempt for the mean man, and an equally profound respect for the honourable man.

CHAPTER IV

THE WELSH JUDICATURE AND THE ENGLISH JUDGES

Ancient Welsh Judicature—Legislative history—Laws of Hywel Dda—A sheriff's ball given by father—Engaging the hangman—Lord Chief Justice Tindal—Game and red salmon—Judges Raine and Kenrick—Maule on Messrs. Carbery and Nolan—A lawsuit in hell—Executions at Carnarvon—Barbarous laws—Welsh juries—Pineapple in a Welsh garden—Jury packing—Notes on judges—Tindal, C.J.—Bosanquet, J.—Alderson, B.—His jokes—Vaughan, J.—Pompousness of—Hired witnesses—An anonymous libel and a dying confession—Lord Lyndhurst—His marvellous memory—His second marriage—Williams, J.—His fancy for woodcocks—Defended Queen Caroline—Election excitements—Highway robbery—"Goody-goody" days—The North Wales Bar—Two leaders bound over—A narrow escape—A chestnut—*Williams* v. *P. Buckland*—Jervis as cross-examiner—Patteson, J.—The degrees of drunkenness—The new gaol—Lord Newborough—The "Black Hole"—Wrong site of new gaol—Temperance pilgrimages—Sir Edward Baines—Visiting prisons—Timely severity and consequent gratitude—Crime as a trade—Serjeant Taddy—A convivial under-sheriff—Mr. Watson Lloyd's humour—His powers of mimicry—His death—Cresswell, J.—His manner—Britannia Bridge murder—Lord Abinger—Lord Denman—An interesting forgery—A mistaken arrest—Recidivisim—A discussion in grand jury—Duties of grand juries—An obstinate magistrate—A manslaughter—Two burglaries—The dogs save Parkia—The servant and her lover—Blind butler as witness—Dignified judge—Impudent prisoners—Sir Charles Felix Smith was Lever's Trevanion—The French bully defeated—Lord Campbell—A mountain murder and a cruel accusation—A confession—Jervis, L.C.J.—A poisoning case—Demonstrates thimble-rigging—Earle, L.C.J.—An idiot witness—His repartees—Bovill, L.C.J.—Visit to Coombe Wood—Some Tichborne doggerel—Yachting on the Straits—Rioters in Flintshire pardoned—

Engagement of Bovill and Miss Barnwell—Malins V.C.—A jest—Lord Bramwell—First meeting—His courtesy—Later friendship—A letter of congratulation—Bramwell's hatred of a lie—His manner—Yachting arguments—Bramwell as mathematician—His deadly sarcasm—Trying a witness backwards—Welsh clerical witness to character in sheep-stealing case—Drunken parson's trick—Bramwell's affability—An abrupt prisoner and a prompt judge—Curious breach of promise case—Mr. McIntyre Q.C.—Absurdities in slip-shod English—Bramwell and garotters—His "large dog"—*Punch* on Bramwell—Sir Fitzroy Kelly and his pupils—Letters from Bramwell—Lord Chief Baron Kelly—Special retainers—Quaker and mistress—Kelly's activity—Cockburn L.C.J—Prosecution of Palmer—Rugeley and "Palmerstown"—Murder by gamblers—Inventor of the "drop"—Himself hanged—Tichborne Trial—Contempt of Court by Whalley M.P. and others—Their credulity—The preparation of the evidence—Identification of claimant by Sir R. Tichborne's mother—Byles on "business"—Martin B.—His courage and industry—The long drop in jest and earnest—Professor Horton the inventor—Mistaken for hangman—Talfourd J.—Coltman J.—Mr. Temple and the poker—Crowder J.—Riding on circuit—Watson B.—Death at Welshpool—A Board of Trade inquiry—Keating J.—An Anglesey murder—Grove J.—An unjust attack—Humbugging gaol chaplains—reports of criminal trials untrustworthy—The judge's venison—"Goat by gad"—Lord Robert Cecil—A chaplain overcome—Pollock B.—A "beater" plaintiff—Moving prisoners for trial—Views of judges—Huddlestone B.—Sir A. L. Smith M.R.—His premature death.

WHEN Wales was incorporated with England the Principality was divided into three provinces, North, South, and West Wales; but for the administration of justice it was divided into two parts only, known as North and South Wales. The Prince of Wales held a Chancery and an Exchequer Court for North Wales in Carnarvon Castle, and there was a Judge there in early times who administered justice for the whole of North Wales; and for South Wales there was a similar Court of Chancery and Exchequer in Carmarthen Castle, with a Judge who was called the Justice of South Wales. These Courts were respectively known as the Great Sessions. The Judges were sometimes itinerant and sat in each of the several counties. Prior to the incor-

poration of Wales with England, the laws of Wales were principally those of Hywel Dda, and when King Edward I. divided Wales into counties he made a collection of the Welsh laws, annulled some, amended others, made additional ones, and assimilated all to the English form of administering justice. These laws were constituted by the *Statutum Walliæ*, 12 Edward I. *c.* 5. Certain important alterations were made in the administration of the laws by the Statute 27 Henry VIII. c. 26, and four additional shires, Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, were added. The Statute 34 and 35 Henry VIII. c. 24 made considerable alterations. It created four circuits, with a Judge to each. The Chief Justice of Chester had jurisdiction over Denbighshire, Flintshire and Montgomeryshire. The Justice of North Wales had Carnarvonshire, Anglesey and Chester, and another Justice had jurisdiction over Radnorshire, Brecknockshire and Glamorganshire. Another Justice was to administer the law in Carmarthenshire, Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire.

The statute 18 Elizabeth c. 8 settled *two* Justices to every circuit. The seal of Chester was kept by the Chamberlain of Chester, that of Carnarvonshire, Merioneth, and Anglesey was in the custody of the Chamberlain of North Wales in the Castle of Carnarvon. The 34 and 35 Henry VIII. had provided for Justices of the Peace in every county, and Sheriffs yearly appointed by the King's Majesty. The statutes 11 George IV. and William IV. c. 70, finally abolished these most unsatisfactory Courts, and the Welsh Courts were incorporated with and assimilated to those of England, to the inestimable benefit of all concerned. The condition of Wales prior to the incorporation with England and for very many years after was fearful in the extreme. The serious feuds between relatives and between neighbours were very lamentable. A few instances from Barrington's "Miscellanie" would illustrate the condition of things even two hundred years after the incorporation.

Copies of the laws of Hywel Dda are kept in the British Museum, in the Merton College Library, Oxford, and in Trinity College, Cambridge. A copy of these laws was kept

for use in the Courts at Westminster, where I have seen them, and they have been transferrred to the New Law Courts. I possess a copy of them in my library in English and Welsh.

The elaborate enumeration of each petty offence and its punishment as contrasted with the plainer laws of modern times remind one of the evolution in thought and action that has been gradually going on; and the same remark applies to the laws of England, which have been greatly simplified, to the gain and comfort of everybody. So in signalling at sea. I have a copy of the flags of Nelson's memorable signal at Trafalgar—"England expects every man will do his duty." These eight words took at that time twenty-eight flags to express them, whereas of late years a much smaller number would do it, and I suppose the day is near at hand when Marconi will render flags unnecessary. In like manner modern laws have simplified the wonderful complications of those of Hywel Dda, and of that multiplicity of English statutes which I devoutly hope may even in my time be largely reduced and simplified.

At the time of my birth, as elsewhere stated, and for a few years after, the Welsh Judicature was in existence, and I well remember, although I was very young, that the Assizes at Carnarvon used to last for a week or a fortnight (the latter period, if I am not mistaken). The Judges at that time usually were not persons of any note at the Bar, and indeed were only practising barristers in London, and usually very far from the first rank. Those I remember were Raine and Kenrick, and there was for a long time no appeal from their decisions, which I have always heard were crude and too often palpably wrong; there was an Attorney-General, Mr. Hill, and a Mr. Cockrel, both of them leading barristers, whom I well remember when a small boy.

At one time the Chief Justice of Chester and North Wales used to hold the Assizes; he was a man much respected, and his portraits are to be seen in Beaumaris and Carnarvon County Halls.

My father was High Sheriff of this county the year I was born, and gave a Sheriff's ball, which was the last given for a great number of years, the next and last since having been

given by Mr. Kneeshaw, of Penmaenmawr. As there were some capital offences to be tried that year, February 1823, my father had to provide an executioner to be ready, as sentences in those days were carried out very soon after they were passed. There was always in those days a resident hangman in Chester, whose services were to be had in North Wales. I saw the Under-Sheriff's bill some twenty-five or thirty years later, and it contained the following item, "Writing to Mr. Finchett Madoc, solicitor, Chester, to engage Burrows the hangman. Clerk's travelling expenses to Chester to arrange with Mr. Madoc, etc." Burrows was in attendance, but his services were fortunately not required, as in the first case, a trial for murder, there was an acquittal, and in the other, a forgery case, a respite of execution was granted and most properly followed by a full pardon. In this case a one-armed pensioner was tried for forgery, an offence which was then visited by capital punishment, although everybody knew that the trivial offence he had committed was nominally capital, but would not be so treated; but even had there been no capital trial, the Sheriff was bound to be ready. The offence was simply this: the prisoner, an army pensioner, who had lost his arm, lived in Carnarvon, but was a Llandwrog man, and his certificate of existence had to be signed by the overseer of Llandwrog. He was in the habit of getting this done, but, being lazy or busy, he signed the overseer's name to the certificate. He lived for many years after, and I recollect him well, and the iron hook which replaced his lost arm.

The Welsh Judicature had Chancery jurisdiction, hence a fortnight's work. The latest Judges, excepting the Chief Justice of Chester, did not command the well-deserved respect now felt on all hands for the eminent Judges of the land, whose administration of justice is the admiration and the envy of all civilised countries. But in earlier times there were in the Welsh Judicature sometimes men of great eminence, *inter alios* no less a man than Mr. Copley, afterwards the celebrated Lord Lyndhurst.

The first Judge of the land who came round after the Welsh Judicature was abolished was a man of commanding pre-

sence and dignity, the late Lord Chief Justice Tindal; and the feelings of satisfaction at the change, and the want of respect held for the former administration of justice was well exemplified by Dr. Owen Roberts, a man of considerable talent and outspoken sentiment. When the doctor saw this great Judge (whom I remember seeing) he went about the body of the hall snuffing as if he was seeking for an *usual* and accustomed smell. On being asked what he was snuffing about the hall for, he replied, "Snuffing! why, I don't smell any game or red salmon." It was believed and indeed known that the later Judges of the Welsh Judicature did not object to presents of these articles. The doctor, then looking at the Chief Justice, said to those about him, "If the Almighy allowed me to fashion a man I would make him with a head and face exactly like that Judge." I was but a very small boy then.

But to return to the Welsh Judicature. There were two stories extant of Raine and Kenrick which I well remember hearing in rather later years. One was, that at Dolgelley one of them used to say, "I am at a loss to decide which is the most beautiful, the Marunion at Dolgelley, the promenade quay at Carnarvon, or the Green at Beaumaris." And when at Dolgelley he used to add, "but I think I admire the Marunion at Dolgelley the most." When at Carnarvon it was, "but I think the promenade at Carnarvon, etc.," and when at Beaumaris, "but I think the Green at Beaumaris, etc.," At that time the trustees of the harbour of Carnarvon, dealing with a subject of which they were as ignorant as I am of surgery or medicine, had not violated nature's laws by erecting a stone pier across the tide and creating huge sand-banks, for which posterity cannot bless them, in front of the town and its beautiful promenade.

Mr. Robert Griffith Temple, who was a member of the North Wales Circuit at that time and for many years after the abolition of this rotten system, became a great friend of mine when I arrived at man's estate, and he told me that during the period when there was no appeal from the judgment of these luminaries, the most monstrous decisions were constantly delivered; but as soon as there was an appeal

to the Courts in London, Mr. Temple at once availed himself of it in a case decided against a client of his, and the decision, like many others, was at once set aside. He told me also that "old Jonathan Raine" never forgave him. Mr. Richards, who was the second County Court Judge appointed for these parts after the establishment of these useful Courts, a post now so ably and worthily filled by Sir Horatio Lloyd, had practised at the South Wales Bar under the Welsh Judicature. He told me amongst many amusing anecdotes the following as to the two great lights, Mr. Carbery and Mr. Nolan, Judges of South Wales, who practised as barristers in London (*i.e.*, if they had any practice); at any rate, they sat at the "receipt of custom"—the Bar of the Court of Exchequer. At that time that formidable lawyer, Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice) Maule, was a practitioner on the Shrewsbury and South Wales Circuit. Mr. Maule appealed (as soon as appeal was granted by statute) against a decision of these incapable men, and described the case and their decision in the most humorous and sarcastic manner; the appeal came before the Barons of the Exchequer, and one of them said, "And pray, Mr. Maule, who are these singular gentlemen who have given this monstrous decision?" Upon which Mr. Maule, placing his glasses to his eyes, and looking from one of the brace of counsel to the other, said, "One, my lord, is a person of the name of Carbery, and the other of the name of Nolan." The appeal was granted.

Mr. Richards was an exceedingly pleasant man, and one of the yarns that he told me was illustrative of the manners of a certain North Wales town, where he held his monthly Courts, but the name of which I refrain from mentioning lest the ghost of the local gentleman referred to in the anecdote should disturb me, or his family be annoyed by the publication. A well-known solicitor in the town died, and two inhabitants of the place met in the street in the morning. One said to the other, "Good morning, Mr. Jones, any news this morning?" "Oh dear yes, great news, there is a most important lawsuit going on in hell." "Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Williams, "you can't get news from there." "Oh yes," said Mr. Jones, "it is well known. They have sent for ——

to conduct it." That was the way in which he announced Mr. ——'s death. I am sorry to say that knowing something myself of Mr. —— I was not surprised at the method of announcement. But this is rather wandering from the Welsh Judicature.

My father had a very poor opinion of these two Judges, whom he well knew, both before and after their Courts were abolished.

In those days criminals at Carnarvon were executed on the marsh between Coedhelen Wood, the Seiont river and the place where the Cambrian railway now runs. The last person executed there was a man of the name of Lewis Owen, who shot Mr. Sturdie, receiver of taxes, as he was riding on horseback near Llanrwst with a large sum of money in his saddle-bags. Mr. Sturdie did not die of his wounds, but an attempt at murder was then and until about forty years ago a capital offence. Captain William Griffith, an old friend of mine, who died more than half a century ago, told me of a previous execution he recollected on the marsh of a man for horse-stealing. Having stolen and disposed of the animal the criminal, whose name I forget, went to America, and was foolish enough to return to this country; on one occasion when he had taken too much liquor he got into a quarrel with another man and they appeared pretty evenly matched. Unfortunately for him, in the heat of the fight, he exclaimed, "Peidiwch chi a meddwl curo Jack ——" mentioning his nickname, which I have forgotten ("Don't you think to thrash Jack ——"), and the friends of his opponent were not slow to make known his identity. It is absolutely frightful to look back to the savage nature of punishments that rendered men and women liable to loss of life for forgery and stealing a horse or a sheep, or indeed almost for any theft. It is, I think, highly creditable to a Dolgelley jury that when the evidence was too strong for an acquittal on a charge for sheep-stealing the foreman announced the verdict as, "Guilty, my lord, *but no hang*." I often heard this story told in early days to their discredit as being ignorant, but to my mind it showed an honesty of finding the verdict, and a sense of abhorrence of the outrageous

punishment of death for such an offence. It is also said that a Dolgelley jury gave a verdict which was not to its credit. In an action in which Mr. Garnons, a famous solicitor of that day, was concerned for one of the litigants, while counsel was addressing the jury, they put their heads together, and the foreman, addressing the Judge, said, "It *iss* no use, my lor*t*, for the gentleman in the wig to talk any more, *ass* we agree in the Blue Lion l*ass* night to vote for Mr. Garnons of Rhiwgoch." This gentleman lived at a country residence called Rhiwgoch, between Dolgelley and Trawsfynydd, and appears to have occupied a very good position.

An amusing anecdote is told of him which shows he was not devoid of wit. The late Sir Robert Vaughan, Bart., of Nannau, sent a brace of pheasants to Garnons, who had that day also received a present of a pine-apple from some one else. While Sir Robert's man was having some food in the kitchen Mr. Garnons slipped off into the kitchen-garden and carefully denuding a cabbage of its heart, but leaving side leaves, he fixed the pine-apple on the stalk of the cabbage. When Sir Robert's man was ready to go home Mr. Garnons, taking with him a table-knife and a basket, told the man to go with him to the garden, and brandishing the knife among the cabbages, he to all appearance cut the pine-apple off a cabbage-stalk, and placing it in the basket told the man to give it to Sir Robert Vaughan with his compliments. When the man got home Sir Robert asked him where Mr. Garnons had got it, for in those days there were no foreign pines to be purchased, and but a few places in Wales grew any. The poor man naturally replied that Mr. Garnons cut it off a cabbage-stalk, on which it was growing in the garden, and Sir Robert, thinking the man was taking a great liberty in chaffing his master, asked him how he dared to tell him such a barefaced lie. As the man persisted in his statement Sir Robert became so angry that he raised his stick to thrash him, and the man ran out of the room.

This again is rather a digression from the Welsh Judicature, but as it relates to a man who was a practitioner in it, as just related, it may not be very far out of place. There is a portrait in the Grand Jury room at Carnarvon of a Mr.

Garnons, who filled the office of Prothonotary under the Welsh Judicature, and was related to the Mr. Garnons of Rhiwgoch. In these days an analogous officer would probably be better known as a Registrar.

" Voting for Mr. Garnons of Rhiwgoch " reminds me of a system of jury packing, with the abolition of which I had a good deal to do in later years than those of the events I have related, which were before I was born.

This vile abomination prevailed to a disgraceful extent,and to my mind can only be compared to the poisoning of wells in military warfare. From the time I was a very young boy I was fond of attending the Assizes, and memory carries me back very far and to the recollection of a great number of Judges. As already stated, the first I remember was *Lord Chief Justice Tindal*, who continued on the Bench until I was a young man; but his taking the North Wales Circuit as the first Judge under the new *régime* was the only occasion on which he took this circuit. This eminent Judge was appointed to the post of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in June 1829, and continued to hold the office for seventeen years, and it is recorded of him that no Judge was ever looked up to or respected more than he was. He died in July 1846.

The next Judge I have any recollection of was,

MR. JUSTICE BOSANQUET

whose name has been handed down to posterity as an eminent Judge of great learning, who had to resign his office in eight years after his appointment owing to ill-health. My good friend Admiral Bosanquet, recently the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet on the East India Station, is a near relation of the Judge.

The next Judge whom I remember holding the North Wales Assizes was

BARON ALDERSON,

whose daughter the present Lord Salisbury married. He was appointed a Judge in 1830, and died in 1857. When I

was a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Owen, at Beaumaris, this Judge was either holding the Assizes there, or had a house for the long vacation (I forget which), and meeting me, a young boy, on the Green, he kindly entered into conversation with me, and was so very humorous and good-natured that I took the liberty of requesting him to ask for a holiday for us pupils, which he did, and we got it. In far later years, when I had attained manhood, I was dining at the Town Hall of Liverpool at an Assize dinner on one occasion when the Baron and Mr. Justice Cresswell were the Judges, and I went into court next day to hear the trials. It was impossible not to see that when he perpetrated a joke the Baron took a stealthy look to ascertain if it was appreciated. He was a most able Judge, but exceedingly fond of a joke. Trying a prisoner who was found guilty of stealing a saw, when the usual question was asked what he had to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him, he replied, "I only carried it off for a joke, my lord." "And pray," said the Judge, "how far did you take it?" "Three miles, my lord," was the reply. The Judge at once said, "Prisoner at the bar, that is carrying a joke too far, the sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned for three calendar months"; thus giving him a month a mile. When holding the Assizes for Cardiganshire, at one Assize town, a juryman told the crier of the Court, who was administering the oath, to speak up, as he could not hear what he said. Baron Alderson asked the juryman if he was hard of hearing. "Yes, my lord," said the witness, "I am deaf of one ear." The Judge then said, "You may leave the box, as it is necessary for you to hear *both sides*." When he was trying a youth at Chester for riot during the Chartist disturbances the prisoner was very saucy, and chattered and interrupted the counsel and witnesses frequently, and talked a good deal of nonsense. He was found guilty, and in passing sentence the Baron said, "Young man, you have a very empty head and a very voluble tongue." Baron Alderson was a Judge for twenty-six years, and if I remember rightly came only twice on the North Wales Circuit. That he was what is known as a strong Judge no one can doubt, and

he was, I always understand, a great favourite with the Bar.

Amongst the earliest of the Judges who presided on the North Wales Circuit was

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN.

He was made a Judge in 1827 and died in 1839. His brother was the Royal physician, and when Mr. Vaughan was appointed to a Judgeship it is said that the Bar joke was that he was a Judge by *prescription*. I well remember his passing sentence on a prisoner at the Carnarvon Assizes, and his concluding words, "The sentence of the Court is that you be transported beyond the seas for the term of ten years to such place as his Majesty by the advice of his Privy Council (to which body I have the honour *to belong*) shall direct;" and I remember when we returned home my father expressed great surprise at the absurd addition of this last piece of information, a comment which, though very young, I was then old enough to appreciate.

At this period there were unfortunately certain individuals at Carnarvon whose evidence was a matter simply of £ *s. d.*, and when their services were required it was found convenient by some solicitors, who followed the villanous practice of suborning witnesses, to lay the *venue* occasionally in some other county; and a gentleman who was present as a witness in a case at Shrewsbury told me, fifteen or twenty years after the event, that one of these false witnesses, who always dressed in a black suit with a white choker, gave evidence at that Assize at Shrewsbury, "every word of which was no doubt a *lie*, or *he* would not have been there to depose to it." My informant told me that in reply to one question put by the Counsel for the plaintiff, on whose side he had gone to perjure himself, he said, "Will you kindly ask the question again, Sir, as I am not certain that I exactly understand it, and being on my oath I must fully comprehend it before I reply?" The question was asked again slowly, and the answer which he had no doubt been instructed to make was given, and in his summing up to the jury Mr. Justice Vaughan

said, "You have the evidence, gentlemen, of that most conscientious witness, Mr. ——, who gave his evidence with such a scrupulous desire to avoid mistake." This man lived many years into the time of my early manhood, and a more infamous and dangerous old sinner could not well be found. He was a writer of anonymous letters, the practice of which prevailed at that time in these parts to a disgraceful extent. I knew a case in which he asked a favour of a gentleman of the highest honour and integrity ; the favour was refused, as the gentleman knew too much of the man, upon which the villain so far forgot himself as to declare that he would be his ruin. This he attempted by writing an anonymous letter to a gentleman of very high position, who at once forwarded it to the man who was to be ruined, who in his turn was my informant as to the matter. The letter contained a carefully concocted tissue of lies which the recipient of the letter declined to investigate, as he was satisfied of the high honour of the gentleman traduced. I knew of a case in which the ownership of a small property worth about £30 or £40 a year changed hands from the real owners to another, on the oath of that man and his forgery of documents. The occurrence took place before my recollection, but I know the property and learned the facts in later life. I often in my own mind contrast the way in which this plausible fellow gulled the Judge (Mr. Justice Vaughan) at Shrewsbury, with a case at the Carnarvon Assizes some thirty or forty years ago before Baron Bramwell. The case was one as to the ownership of certain strips of land which had certainly belonged at one time to the parties who lost the action, but had been so long in the possession of the other side that it became undoubtedly theirs by the Statute of Limitations. The late Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., was Counsel for the losing side, and the Judge, in speaking of the case to him afterwards, said, " Well, McIntyre, you lost your case, for adverse possession was clearly proved against you, as I had to tell the jury; but my opinion of the matter is that your clients being non-resident in this part of the country and trusting their affairs to that white-chokered gentleman who gave evidence, he found it convenient not to interfere with influential people,

and winked at the adverse possession, and thus justice has been defeated." This man was not a trader in false evidence like the infamous person I have described, but a Judge of the strength and perceptive power of Baron Bramwell would have seen through the man at Shrewsbury, and with his black clothes and white choker, and his pretended respect for the sanctity of an oath, would have made a mental comment, " that he protested too much," as to his oath.

A very curious trial took place at the Carnarvon Assizes which would more properly have been recited under the head of the Welsh Judicature. It was before my recollection, but in after years I knew Mr. Temple, who was Counsel for the defendant. He was the elder brother of Mr. Robert Griffith Temple, of whom I have spoken, and the father of Mr. Leofric Temple, for many years Deputy Recorder of Liverpool, and a friend of mine; and I also knew a gentleman who was on the special jury and lived to a great age, as did the defendant (who, in later years, became a warm friend of mine), who even after the trial lay for years under the unjust stigma of writing an anonymous letter.

This was the case.

The Lord Penrhyn of that day had an agent, Mr. Greenfield, who managed his quarries, and his lordship received an anonymous letter in which numerous charges were brought against Mr. Greenfield, accusing him of defrauding Lord Penrhyn in various ways. Lord Penrhyn sent for Mr. Greenfield, and told him to do his utmost to discover the writer of the letter and bring an action to vindicate his character. Steps were accordingly taken to ascertain who the writer was, and several persons declared that the writing was that of the Rev. Mr. Hughes, the Vicar of St. Ann's, near Bethesda, against whom the action was brought; and I heard from my father, who was present at the trial, and from Mr. Churchill, one of the special jury, to whom I have already alluded, and from others, that the defence made by Mr. Temple was most able and vigorous. The jury were not satisfied with the evidence of handwriting, and returned (most fortunately as will be seen) a verdict for the defendant.

This of course did not reflect upon the character of Mr. Greenfield, as the question was not one as to the truth of the libel, but as to the identity of the writer. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, conscious of his integrity, took no step beyond defending the action to vindicate his character, which was at last amply done by the death-bed confession of the real writer of the letter, who was then a resident of Bangor. This man when on his death-bed sent for Mr. Rumsey Williams, Mr. Greenfield's solicitor, and confessed that he was the writer, and that, as he had learnt writing from the same master as Mr. Hughes, their handwritings bore a remarkable resemblance. Although the occurrence was before my time I became doubly interested in it from the fact of my being in after years an intimate friend of Mr. Hughes (through my dear friend Dean Cotton), and from the fact of the curious clearance of the character of Mr. Hughes, who lived to a very great age, and was when I visited him last (he being then between eighty and ninety years of age) as pleasant, amusing and kind-hearted as he was when I first made his acquaintance. Considering the frequency of anonymous letter-writing at that time it was a great thing to find an innocent man acquitted *altogether*. I use this term, as the verdict, it seems, failed to satisfy many who of course could not doubt the death-bed confession.

In writing about Judges I ought to mention that singularly able Judge,

LORD LYNDHURST.

I was a boy when he held the Assizes here under the present *régime*, but I accompanied my father and mother, who generally attended the Assizes, the former being always on the grand jury, and I recollect distinctly that the Judge was spoken of in terms of the greatest admiration and interest, and my father in after-life often adverted to the Judge's marvellous memory. He tried a very long case, and my father and others whom I heard speak of it in after years expressed the greatest surprise that in summing up he simply referred to the notes of evidence to *look at the name of the witness*, and *not even that* in every case, accurately recapitu-

lating the evidence of each and commenting upon it with singular clearness. I was indebted to my friend Mr. R. G. Temple for many anecdotes as to Lord Lyndhurst's visit to this circuit, to the comfort of which it was very evident the first Lady Lyndhurst did not add. Meeting her successor, the second Lady Lyndhurst, in London, and once spending a day in her ladyship's company at the Thames Regatta in a yacht accompanying the races in 1846, I came to the conclusion that his lordship's second marriage must have been attended with greater happiness than the first. This truly wonderful man was three times Lord High Chancellor, and when his party was out of office prior to his third Chancellorship he accepted from the other side the post of Lord Chief Baron, which he occupied when on this circuit. I recollect during his old age reading in the *Times* a wonderful speech which Lord Lyndhurst (then a blind man with a brass rail in front of him to place his hands on in the House of Lords) delivered with reference to the action of the King of Prussia. In his powerful speech he reviewed the history of Europe for several years with marvellous accuracy. He died in the ninety-third year of his age, in 1863. Amongst other cases he tried at Carnarvon was one on the subject of the Talyfoel ferry and the *Paul Pry* steamer.

Amongst the early Judges whom I remember was

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS.

Sir John Williams, I read recently, was a native of Banbury, but I had always understood that he was a Yorkshireman. He came the North Wales circuit on seven successive spring circuits, and the woodcocks of Vaynol were a great attraction to him. In 1820, not long before his promotion to the Bench, he was one of the Counsel for the defence of Queen Caroline with Brougham and Denman, the first of whom, it is needless to add, became Lord Chancellor, and the second Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Justice Williams was a great student of Latin and Greek, or in the words of Lord Tenterden, the Lord Chief Justice, "was an admirable scholar."

I recollect that his Marshal, who was with him during all the years he came to Carnarvon, was Captain Lally, a retired military officer. Sir John Williams was made a Judge in 1834, and died in 1846, after being thirteen years on the Bench. At that time the number of civil and criminal trials at the Carnarvon Assizes was considerable, for party spirit ran very high and led to frequent appeals to the law. Elections lasted a long time, bands of music playing for each party paraded the streets for many weeks prior to the elections, the bands being accompanied by men carrying light flag-poles, and if the rival parties met in the sreets the meeting often culminated in a fight, the flag-poles being soon converted into staves. At that time the present site of the Brunswick Buildings in Castle Square, Carnarvon, was an open bank sloping down to the road behind the Slate Quay, and I saw a great fight, in which one party drove the other down the hill with considerable violence, followed by a trial at the Assizes before Mr. Justice Williams. At one of the many trials arising from party spirit and elections, Mr. Justice Williams asked one of the witnesses several questions, which, as a clever man and an officer of the Corporation, he was naturally supposed to be able to answer, but could not. At last the Judge turned upon him and said, "Where have you come from, Sir? Have you come from Kamschatka, or where have you been?"

Amongst the numerous cases he tried at Carnarvon was one of highway robbery committed a little way out of the town at Ysgubor Wen, which is now an outskirt of the town, and far within the lamps. A gentleman had been driven from the Menai Bridge to Carnarvon in a hired car, and as the car was returning, four ruffians stopped the car, pulled the driver off, and robbed him. They were well-known marauders named George Roderick, Nanny Roderick, his wife, *alias* Nanny Wilt (a prostitute), William Jones, *alias* Billws Caerbongal, and Robert Roberts. They were all apprehended together the next day at a tavern a little way out of the town. I well recollect the Judge beginning to pass sentence, and when he had got as far as "Prisoners at the bar," the woman interrupting said, "My lord, my lord."

"Well, prisoner," said the Judge. She then made a very curious but clever appeal to the Judge, which I cannot very well repeat here. I forget the sentence they got. After he got loose Roderick continued for years to live on the public, and got (as will be seen in another part of these Reminiscences) a sentence of fourteen years' transportation, reduced to four during the goody-goody season, when vast numbers of dangerous villains were let loose on the public, the result being murder, rape, and rapine. A regular system of deceiving gaol chaplains existed amongst convicts at the time, and many scoundrels who had made it appear that they were thoroughly repentant were released, and hanged or transported for subsequent crimes. After his return Roderick got fourteen years in Anglesey, and never returned from that. His companion on these two last occasions was a man called James Healy; both men, standing six feet high, were living in Baptist Street, Carnarvon, better known as Waterloo Street, owing to the fights that took place there.

The Bar was then a very select sort of club, if I may so call it. The leader was Mr., afterwards Sir John Jervis, Attorney-General and subsequently Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Mr. R. G. Temple, Mr. Welsby, and Mr. Townsend were the other leaders. The Bar mess all travelled in their own omnibus, a very handsome one of dark blue, with four horses. Of course there were several juniors. On one occasion at Beddgelert a great quarrel arose at the hotel between two of the leaders, and the result was an arrangement for a duel. My brother-in-law, Mr. Walker Jones, who was a member of the circuit, being a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county, bound them both over to keep the peace—a somewhat anomalous position for a junior, that of binding over two seniors and leaders. At a much later period the leaders of the Bar had a very narrow escape at Parkia. They had been dining here, and the horses were stabled. I saw them off at the door, and to my surprise instead of going down by either the right or the left from the house to the drive, the horses went straight down the grass towards the sunk fence, which is about 250 feet from the front of the house, and is between

the two ways already mentioned. I ran after them and, stopping the horses, found that the reins, instead of being attached to the horses' bits, were fastened to the hames of the collars. Had they gone on and fallen over into the sunk fence, the loss of life and limb would probably have been most serious. The driver had evidently taken the bridles off on arrival at Parkia and fastened the reins to the collar, got drunk and forgot to attach them to the bits.

I cannot help recording a very stupid thing done by a man who was dining at Parkia on one occasion to meet the Bar at the Assizes. He told after dinner the well-known piece of fun of the elder Mathews about the boy who is left an orphan and is advised to go to London to consult a *civilian* as to his father's property, he having died intestate, and who goes as directed and asks a doctor of civil law if he is a *silly villain*, as he had come to *insult* him, and so on. The teller of this story was foolish enough to assure us that it was actually the case of a youth who lived close to his neighbourhood and whom he knew well. The next time I saw him I told him that he had " put his foot in it " most terribly, and that the leaders of the Circuit were dangerous people " to tell crammers to ; " and it will hardly be believed that I heard the same man elsewhere tell the same story, with the adoption of it as before, as a matter within his own cognisance, and that the family lived close to him. His memory was evidently better for the compositions of Charles Mathews than for the warning I had given him a year or two before.

I recollect some very amusing cases at Beaumaris about this time. The case of *Williams* v. *Buckland* was really an action against Colonel Pennant, afterwards Lord Penrhyn, Buckland being the keeper who had ejected Williams from a part of the Ogwen claimed by the Penrhyn estate. Jervis led for the plaintiff, and my friend Mr. Robert Griffith Temple for the defendant, and I had taken Mr. Temple to Beaumaris in my yacht. One of Colonel Pennant's agents was called to produce the deeds containing the grants of fishing under which he claimed. Jervis, always fond of a lark, got up and cross-examined him, asking, with apparent but not real

solemnity, " Do you mean solemnly to tell the Court that these are the deeds you found in the muniment room at Penrhyn Castle ? " Upon which the agent, who was very nervous, put on his glasses and began to open the deeds. As he was doing so the glasses fell off over the edge of the witness-box amongst the people standing below. He then nervously felt in his waistcoat pocket, and after awhile found another pair, put them on his nose, and proceeded to examine the deeds, when down fell the second pair over the edge of the box, and then he was helpless. One of the people below then picked up the first pair and handed it to the witness, but as it had been trampled on and broken it was no good and the witness was then helpless. The Judge then said he could not have the time of the Court wasted any longer, and Mr. Jervis amidst loud laughter then left the witness alone, there never having been any doubt as to the genuineness of the deeds. To those who were alive to the fact that Jervis was not serious in the matter the affair was amusing. There was a trial at Beaumaris which, as Paddy says, " bates Banagher " in which Jervis showed great wit. A Captain Williams, of whom I have a distinct recollection, had retired from the sea, after being master of a schooner called the *Auckland*. He was one of the fattest men I ever saw, so fat that I feel certain if he had got into the cabin of his vessel after he retired from the sea he could not have got out again without a special opening of the deck. In his evidence for the plaintiff he said he was a retired shipmaster. When Jervis got up to cross-examine him he said, " Now, Sir, you say that you are a retired shipmaster. Pray, may I ask you if you were ever a *lighterman*." The Court was convulsed with laughter, and the Judge could scarcely refrain; whether the witness understood the joke I know not, but I fancy he did ; anyhow he could not fail to see that the whole Court was laughing at his expense. The Court House at Beaumaris, which has the inscription of its date in the seventeenth century, is worth a visit as clearly showing an ancient Court-house in an almost unaltered state. The one alteration I recollect was recommended by Baron Gurney, and a similar one in the

old Court at Carnarvon, which (the Court House) I was the means of having destroyed, as will be hereafter explained. These alterations consisted of great iron railings behind the dock and crier and Under-Sheriff's boxes with two iron gates to admit those who had business in the working part of the Court.

Sir John Jervis was usually to be seen in a (not always new) white hat, and when he became a Judge he was hustled by two ruffians at some public place, I forget where, and not very long after they stood in the dock to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice and received a stiff sentence of penal servitude. Moral: Don't hustle a Judge. Returning to the Assizes at Carnarvon I will now relate a very amusing trial of breach of promise tried there many years ago. I forget who was the Judge, but unless I am mistaken it was that eminent Judge,

MR. JUSTICE PATTESON,

who went the North Wales Circuit more than once. He was made a Judge in 1830, and retired owing to increasing deafness in 1852. I believe there never was another instance of a man raised to the Bench after only nine years' practice at the Bar; and it was recorded of him that, peculiar as this early promotion was, there never was a voice raised against it by the members of the Bar. But to return to the breach of promise case, in which the reader will find one of the most racy and rapid descriptions of the three stages of drunkenness. The case was the unusual one of gentleman (?) *v.* lady, reversing the normal order of such cases. The plaintiff was a medical man of the name of Williams, and the defendant a widow of the name of Townly. Mr. Jervis led for the plaintiff and Mr. Townsend for the lady defendant. The case abounded with laughable incidents, many of which I may be pardoned for forgetting, as it took place about sixty years ago. The promise to marry was not denied, but the defence was that the plaintiff was found to be a man of such drunken habits that the lady was justified in refusing

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

to marry him, as no decent woman could live with such a drunkard, a fact which several witnesses were called to prove. *inter alia* the sharpest witness I ever saw or listened to. I will give his evidence as near as I can recollect it, and I believe it is *verbatim*.

Mr. Barnet examined by Mr. Townsend.

"Mr. Barnet, I believe you are the coaching book-keeper at the Castle Hotel at Bangor ?"

"I am, Sir."

"Do you remember Thursday the —— day of —— ?"

"Perfectly well."

"Did you see the plaintiff on that date ?"

"Yes, he arrived by coach at Bangor about six o'clock, and ordered a car for the Menai Bridge."

"What state was he in then ?"

"*Rather fresh.*"

"Did you see him again ?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock, when he left in the car for Menai Bridge."

"What state was he then in ?"

"*Half seas over.*"

"Did you see him after that ?"

"Yes, he returned at eleven o'clock."

"What was his condition then ?"

"*Beastly drunk.*"

The three stages were described with great rapidity, the examination taking less time than I have to write it. The special jury, Bar and audience were convulsed with laughter. What could exceed the terseness of the replies ? Rather fresh, half seas over, and beastly drunk ! Several witnesses proved cases of insobriety, but none with the force and brevity of Mr. Barnet. Mr. Townsend made a strong appeal to the jury ; his person and his voice (which was rather a weak one) seem as present to me as if the trial took place yesterday. I remember and have often repeated the peroration, "I feel assured that a special jury of gentlemen of the county of Carnarvon will not give the sanction of

their verdict to this degraded plaintiff, that they will read him a lesson which he will not readily forget, that they will allow him to go home and say:

> "Alas! I've brought my suit in vain,
> I've failed to get a sous from Jane."

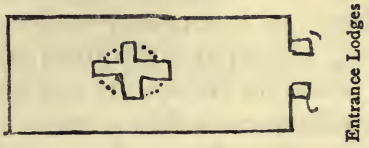
The special jury (who, as the learned Counsel described them, were gentlemen of the county) fulfilled Mr. Townsend's prophecy by a verdict for the defendant.

SERJEANT WILKINS.

While on the subject of Assizes and Court Houses I may mention at this stage a circumstance that had, and no doubt will during my short remaining cruise have, *a great influence upon my life*. When I was about eighteen or nineteen years of age there was a barrister on the Northern Circuit, a witty man, Serjeant Wilkins, whom, as far as I can recollect, I never saw. I read in the *Times* a speech of his, some words of which, delivered at the Old Bailey in London, formed the circumstance to which I allude. The Serjeant was defending some persons, I forget for what, but am under the impression that the charge was one of conspiracy. Whatever it was, the defendants were not, I think, by any means of the common class of criminals, and the case was one of great public interest and importance. It was tried before Baron Gurney; in the course of his address, Serjeant Wilkins made use of the following words, *Man is the creature of circumstances*. I repeated it to myself many times, and thought of it often in my daily walks and in bed, and was deeply impressed with this feeling, and often said to myself, "If man be the creature of circumstances, and all experience teaches how much it is so, it is the plain duty of every *other* man who can mend them to endeavour to do so." Hence no doubt my agitation for a new gaol instead of the old building, where prisoners, young and old, were huddled together to the destruction of every spark of virtue in the young by the old criminals of both sexes, and in the Court House the public were railed off like wild beasts by the rails formerly alluded

to. Having had the sanction of Mr. Justice Crompton as to the unfitness of the Court House, I appealed to Lord Newborough, who was Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and I might say manager of the county business. To his credit he had previously agreed at my earnest entreaty to provide a new lock-up house for the county and borough—that now in use, which had been erected for another purpose—and but for the then Clerk of the Peace, the central position of Turf Square would have been the spot. My excellent friend, the late Rev. Henry Longueville Jones, had drawn for me an admirable plan for a magistrates' room and station-house, to which Lord Newborough gave his full accord, but the astounding advice was given that a county could not build one in a borough, *and yet they were doing so at that very time at Conway*, which is a borough. I had got Lord Newborough to accompany me to the old *Black Hole* below the Guild Hall, which belonged to the borough, but was also used by the county, as the present one is now by both. His lordship was amazed when I verified my previous description of the abominable place by getting him to come into it. Beastly is not a pretty word, but it is the most appropriate I can find for the one place of confinement for men locked up. There were no separate cells, and a madman might have murdered a perhaps innocent man locked up on some charge by mistake, of which I have known cases elsewhere. The women's place was far better, but there was only one cell for women, and when it is remembered that crime was then largely in excess of what it now is, the mischief will be better understood. There were magistrates who were strongly opposed to any change, but when they found Lord Newborough was on my side they gave in. I wanted the new gaol and County Hall to be erected on either Llanbeblig Hill or above the railway station near Twthill Bach—I cared not which—my proposal was a large oblong enclosure with a cross for the prison in the centre, my model being the Mountjoy Prison, in Dublin. The outer wall was to enclose a considerable space, where the prisoners might learn gardening and could provide the prison with its vegetables, and if the gaol wanted enlarging at any time either

of the crosses might be elongated. The dots represent railings to enclose stone breakers. I was, however, over-



ruled, and the present too small site on the old one, with the addition of two houses in Gaol Street, was adopted.

The influence of Serjeant Wilkins' words no doubt drove me into agitations against numerous miserable dwellings; (many of them in back courts) for pure water and good drainage and the erection of better buildings. The words quoted no doubt drove me to frequent visits to the large towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and to various parts of Wales, to try to persuade men to make better use of their money than to spend it in taverns; and I was at one time President of the Leeds Temperance Association, where I made the acquaintance of the venerable Sir Edward Baines, who had been a great worker in the good cause, and the pregnant words I have named drove me to visit the prisoners in Carnarvon Gaol as a friend both before and when I became Chairman of the Visiting Justices, until I was debarred by sickness.

It may not be out of place here for me to record my opinion of the result of my prison visits, *which is a far from satisfactory one.* With the exception of a few young folk, some of whom ought never to have been sent to prison, and a few men not too far gone in habits of drunkenness, I am not aware of having succeeded in converting any prisoner from crime, and I believe honestly that the only hope lies in catching people when very young. Numerous Judges of Assize have asked me to what I attribute the diminution of crime, and I invariably answered, "*prevention* rather than cure; by educating boys and girls; better housing of the people, thereby reducing the temptation to adjourn to the tavern; the great alleviation of the lot of vast numbers by the action of good men and women; an active police, and

education." I never as a magistrate would fine a man for being drunk *the first time* if I sat alone or with others who would agree to it; but when sitting with others I rarely found any one to agree, and the hardest objectors were generally those most fond of drink themselves. Now every one is in love with the "*First Offenders' Act*," which is working well in all sorts of cases, but in some is carried too far. Whenever I could discharge the first offence of drunkenness, with a promise of trying not to do it again, I found it most efficacious. I will give one instance: I was addressing a crowded audience in a large chapel at Cwmyglo, near Llanberis, many years ago at night, and when I got down off the raised dais I was grasped cordially by each hand by two fine well-grown men, well dressed and wearing blue ribbons. They said, "We owe everything to you, Sir." "Oh," I said, "you must be making a mistake. I have a singularly good recollection of faces (alas! not now), and have no recollection of ever seeing either of you before." "Oh," they said, "when you were Mayor of Carnarvon, you saw us too often. We were brought before you for being drunk, and the first time you said you would not fine us if we promised to do our best to avoid drunkenness. We did avoid it for some time, as we were ashamed to go before you after you had let us off without punishment, but after awhile we broke out again and were locked up for being drunk and riotous. After fining us two or three times you said that that was the last time, and that if we came again you would send us to prison without the option of fine. We did and got a month, and you visited us several times in gaol and got us to promise to take the pledge if we meant honestly to do our best to keep it, but on no account to sign it unless truly intending it. We took the pledge, and have kept it to this day. We have been saving money now for years and live decent lives." "Which accounts for my not recognising you," I said, "as you are so altered and so well dressed." I am no longer a Visiting Justice, and was very properly superseded owing to a succession of dangerous illnesses, which quite incapacitated me for the work. I hope, after long experience, that I may venture to advise

that where magistrates have a taste for the work it is very advisable to keep one or two in harness as visiting magistrates, if they visit and inquire into the thoughts and habits of prisoners, *by which means* they can in time realise the effect of long or short sentences; and now that I do not sit even as a magistrate I can have no object but one in the strong advice I venture to give as to sentences at Quarter Sessions and elsewhere, and that is to give heed in awarding sentences to those who have taken an interest in prisoners, those who have availed themselves of the opportunities of holding frequent interviews with them in prison. I daresay at Quarter Sessions it might often be thought that in *certain cases* I was the advocate *for far more severe sentences* than many other Justices; and if there were those who thought so, they were right. I generally and sometimes successfully got sentences pronounced fully double those proposed in the retiring room. *These were cases of brutal violence*, and my experience of prisoners, often longer than the age of many other magistrates, confirmed me in the principle. I knew many prisoners, including one Bob Robyn, who was in gaol two hundred times on short sentences. He never stole but was constantly drunk, and committed serious assaults. I recollect the cases of five prisoners tried at Quarter Sessions for most violent assaults—four for assaulting and nearly killing in one case, and one man for a similar offence at another Quarter Session. I managed to get them at one Session more than double the amount of imprisonment proposed, and *not one of them came again*. They were cowardly ruffians who had assaulted old men. I visited them often in prison, and one of them (not one of the four), who had evidently enjoyed the comforts of good living and a good home, often complained of his feeling of emptiness of belly, and vowed it was the last time I should see him in gaol, and so it proved. One man, about forty years ago, was continually brought up at the Guild Hall for assaulting his wife, a decent woman, and the farce of a fine with the alternative of imprisonment, or binding over in two sureties to keep the peace, was repeatedly enacted. He was a very large and powerful fellow, with private means and no actual necessity for work, and I had

the mortification several times of attending the prison to discharge him on his wife attending with two sureties, perhaps within two hours of his incarceration. At last I got him before me at the Guild Hall, for one of his repeated assaults on his wife, a hard-working, decent, but very plain woman, and gave him six months and hard labour. The *result was that his place in Carnarvon gaol and at the Guild Hall knew him no more.* Those who commit violent assaults are generally cowardly ruffians, on whom a short sentence has no effect, but whom—from my experience of such men as a magistrate for forty-four years—I have found to have a wholesome dread of a long sentence. The luxury of cruelly treating another does not seem a sufficient temptation when it involves a long term of imprisonment, but the chance of making a good haul by a theft or a burglary seems to possess an irresistible temptation to those who have once commenced the *business*, for as such they seem to regard it. There was a very smart man who with two others was tried some years ago at the Carnarvon Assizes, whom I had the impertinence to approach in his cell when he was under sentence with a little reasoning as to the unwisdom of a method of living which involved being locked up for some time. I sat modestly on a three-legged stool in the presence of this smart man, who shut me up very quickly by repudiating the idea that his mode of living was a disreputable one. Yet he and his companions had been convicted on the clearest evidence of carrying on a "long firm" business. They had taken a house in Carnarvon and obtained goods from London firms by clever misrepresentation, and had no idea of being argued out of crime that brought good returns. It is the old story, "Can the leopard change his spots? etc.," and again I say the moral is, "Catch them young." In many public addresses I denounced the system of allowing children to grow up in the gutter and then hanging or transporting them for following the *trade* they were brought up to. I use the word *trade*, as it is so regarded by its practitioners.

SERJEANT TADDY.

In the year 1835–6 my brother-in-law, Mr. Morgan, was High Sheriff of the county of Carnarvon, and the Judge who was to have held the March Assizes, was not able to come, and Serjeant Taddy, one of the Serjeants-at-law, was commissioned to go the Circuit in his stead. In those days the grand jury was always composed of the gentlemen of the county, who always arrived the day before, the High Sheriff giving a great dinner. People sat very late at dinners in those days, and the Under-Sheriff, who was rather addicted to long sittings, seems to have been unusually incapacitated on this occasion. The next morning the Judge found no Sheriff, no carriage or javelin men awaiting him, and walked from the lodgings, then in Castle Square, to the Court, and opened the Assizes. Before long there was a blast of trumpets, and the noise of carriage wheels, and into court came the High Sheriff. Upon which Serjeant Taddy rose and said, "I fine the High Sheriff of the county of Carnarvon £50." Mr. Morgan bowed and took his seat in the High Sheriff's box, an appendage of the old Court House. The following Friday, being Good Friday, the Court did not sit, and the High Sheriff took the Judge for a drive in the country, and as they journeyed Mr. Morgan said, "My lord, about that £50 you have fined me," but before he got any further the learned Serjeant said, "My dear Sir, make your mind perfectly easy on that subject. I had no idea of enforcing it; I know all about it, you gave a great dinner the night before, and that little Under-Sheriff of yours got drunk and did not appear in time in the morning. Where did you get that little man?" The "little man" was really acting as deputy of the actual Under-Sheriff. It is said, "that he who fights and runs away shall live to fight another day." This "little man," despite his weakness for liquor, lived for many years after, and I have seen him at some of the numerous public dinners at elections, and other occasions, get drunk, slip quietly off his chair, straight down feet first under the table, and go to sleep without attracting

any general attention, and in an hour or so quietly re-appear on his chair and get drunk again.

BARON BOLLAND.

At the following Assizes the Judge was Baron Bolland, who was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1829, and after ten years' admirable service on the Bench had unfortunately to resign in 1839 owing to extreme ill-health, and died in 1840. He was a man of considerable erudition, a very handsome dignified man, and a most kindly mannered and an able Judge. Mr. Morgan happened to tell him of his mishap the previous year, and when he had got to the fining of £50 the Baron said—"What! and in borrowed boots?" but when he heard the rest of the story of the excusal of the fine he laughed and said that of course Serjeant Taddy as the Commissioner of Assize possessed every power of a more permanent Judge, and the walking to Court was of course an unheard-of affair, and might be very awkward in any period of excitement.

For a great number of years the post of Clerk of the Crown, recently vacated by Mr. Henry Crompton, the son of the late Mr. Justice Crompton, was filled by Mr. Lloyd, the grandfather of Sir Horatio Lloyd, the present County Court Judge, who has evidently won the esteem of the public and practitioners. Mr. Lloyd was a remarkably gentlemanly old man, always most neatly and carefully correct in his dress, and he always had a bunch of flowers before him in Court. One of his sons, Mr. Watson Lloyd, had been a lieutenant in the Navy and had a cork leg. After losing his leg he accompanied his father for some years on the Circuit, and became quite competent for the post of Clerk of the Crown. He was a man of singularly pleasant manners, and as full of fun as a midshipman. He was a delightful companion, and when I arrived at years of discretion—that is if I ever did—he and I became fast friends, and he was my guest at many of our Regattas, and I visited him at his house at Park Gate. His drollery on that and all other occasions amused me much; as I was a life-boat volunteer and Rear

Commodore of the R.W.Y. Club, he thought I would like the smell of tar, and he placed a ball of spun yarn on a chest of drawers in my bedroom which scented the whole room, and being fond of tar I enjoyed the smell as well as the joke. Not so, however, Grindrod, the then Commodore of the Mersey Yacht Club; he had the same luxury supplied to his bedroom on another occasion by our mutual friend, and not appreciating it threw it out of the window. But to return to the Assize reminiscences. The contrast between the two Lloyds and the other official called the Associate was singularly marked. He was a man with a broad Cheshire accent, and used to make the drollest hash of names imaginable. In the county of Merioneth where Mr. Hugh Pugh of Rug (pronounced Pew and Reage) was always on the grand jury, the Associate used in calling over the grand jurors' names, to call "*Hug Pug* of *Rug*, Esq." At Carnarvon, Captain *Simeon Peter Boileau*, an old military officer, resident in the town, was almost always on the grand jury, and the Associate mangled his name into "*Simon Peter Below*, Esq." His voice was loud and gruff, and it was most amusing to any one having any appreciation of the ludicrous to listen to him. Mr. Jervis frequently took a rise out of him, and at one Assize on the hearing of a breach of promise case there was a love letter abounding in French quotations to be read. It was to Jervis's client's interest that the letter should appear as ridiculous and as incomprehensible as possible. When the letter was put in, the opposite Counsel was about to read it, but Mr. Jervis claimed to have it read by the proper officer of the Court. Accordingly the Associate proceeded to do so. The letter commenced with the words, "My dear love." The Associate commenced, "Moi dear luve;" he got on pretty well until he arrived at a French quotation, then he came to a dead stop. After waiting some little time the Judge ordered him to go on, and he recommenced with "Moi dear luve," and halted again. The Judge after waiting awhile, wondering at the delay, rather angrily said, "Pray go on, Mr. Evans." Poor old Evans, after in vain stumbling over the words, looked round and said, "My lord, there's a crace in it"

(meaning a crease). The ruse was of course seen through, and the Bar leading the laugh, the audience joined in it. The French quotation was a little too much for Mr. Evans.

When the elder Mr. Lloyd had grown old and his son, Mr. Watson Lloyd, had thoroughly learned the work to be done, Mr. Justice Cresswell was holding the Assizes at Carnarvon, and Mr. Lloyd, senior, called on him at the Judges' lodgings. He reminded his lordship that he (Mr. Lloyd) had grown very old in the service, and that his son had quite mastered the business, and asked to be allowed to resign in his favour. The Judge, putting on a very serious look, replied, " Mr. Lloyd, I cannot allow any man to resign in favour of another," and then relaxing his features into a pleasant smile, he added, " but I think if you resign you will run no risk." The old gentleman took the hint, and the Judge (in whose gift the post was) appointed Mr. Watson Lloyd, and many a pleasant hour I spent with him on many occasions here, at Beaumaris, at Carnarvon and elsewhere. He had excellent power of mimicry. His imitation of the singing of the old salts when he was in the Navy was admirable :

> Farewell and adi*ew* to ye Spanish ladies,
> Farewell and adi*ew* to ye ladies of Spain,
> We've received fresh orders to sail for old England,
> But in a short time we shall see you again, &c.

His imitation of the Welsh harp too was irresistibly droll, and I recollect an old friend of mine who was visiting at Parkia declaring that he had never witnessed anything more droll. Dear kind old soul, I am always glad I did not accept the last invitation I received from him to stay at his house near Park Gate. His letter said he would meet me with his dog cart at the Hop Pole Hotel in Chester, but I wrote to say I could not go. He drove there to meet another guest and died there in a fit, and I was spared the intense pain of witnessing the sudden end of so kind a friend.

MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL.

During one of Mr. Justice Cresswell's Assizes at Carnarvon, he tried Rowlands, the man accused of murdering his fellow watchman over the stores of the contractors for the Britannia Bridge. The stores of a man called Boly were repeatedly robbed, and one night Rowlands rushed into the nearest house to the works, which extended for about a mile along the Vaynol shore. He was apparently in great haste and said, "Come quickly, they have robbed Boly's stores and have killed Roberts." The murdered man was addicted to drink, and the theory of the prosecution was that both men were plunderers of the stores and that Rowlands had reason to fear that Roberts would let it out when in liquor, and thought it prudent to close his tongue for ever. The principal evidence against him was this. The two men lived on the Anglesey side of the Straits, and crossed in a boat to and from the works on the Carnarvonshire side. The toll-keeper of the Menai Bridge, who is stationed on the Carnarvon side, deposed to the fact that a man whom he afterwards identified as the prisoner crossed the bridge from the Anglesey side, paid for passing through, and disappeared for a short time. Very soon after he had passed through the toll-gate the witness heard the breaking of a branch of a tree in the wood on the Carnarvonshire side, and the prisoner directly after passed back through the toll-gate towards the Anglesey side, carrying a large branch, and as he passed through he said in Welsh, "My head has not spared my heels," leaving it of course to be understood that after going to the Carnarvonshire side he had recollected something he had previously forgotten, and had to go back. Those who know the beautiful Menai Bridge will be aware that the pillars have very large projecting ornaments abreast of the two roadways. One of these pillars on the Anglesey side is built on a rock, between which and the mainland in Anglesey there is a water passage. On this rock were found several articles of clothing stolen from Boly's stores. The prosecution naturally suggested that the prisoner had thrown the clothes over, and it not being very light in the

early morning had not noticed the large ornamental projecting stones when he threw them, as he had supposed, into the sea, and that being afraid of going out on the projecting ornament when he saw they were resting upon it, he got the branch of a tree and pushed them off, but they fell on the rock, where they were found. The summing up of the Judge was a masterpiece of clever dealing with the subject. The prisoner was acquitted. And when in recent years the trial of Mrs. Maybrick caused so much excitement, some idiot who argued himself into a belief of her innocence adduced this case as a proof of the danger of circumstantial evidence, and stated, what was untrue, that another man had confessed on his death-bed that he had murdered the man. Mr. Justice Cresswell had a somewhat abrupt and unpleasant manner. When he could not keep up in writing his notes with the questions of Counsel, he would say, "Stop." At the Liverpool Assizes Mr. Henry James, the eminent Counsel, was a little ahead, and his lordship called "Stop." Mr. James went on, and the Judge said, "Did you not hear me, Mr. James?" "I heard your lordship very distinctly," was the reply; "but I of course concluded that you were issuing orders to some servant of the Court." He was afterwards appointed Judge of the Divorce Court, and gave great satisfaction, I believe. I happened to go into the Court one day, when it was quite a new thing, and chanced to be standing next to some barrister who was also standing in the body of the Court by my side, and I remarked to him that I wondered Sir Cresswell Cresswell had preferred it to the post he had filled of a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and his reply amused me much. "You see," he said, "he is sole Judge in this Court, and there are people who would rather reign in hell than exist in heaven." At that time the Divorce Court was new and had not attained its subsequent dignity.

LORD ABINGER.

Amongst the eminent Judges one remembers of past days, Lord Abinger (formerly the great advocate Sir James Scarlett) came the North Wales Circuit. There was an amusing accident or mistake at the Judges' lodgings at Welshpool which I learnt from Mr. Welsby, but cannot well retail in these pages. Unfortunately his lordship when on this Circuit was the victim of a painful and incurable disease, having cancer over his left eye, which finally closed his career. I have no recollection of any particular trial before him.

LORD DENMAN.

On two occasions, if I am not mistaken, Lord Denman, the Lord Chief Justice of England, came the North Wales Circuit, and on one occasion, in the Summer Assizes, 1840, he tried a very interesting case of forgery. A man of the name of Cadwaladr Lewis, who built the village of Ebenezer, or Clwtybont, near the Llanberis quarries, committed a forgery, and at that time there was no county police force and only some plain clothes constables in the town. A warrant was issued for the culprit's apprehension, and the wrong man taken into custody. My father had a dinner-party at Parkia on the day of the apprehension, and as the only two county magistrates living in Carnarvon were both dining here the person apprehended was brought by his captor to Parkia. In those days remands and committals could be done in private houses. My brother, the late Mr. Thomas Turner, who was then a young man living at home, at once recognised the prisoner as a very respectable man living at Bontnewydd, about two miles from Carnarvon, and not the same name as the accused, and he was of course liberated. It was a singular mistake to make, considering that the man taken into custody had a very large "port wine" mark on his face, and there was no such mark on the face of the real offender. It was unaccountable too that a man accustomed to apprehensions should have taken a man with such a mark, and who was a regular attendant at Carnarvon

market. The case presents many curious features, and has given rise to many discussions as to the ruling of Lord Denman on a point of law which arose in the case, and is dealt with in all the works on Criminal Law under the title of Forgery. The guilt of Cadwaladr Lewis was very distinctly proved, and he was transported for a long period; having after some years' service of his sentence received a ticket of leave in Australia, where he forged the names of two persons in Carnarvon, namely Mr. John Lloyd, architect, and County Surveyor, and Mr. Thomas Jones, brazier. This is one of vast numbers of criminal cases that have come within my cognisance which prove how rarely the conversion of old offenders is effected, and I regret to say I *never met with one.*

This case of Cadwaladr Lewis, which in recognised legal works comes under the heading of "Well knowing the same to be forged," reminds me of a droll incident, as far as I remember about twenty years ago. The learned Judge of Assize and the leaders of the Bar were dining here, and I had been the foreman of the Grand Jury. Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., said after dinner, "Sir Llewelyn, how in the world came you to throw out the count for forgery and only return a true bill for uttering in that indictment for forging and uttering to-day?" I replied, quoting some of the words of the grand jurors' oath—"'The Queen's counsel, your fellows and your own you shall observe and keep secret.' *I* did not throw it out." "Well," said the Judge, "that is the most ingenious plea of 'not guilty' I ever heard." I hope I am not violating the oath at this distance of time by stating that I had put it to the grand jury that there was a clear case for a true bill *on both counts*, namely, that for forgery and that for uttering, but to my surprise two gentlemen of the grand jury proposed to throw out the count for forging, saying, there was no one called to prove that he had forged it, and only find the count for uttering, and to my further surprise, *one* grand juror only supported the view of the law I propounded, although I very distinctly pointed out that the law, as laid down in numerous cases, was that when a man went about uttering forged documents the onus of proof that he was

not the forger lay upon him; and that while men do summon people to witness their wills, they do not summon their kinsfolk or acquaintances to see them forge a document, but do it secretly; it is in nearly all cases therefore proved by evidence of facts from which the jury may presume it. There was ample evidence to presume, and there had been no attempt on the part of the prisoner to prove that any one else had done it. Possibly this may come under the eye of some future grand jury who may be content to leave the question of guilt to the Judge and jury and to find a bill on *primâ facie* evidence, which is all a grand jury requires. I was talking this matter over the other day with a gentleman who often serves upon the grand jury, and he reminded me of a case in which also I had been the foreman, and in which a grand juror proposed to throw out the bill because there was no person answering to the name written by the prisoner, therefore according to his argument there could be no offence in writing a fictitious name. Fortunately the law, in this case at all events, is not as once described by Mr. Bumble, "a hass." The bill was found and the prisoner convicted and sentenced for the common offence of defrauding a bank by producing a document of the nature of which the law says, "that whether the name forged be that of a merely fictitious person who never existed or of a person actually existing is wholly immaterial." "It is as much a forgery in the one case as in the other, provided the fictitious name be assumed for the purpose of fraud in the particular instance in question. So also the signing of a bill of exchange in the name of a non-existing firm."

Grand juries are often reminded by Judges that they are not called upon to try prisoners, but simply to ascertain whether there is sufficient evidence to put them on their trial to answer the charge; yet singular propositions of the kind I have mentioned will sometimes crop up. As I am not going to mention names I cannot be accused, I hope, of violating the grand jurors' oath by now mentioning a case of the opposite kind, where I felt it my duty, as foreman of the grand jury, strenuously, but unsuccessfully, to *oppose* the finding of a bill. A very curious case was tried in a

County Court in one of the towns of this county before Sir Horatio Lloyd. At this moment I forget whether his judgment was in favour of the plantiff or of the defendant; that is, however, immaterial so far as what follows is concerned. The *losing party* applied to a magistrate and obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the *winning party* on the charge of his having committed perjury in his evidence in the County Court, and the magistrate who granted the warrant sat on the case and committed the accused for trial. He was also on the grand jury of which I was foreman. Having heard the evidence, I expressed a very decided opinion that the evidence was very far from such as to justify a conviction even in an ordinary case; but that in this case a Judge of Assize would never sanction the conviction of a man who, having been the plaintiff or defendant in a County Court action, had been successful, the judgment of the County Court Judge being tantamount to a declaration that he was the witness of truth. In reply to this the magistrate who had committed the accused said that *had he tried the case* in the County Court he would have decided for the other party, who was now prosecuting. The evidence offered to the grand jury was the same as that upon which the accused had won his case in the County Court. Strange to say, only one man supported my contention, and he was the oldest magistrate in the county. The bill was found, and when the Judge—Lord Justice Baggallay—heard the prosecutor's evidence he stopped the case, directing the jury to acquit the prisoner on the grounds I have mentioned. I name these cases out of no disrespect for the opinions of others, but to show that it is well to be guided by settled principles. The magistrate who had committed the prisoner and was so positive as to his guilt, was an honest and honourable man, but showed on a variety of occasions that he laboured under the singular delusion that he knew far more law than any Judge. I recollect on one occasion his astonishing my weak mind by a very remarkable criticism of the address to the grand jury of one of the most clear-headed and able Judges on the Bench; and I remember another occasion when there was a

meeting of some of the county justices (of which he and I formed a part) I said that the matter was one which the Home Secretary would have to decide, and he stated, "*that we were above the Home Secretary*," a statement the fallacy of which was self-evident, as we should very soon have found had we "tried conclusions" with that important official on the point.

Returning to the cases tried by Lord Denman at Carnarvon in the year 1840, one was a charge of murder against the master of a small vessel carrying limestone to Carnarvon. The accused had killed his wife just before the Assizes, but the jury, with the sanction of the Judge, found him guilty of manslaughter, and he got off with a term of twelve months' imprisonment. His lordship at these Assizes tried two serious charges of burglary, one committed at the mansion of Pendyffryn, near Conway, which was then the property of Mr. Smith, the brother of General Sir Charles Felix Smith, who succeeded to it on the death of his brother, and on his death it was sold to the late Mr. Darbishire, who subsequently filled the office of High Sheriff of this county. The other burglary was at Treborth, near Menai Bridge, then occupied by Mrs. Drew, a lady of remarkable kindness and most charitable disposition, whose liberality to the poor was proverbial. The prisoners, three in number, were part of an organised gang of burglars, who, having ascertained that Wales was very unprotected by any anti-thief and robber organisation, determined to try it. It appears from their statement to the governor of Carnarvon Gaol, prior to their leaving it for Australia to serve their term of transportation, that the gang consisted of five men, the three prisoners to "burgle," one of the others to follow some trade at Carnarvon, and the other at Menai Bridge to dispose of the "swag," and the latter to get rid of it by steamer from the Menai Bridge to Liverpool. They mentioned that this house (Parkia) and Llanfair had been examined, but the number of dogs at this house and some obstacle on the night they visited Llanfair kept them off for the time. They also stated that their practice was to visit houses, and "burgle" them if any special circumstances favoured the

operation on the night of inspection ; if not, the visit was to enable their plans to be laid for another occasion. With regard to Pendyffryn they robbed that on the inspection night in these circumstances. At one o'clock, while they were carrying on their examination, a back or side door was opened, and the three men were at the time behind a large bush of evergreens close to that door, and there they stood quiet for some time, quite near to, but divided from a servant-girl and her sweetheart, whom she was letting out of the house. The two lovers remained about a quarter of an hour or so, talking by the door, and the sweetheart kissed her and went away, and the girl returned into the house and bolted the door. It was a perfectly still night, and she had brought a candle with her, by the light of which the burglars saw that a small window of a lavatory was left open. They told the governor before they left the gaol for Van Diemen's Land that they gave the girl one hour to go into a sound sleep, which was the usual time allowed by burglars, and then the small man of the party entered the house through the lavatory window and opened the door through which the lovers had come out, and the two other men then entered, and they were rewarded by a large haul of silver plate. Two of them were powerfully made men who had deserted from the army and adopted this trade, and the third was a sharp little scoundrel who could get into houses through a very small aperture. The three men were apprehended in one of the mountain passes, Nant Ffrangcon, if I remember rightly, with a donkey-cart and a lot of silver vessels in it. I do not recollect any of the facts of the breaking into Mrs. Drew's house, except the loss of her plate, etc. ; but it would be difficult to forget one piece of evidence given upon the trial—that of Mrs. Drew's *blind* butler, whose hat they had stolen, and which was found in the donkey-cart with other stolen property. The blind butler excited the greatest interest in Court at the Assizes ; he was asked by the Counsel for the prosecution if he had lost his hat on the night in question and could identify it. It was then handed to him, and he felt it all over and identified it, no one doubting the truthfulness of the man. Mrs. Drew, an Irish lady, was

a model of kindness, and her works of charity "were known of all men." The prisoners were found guilty; and the dignified demeanour, the clear voice, and impressive tones and manner of the learned Judge in passing sentence were remarked on all sides at the trial; but the contrast between the dignity of Lord Denman and the response of the prisoners was laughable. One of them immediately on the conclusion of the sentence said, "Thank you, my lord; you are sending us to a Christian country where we shall have a fine black wife apiece." In retiring to the prison they indulged in the recreation of giving the turnkey, Hugh Jones (whom I well remember), a couple of black eyes, a somewhat unusual proceeding for men who had to be to a certain extent at his mercy until their removal to transportation. Apropos of Sir Charles Felix Smith, who, as already stated, subsequently lived at Pendyffryn, the late Lord Penrhyn told me that he (Sir Charles) was the original of Trevanion, mentioned in one of Lever's admirable novels, the incidents of which it is stated were perfectly true. I venture, as all my readers may not have read the story, and others who may have forgotten it, to recite it. After the battle of Waterloo, when the English and the other allied armies were in the occupation of Paris, the defeated French officers, who were splendid pistol-shots, took every possible opportunity of insulting the English officers and challenging them to fight, trusting to their own firing accuracy, and many officers were shot in the moat or ditch where the duels took place. There was a particular restaurant in Paris where the English officers resorted very much, and they were constantly insulted there. Trevanion was very ill for some time, but as soon as he was sufficiently recovered he went to the restaurant, and seating himself at a small table called for a newspaper and a cup of coffee. The paper was brought, and a big bullying French officer, who was sitting at a table close by, snatched it out of his hand and sat down reading it. Trevanion took no notice, and the English officers present looked on in wonder at him, who was considered a champion, suffering such an indignity, and thought that his late illness had deprived him of his nerve, but they were

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPBELL

Lord Chief Justice of England

mistaken. The coffee was delivered and the Frenchman took it away and resumed his paper, and after a brief deliberation Trevanion slowly rose from his seat, and with each hand seized the French officer by the upper and lower jaw, opening his mouth wide, spat down his throat, and in the operation broke his lower jaw. There were no more insults and no more duels. My recital may be wrong in a few particulars, but if there are any they can be of no importance, as it is forty or fifty years since I read the story, and a great many since I heard who the officer was. I had a slight acquaintance with Sir Charles Felix Smith, who used to attend the Yacht Club balls at Carnarvon with the first, and afterwards with the second Lady Smith, and I recollect I had a small correspondence with him, but I forget what it was about. The particularly cool, quiet, and unruffled way in which he would sometimes move about would quite reconcile one to the description of the deliberate move upon the French officer during the occupation of Paris. I never was at Pendyffryn, but had the very great intellectual treat of corresponding on more than one literary subject with the late Mrs. Darbishire when she resided there. Her style stamped her as a lady of no common order of thought, and one who was very far from being behind the times. Mrs. Darbishire was the mother of Mr. Arthur and Mr. Charles Darbishire, two magistrates of this county at the present time.

LORD CAMPBELL.

Amongst the Judges who came the North Wales Circuit more than forty years ago was Lord Campbell, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who tried the unfortunate man who was known as " Jack Swan " for the Roe murder. The facts were briefly these. He enticed a lad who was a pupil-teacher in the British School to go rabbit-shooting with him to a lonely spot in the mountains between Llanrwst and Penmaenmawr, and walking behind shot him in the back of the head, and packed the body in between some huge boulders of which a vast number have been deposited by some convulsion of nature in a small gully or pit on very

high ground. The boy had a silver watch and a few pieces of silver money. The watch was not worth much more than a few shillings, and therefore the gain for which, as it proved, the prisoner sacrificed his own and the boy's life was very small. Two nights prior to his execution the prisoner told the turnkey who sat up with him that he had shot the boy, but that he had done it at the instigation of a man of the name of William Jones, whose son, the prisoner said, had tried for the post of pupil-teacher, which had been won by the deceased. The prisoner's story was that William Jones offered him (the accused) £3 10s. if he would shoot the lad, so that his son might get the place. The turnkey of course communicated the story to the governor of the prison, who at once sent an account of it to Lord Newborough, who was then the Chairman of the Visiting Justices. A warrant was immediately granted for the apprehension of William Jones, and he was brought to the prison, and in a room below what was then the condemned cell the prisoner was confronted with William Jones. The prisoner was sworn and deposed upon oath to the truth of his story, which the magistrates felt no doubt or difficulty in pronouncing to be false, and William Jones was discharged, and very properly informed by the Justices that he left the prison without a stain upon his character. It was painful to hear the statement of the prisoner made within sound of the hammering in preparation for his execution. He asked the governor to send for me the night before he was hanged, and I went to his cell about eight o'clock, P.M., and he talked about the matter. I entreated of him that as he had to die next morning he should not leave this world with a lie upon his lips, and that if he had told any falsehood he should unbosom himself of the truth, and especially free William Jones from the false charge he had made against him. This he readily did, and said that he had not intended to destroy William Jones, but that he had thought to preserve his own life until the next Carnarvonshire Assizes, when William Jones would have been tried upon the charge he (Jack Swan) had falsely made against him. His case amply proves the impropriety and wickedness—for it is

nothing less—of concealing confessions. When a man is executed for murder it is of course a great satisfaction to the witnesses for the prosecution that the prisoner confesses his guilt; and when he confesses they should have the benefit of it, for although people of good understanding who knew the facts would not believe the story the prisoner had told, many would be found who would have a lurking suspicion of guilt which the confession of course removed. The tower in the upper story of which the prisoner was confined is now the place of execution, where the permanent machine is kept. But the floor of the upper story was removed some years ago—unwisely, I think, as a useful room was lost. It is the only remaining portion of the old prison which my agitation was the cause of demolishing, the new one being built on the site. The tower is a part of the old town wall.

SIR JOHN JERVIS,

Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Sir John Jervis, of whom mention has been made in these pages, when he was at the Bar came this Circuit on one occasion when a young woman from Llanddeiniolen was charged with poisoning her father with arsenic. They lived alone and saw few other people, and a post-mortem examination very clearly proved that the father died from arsenical poisoning. Being confined to the house he could not have gone anywhere to obtain the poison, but there was no evidence of the accused having purchased arsenic, and the Judge wisely advised the grand jury to throw out the bill, explaining that if tried and acquitted she could not be tried again; but that if the bill were thrown out and any fresh evidence was forthcoming, she could be placed upon her trial. The bill was of course thrown out, and this ended all that I ever heard of her. I have very little recollection of any other incident at these Assizes connected with the advent of Sir John Jervis as Lord Chief Justice beyond the fact of an address presented to him on this occasion, since he had been so long leader of the North Wales Circuit.

A curious incident is well known with regard to another trial over which he presided. A man was being tried for cheating by "thimble-rigging." A policeman professed to show how the cheating was done, but the Chief Justice, who had when at the Bar paid a thimble-rigger for teaching him how it was done, told the police officer to hand the tackle to him, and demonstrated at once to the jury how the trick was worked.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE EARLE.

This learned Judge, when Mr. Justice Earle and afterwards when Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was evidently fond of the North Wales Circuit, and his exceeding kindness and patience were very pleasing to all who came in contact with him.

I recollect on one occasion he sat until near eleven at night at Carnarvon, on the day fixed for opening the Commission of Assize at Beaumaris, to finish a heavy list at the former place, and had to hurry to Beaumaris to open the Assizes there before midnight. I remember a somewhat unusual criminal case tried before him at Carnarvon Assizes on one occasion, that of a man who, having taken a house at or near Portmadoc, put the doors and windows and all the woodwork he could lay hands on to the uses of warming and cooking, rendering the house unfit for habitation. There was at that time a man of the name of Will Ellis, an idiot at Portmadoc, who, notwithstanding his defect of intellect, could say most witty things. To the surprise of every one, Will walked straight up into the witness-box and deliberately shut the door. It was the old Court, and there was a witness-box with steps leading up to it. Will wore a large calf-skin waistcoat that reached down to the bottom of his stomach, and carried a long stick nearly as high as his shoulders with a shepherd's crook, and was apparently going to deliver an oration in favour of the prisoner; but the Judge, seeing what he was, gently and in his usual kind way ordered his removal. The prisoner was convicted on clear evidence.

A droll instance of Will Ellis' wit took place at an election where he appeared with the Liberal colours hanging from his hat. He was accosted by a clergyman, who was a magistrate, in very angry terms. The magistrate, who was incumbent of *two* parishes, asked Will how he, being a pauper kept by the parish, dared to interfere in the election, and to go about with colours on his hat, adding that being a guardian of the poor he would have his relief stopped. Will was too much for him, and replied, "Well indeed, Mr. ——, it is quite true that the parish does keep me, but it only take one parish to do it, and it take two parish to keep you." Sydney Smith or Dean Cotton could not have replied in a wittier manner. Will's head shook naturally when he spoke, and the shake of his head added pungency to his wit.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL.

After a very large practice at the Bar Sir William Bovill filled the post of Solicitor-General, and was promoted to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It was my good fortune to enjoy his friendship for many years until his death, and he several times came the North Wales Circuit, and often went sailing with me. I received great kindness and attention in London from him and Lady Bovill.

During the time that the Tichborne trial was going on I enjoyed the very great pleasure of staying with him and Lady Bovill at Coombe Wood from Saturday to Monday, and a most charming visit it was. That exceedingly genial Judge Vice-Chancellor Malins and Mr. Kenyon, the Chairman of the Shropshire Quarter Sessions (a descendant of the Lord Chief Justice Kenyon), were the other guests. The house was that of Lady Bovill's brother, lent to the Chief Justice, and was itself a place of great interest, having been the property of Lord Liverpool, and in it he had entertained the great European Deliverer after the Battle of Waterloo, and a very handsome dwelling I found it. I never heard the eleventh commandment until then, when the Chief Justice told me, "Thou shalt not be found out." He also repeated

the droll lines that came out at the time of the Tichborne trial:

> O, have you heard the Tichborne case is done,
> And Chief Justice Bovill proved to be Sir Roger Tichborne's son?

This trial was adjourned over the Summer Assize when the Chief came this Circuit with Lady Bovill. I had arranged to take them from Carnarvon to Beaumaris by water, and to breakfast with them at the Judges' lodgings; but although it was the height of summer, the darkness when I got into the lodgings about eight o'clock A.M., was extraordinary, and the thunder, lightning, and rain exceedingly great. The yacht was abandoned, and they went by land, but, as so often happens in that pleasant hunting-ground Anglesey, there was no business, so we sailed about the Menai Straits and Beaumaris all the next day.

At the Assizes of Flintshire of the previous year the Lord Chief Justice had had to try and sentence some rioters who had violently stoned from a bridge a small military force sent to guard other rioters who had been guilty of violence, and at the Flintshire Assizes following those of which I have been speaking, a representation was made to his lordship that the county had returned to normal quietness, and he agreed to recommend the final pardon of the offenders, who were let off from further punishment on the Judge's recommendation.

On one occasion they stayed at Plas Llanfair with Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, and I had the pleasure of passing two or three pleasant days with them there, as there was no civil or criminal business at Beaumaris. We visited the bridges, and the Chief Justice related to us a fact which Lady Bovill had mentioned to me some years before. When the Lord Chief Justice was a young barrister, he made a tour in North Wales during the long vacation, and went to see the Menai Bridge. Lady Bovill, then Miss Barnwell, was doing the same thing in a travelling carriage with her uncle. It so happened that they saw each other for the first time on the bridge, and when Mr. Bovill saw her he said, "That is my wife." After subsequent introduction she became his

(*Watkins, photo, London*)

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL

wife, and the mother of a very large family. She was a very handsome woman, and stayed with us at Parkia a few years after her husband's death.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS.

As this most agreeable Judge has been mentioned I may as well recount one or two anecdotes that may not be uninteresting. On my Coombe Wood visit, as always, the Vice-Chancellor was most pleasant. I recollect his telling me after dinner that, during his career at the Bar and on the Bench, he could not remember any case that gave him so much trouble as a Chancery suit tried by him between two contractors of the Carnarvon and Llanberis railway, the figures and the various ramifications of which, he said, had bothered him to an unusual degree.

There is a most amusing story told of a smart remark he made. His Court was next to that of Vice-Chancellor Bacon, and during the hearing of a case before Vice-Chancellor Malins a woman threw an egg at him, on which the Judge, at once addressing the Bar, said, "It must have been intended for my brother *Bacon*."

LORD BRAMWELL.

My first acquaintance with Baron afterwards Lord Bramwell, was some years before he was raised to the Bench. I and some other members of my family were interested in an important suit, our leading Counsel being Sir Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chancellor Chelmsford, Mr. Bramwell being the leading Counsel on the other side.

I was staying with a very old friend of my father in the outskirts of London waiting for the hearing of the case by the full Court of Queen's Bench of a legal point reserved for their decision by Mr. Justice Maule, which involved considerable delay, as for three weeks the two big guns could not be found in the same Court at once. My kind host took me down in his carriage frequently to Westminster Hall in

the morning, and one day we chanced to meet Mr. Bramwell in the Great Hall. My host, who was a friend of his, introduced me to him, saying, "This is Mr. Turner, one of the gentlemen who are interested in the case of, etc." "Well," said Mr. Bramwell, "I suppose, Mr. Turner, the case is so-and-so, is it not ?" putting playfully his version. "Well, Sir," I said, "I suppose it is so-and-so," putting my version: "but I have been in London three weeks and it seems quite impossible to get Sir Frederick Thesiger and Mr. Bramwell into the Queen's Bench Court on the same day." He very kindly said at once, "Well, if you find Sir Frederick Thesiger in the Queen's Bench and I am not there, look into the Common Pleas and Exchequer Courts, and the Parliamentary Committee Rooms; and if I am not in either, if you will just knock at the door of my house I will be in Court at once, for in these days of great legal changes I have come to the conclusion that the nearer a man lives to his business the better, and have taken a house close to the Abbey." However, the search became unnecessary, as the two leaders both met. The case was argued before the *full* Court of Queen's Bench, and unanimously decided in our favour. It did not then occur to me that Lord Bramwell would in later years become a great friend of mine. On two particular occasions I had the gratification of hearing from others of the most kind and complimentary terms in which he had spoken of me, after he became a Judge; and when some years after I received the honour of knighthood his was one of the first letters of congratulation which I received. As it was very characteristic of the man, a part of it I append; and his was my first congratulation as to my coming marriage:

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I congratulate you on the honour you have received, not that I suppose you care to have 'Sir' before your name, but I have no doubt that you are pleased with this public recognition of your worth and public services, and a very reasonable pleasure it is. I was knighted fifteen years ago." [Then follow some amusing and characteristic remarks as to the fees, and his own and Mr. Justice Maule's action with regard to them when they were

(*London Stereoscopic Co., photo, London*)

BARON BRAMWELL

knighted.] "Anyhow, long life and prosperity to you to enjoy your new honour.

"Yours,

"G. BRAMWELL."

I always regarded Baron Bramwell as one of the most manly, straightforward of men, whose hatred of a lie was intense. I have noticed his face redden when he was satisfied that a witness was not telling the truth, and it was easy to judge from his manner that he regarded every sort of *sham* as a form of untruth. On one occasion, when holding the Assizes in the old County Hall at Carnarvon, I *saw* him express his strong doubt of the truth of a witness. The witness-box in the old hall, as elsewhere stated, was to the right front of the Judge, and further off than the witnesses stand in the present hall. He had been carefully taking down the evidence of this witness, and after putting a few questions to him he slowly reached out his right hand with his pen in it, and with the greatest deliberation placed the pen at arm's length on the desk of the Bench, and took a most deliberate view of the witness, and at the end of about half a minute or so he with the same deliberation slowly reached his pen, all the while looking at the witness, and at last told him to go on. The examination was resumed. It struck me that the witness was a good deal more careful in the rest of his evidence after the silent caution he had received.

On another occasion when I was to have taken him for a sail, the yacht was not ready, and we went in a four-oared gig, and as we were going towards Belan Fort and the Gap, and had got about half-way, Mr. York, his Marshal, and his brother, then Mr., but now and for many years past Sir Frederick Bramwell, Bart., both said they had been that far the previous day in a hired boat and had seen the Orme's Head from there. I said that was a mistake, as the Orme's Head could not be seen. The Baron said he could not understand why it should not be visible from there, as we were nearing one end of the Menai Straits and the Orme's Head was at the other. I then appealed to the master of the

yacht, who was pulling the stroke oar of the gig, and to my astonishment he said that it could be seen from there, so that I was in a minority of one. However, the next day I had my revenge amply ; the yacht being ready, I took them to Beaumaris in her, and when the yacht's bowsprit was pointing towards Vaynol Park, we being off Lord Boston's house, I said, " Baron, will you kindly show me the Orme's Head ? " Then seeing the great bend in the Straits and the high land of Vaynol and Bryntirion, he at once said, " Mr. York, Mr. Bramwell, we must make an abject apology to the Commodore ; we contradicted him yesterday upon his own business, and now we must retract and eat humble pie." Addressing the master, he said, " What made you tell us yesterday that the Orme's Head was visible from the south end of the Straits where we were ? " " I thought you meant from the hill of Dwyran in Anglesey, my lord," he said, but nobody had mentioned the hill of Dwyran. As we were going under the Menai Bridge I was coming up out of the cabin and heard the Baron asking the master, " Is that a yacht or a fishing-vessel ? " " A fishing-vessel, my lord," was the reply. I knew the vessel well, and told him it was the *Bacchante*, an eighty-ton cutter belonging to Mr. Heywood Jones, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, but she had a long trawl net hanging up from her masthead to dry. The Baron said, " As that was the second mistake the master had made," he would rely on the Commodore for his information in the future.

On another occasion I took the Baron to Beaumaris in a gun-boat, of which a friend of mine was in command, as he was bound for that end of the Straits. There was a young surveying officer on board, and his papers that he had to study were on the cabin table. To my surprise the Baron took out his pencil and a piece of paper and at once unravelled all the mysteries of algebra and the other sciences.

The late Canon Trevor of York told me an amusing and characteristic anecdote about Lord Bramwell. His first Circuit as Judge was the Northern, and the calendar of crime at York was one of the worst in point of number and magnitude of crime ; amongst other cases was that of Dove

for the murder of his wife by *slow poisoning*. There was a singularly large number of doctors who had been summoned on the part of the prisoner to prove that he was insane. Many of them had never beheld the prisoner until they saw him in Court, but were to judge from what those who *had* seen him that his acts betokened insanity. Several of them quietly slunk out of Court when they heard part of the evidence, but the others remained and told their story. The case lasted until a late hour at night, and the prisoner was found guilty and was sentenced to death. Owing to the heavy calendar the Judge adjourned the Court to an early hour in the morning to enable him to get through his work, and Canon Trevor told me that he never regretted anything more than the fact that not one of the reporters had arrived to record the witty sarcasm of his lordship. The first prisoner put forward in the morning was a tailor, who pleaded guilty to some not very serious offence, and the Baron in passing a mild sentence availed himself of the opportunity of letting his opinion be known of the doctors who had given evidence the day before. Canon Trevor said he never heard a finer piece of sarcasm in his life. He began his sentence by expressing very great doubt as to the wisdom of any person accused of crime in the city of York pleading guilty when there was at the disposal of all persons accused of crime so large an array of medical talent to prove a prisoner to be insane, and the Canon said he took the best notes he could of a witty sentence lasting about ten minutes and bristling with well-deserved sarcasm. The case of Dove was that of a cold-blooded villain, who by slow and deliberate poisoning had murdered his wife.

Baron Bramwell had a very clear and decided but pleasing voice, and told a story well. I usually dined with him at the Carnarvon Assizes, and he had always something amusing to tell.

I recollect his trying a case at Beaumaris in which a butcher and his grandson were charged with sheep-stealing. The Baron ordered the boy from the dock into the witness-box, where he at first denied all knowledge of the robberies. Addressing the Counsel for the prosecution, the Baron said,

"Try him backwards." The Counsel evidently failed to understand his meaning; the Judge then took up the examination at the point at which the Counsel had arrived, and asked the boy what they did with the skin of the sheep. The witness was taken completely off his guard, and at once stated what had been done with it; after he had admitted that, the Counsel for the prosecution had no difficulty in eliciting from him backwards all the information he required, and the elder prisoner was convicted.

In this case a *reverend* gentleman with a very strong Welsh accent was called by the prisoner's Counsel as a witness to character, and the following amusing answers to questions were given.

"I believe, Mr. ——, you are the incumbent of —— ?"

"I am, Sare."

"I believe you were formerly in charge of the parish of ——, where the prisoner resided ?"

"Yes, Sir, I wass."

"How long have you known the prisoner ?"

"I have known him for a great many yearse."

"During the time you knew him what character did he bear ?"

"He bore the very best of cha-rac-ters, and I bought my mate (meat) from him for many yearse, and he alwayss give good weight. Indeet. I always say he wass give *too good weight*."

It goes without saying that a man who stole the sheep he sold could afford to do this. I forget what the sentence was, but no doubt the giving of *too good weight* had not the effect of reducing it, confirming as it did the belief that the prisoner was a veteran sheep-stealer.

This reverend divine had been at one time a great drunkard, and had charge of the parish where his sheep-stealing friend resided. As his then propensity for liquor did not commend him to the parishioners, a round robin signed by nearly all of them was presented to the Bishop of the diocese, setting forth his evil practices, and praying for his removal. The Bishop sent for him, and on his arrival at the Palace handed him the memorial to read, and asked for

his answer, with which he was well prepared, having heard of the charge against him. Well up to the mark, his reverence replied, "My lor*t*, there iss some great mistake, and if your lor*t*ship will let me have a copy of the paper, I will convince your lor*t*ship that I am well respected in the parish." "Oh, certainly, Mr. ——," said the Bishop, "you are of course entitled to have a copy and to defend yourself." Having obtained the copy with the signatures, he prepared a memorial setting forth the sanctity and sobriety of his life, and the high appreciation in which he was held. He then visited every one of those who had signed the memorial to the Bishop, few if any of whom in those days knew English. To each he told the same story. Commencing by acknowledging that he had been a great drunkard, and had sadly neglected his work, he said that he could not blame them for having complained to the Bishop; but he was quite sure that they had no desire to injure him, and as there was a living vacant in a distant part of Ireland which he could get if they would sign the paper he had brought with him, he could obtain it. They one and all said that they had no wish to injure him, and signed the memorial, in which his virtues were set forth in glowing colours, but not, I imagine, in the most pure English.

He took the memorial to the Bishop, who, finding it signed by every one of the same people who had signed the complaint, told him that since his parishioners did not know their own minds he found no ground to interfere. Considering, however, the *very few* miles that divided the parish blessed with so amiable a pastor from the episcopal city of Bangor, my readers will be apt to wonder why his lordship did not institute an inquiry of his own. The living in a distant part of Ireland was of course a myth, and the consistent parishioners enjoyed the society of this pious parson for many subsequent years. Between the period of his charge of the parish he so long blessed, and his obtaining the appointment he held when he gave his evidence before Baron Bramwell, I recollect his writing to make some request of me, the nature of which I have forgotten. I knew the man and his history, but not knowing the house

from which he dated his letter, and his Christian and surnames being very ordinary ones in Wales, and his orthography not of the highest order, I addressed my reply to *Mr.* ——, upon which he wrote "respectfully" reminding me that being a clergyman of the established Church he was entitled to the prefix of "Reverend." Well knowing the man and his works and the story of the memorials, I need hardly say that after he had disclosed his identity his request to me was not granted. While expressing my surprise that the Bishop did not inquire for himself, it is only justice on my part to say that the subsequent appointment this man held at the time of his evidence was not one in the Bishop's gift.

After a brilliant career as one of the Barons of the Exchequer, Baron Bramwell became one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, who at that period and for some years after also went on Circuit as Judges of Assize. Like many Judges, when time permitted, he was very fond of walking from one Assize town to another, and alluding to that practice I once told him an anecdote which my father had heard from a Judge about a hundred years ago, and I happened to say, "For my part, if I am walking along a road and a sociable man is going my way, I do not mind if he is a chimney-sweep with soot on his face, if he is a companionable man, I will walk with him, and am pretty sure of either learning something, or hearing something amusing." His lordship holding up his forefinger, as he was often wont to do, said, "That is the true way to learn life: we must all obtain information from books, but unless we put our knowledge into practice by contact with our fellow men, our knowledge is incomplete." He was a man of considerable accomplishments; I called on him by appointment one morning, and found him playing the piano, and on another occasion there was an open book on the table, which I found was a new French work.

A characteristic story appeared about him after his death. A man had been convicted of some offence, and the Judge, having got as far as, "Prisoner at the bar, you have been convicted of ——," the prisoner, who was an old offender,

interrupted saying, "'ow much?" The Judge at once replied, "Nine months."

I recollect a most curious case of breach of promise which was tried before his lordship in an English county. The action was brought by a widow who kept an hotel, against a "poor fellow" who had proposed to her. I say advisedly "poor fellow," as it appears to me that his position was a most difficult one. As far as one could judge from the evidence the defendant had every desire to marry the widow, but she had two grown-up sons, both big fellows, and it was sworn in evidence that they had frequently warned their mother's lover that if he married her they would break every bone in his body. He feared the threats and broke off the match, and the widow recovered heavy damages. I wish I could ascertain what the verdict of my readers would be in a like case, and I daresay some of them will kindly inform me which they prefer matrimony and broken bones, or the payment of heavy damages. This breach of promise case may have had some influence upon his lordship's mind in giving expression to the following idea on the subject of this class of actions. He was of opinion that they ought not to be encouraged; that if people changed their minds it was better done before than after marriage.

After a small dinner after the Carnarvon Assizes, where there were only four guests, of whom I was one, and his Marshal and himself, Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., happened to ask me how a certain individual (with whom both he and I were acquainted) was. I replied that the last time I had seen him the door was opened by his butler "with two black eyes." This slip of the tongue had no sooner been made than I realised the absurdity of the answer, and took a sly look at the Baron to see if he had observed it, and while I did so he said, "What, Sir Llewelyn, a door opened to you by two black eyes!" But I must apologise for my rudeness, and I ought not to have made the remark. It, however, reminded me of a barrister who in conducting a case before me once said "that the door was opened by a woman with a white petticoat," upon which I could not help exclaiming, "Mr. Smith, that was a curious thing to open a door with." "Well," I

said, "if people use slip-shod language as I did, and describe impossibilities, they must expect harmless criticism."

It is somewhat curious to read, as I and probably many of my readers have, that Baron Bramwell (as he then was) did not put down garrotting. Those who remember the time as I do, know to the contrary. There was a large number of these villains, who garrotted and used knuckle-dusters, tried before him, and he walked from his house in the West End to the Old Bailey every morning.

I read in a newspaper at the time that "the learned Baron walked to the Court every day accompanied by a large dog, and frequently looked behind to see if his canine protector was at hand." The Baron came the North Wales Circuit at the then ensuing Assizes, and feeling certain the story was false I asked him. His reply was that he had a *very small* dog at the time that he used to take out walking with him, and dog-stealing being so prevalent in London he had to look back frequently to protect it, not to be protected by it.

The sentences of five years' penal servitude "and the cat" soon ended the epidemic.

Punch had a humorous allusion to the suppression of this dangerous system, whereby so many people had suffered.

> In the Court of Old Bailey, 'twas Bramwell that spoke:
> The Crown can't allow all these crowns to be broke;
> So let each skulking thief who funks justice and me
> Just attend to the warning of Bold Baron B.
> Just hand me my notes, and some ink for my pen,
> And, Jailor, look sharp and bring up all your men;
> Under five years of servitude none shall go free,
> For it's up with the dander of Bold Baron B.

On his retirement from the post of Lord Justice of Appeal he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Bramwell, and sat some years as one of the Law Lords in the House of Lords. Previous to this, on his retirement from the Bench, he was entertained in the Temple by an enormous concourse of the Bar, and all the Judges were present.

When a student for the Bar he had been a pupil in the chambers of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who subsequently became

Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. It was a somewhat curious circumstance that the Lord Chief Baron should have practised before his former pupil, which arose thus. Lord Bramwell had accepted a puisne Judgeship, whereas Sir Fitzroy Kelly, being Attorney-General, waited for one of the chief Judgeships, and when he became a Judge it was as Lord Chief Baron. I recollect during the time Lord Bramwell was one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, the late Lord Chief Baron, in an interesting conversation I had with him, said, "The two most able Judges on the Bench are old pupils of mine." In reply to my question he replied, Lord Justice James and Lord Justice Bramwell. I related the remark of the Chief Baron to Lord Justice Bramwell.

He was a great traveller during the long vacations, both when at the Bar and on the Bench, and when I was engaged to be married I wrote to ask him about some places in France which I thought of visiting during my honeymoon, and utilising it to improve my knowledge of mediæval architecture. His reply was in his usual pleasant vein :

"FOUR ELMS, EDENBRIDGE, KENT,
August 7, 1878.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I got home yesterday after some very hard work. It is strange that you should have asked me about the only place I believe to which long vacation travellers go, and I have not been.

"I have been to Normandy, Dieppe, Havre, and Rome ; but have never done the usual trip to Caen and other places. I should have to consult Murray's handbook, but mine is twenty years old. Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., could tell you what to do. But you will be very safe to trust to Murray. I congratulate you in advance on your intended marriage, but you must not tell the lady you are going to *utilise* the honeymoon, that is much too prosaic. Wishing you every happiness, being truly yours.

"G. BRAMWELL.

"You will have an annual Assize at Carnarvon in the beginning of November."

THE LORD CHIEF BARON KELLY.

This distinguished lawyer on several occasions came the North Wales Circuit. He had been a most successful advocate at the Bar, and after filling the post of Solicitor- and Attorney-General succeeded the Honourable Lord Chief Baron Pollock at rather an advanced time of life.

His practice at the Bar had been a very large one, and I recollect in my boyish days his coming to the Carnarvon Assizes on a special retainer of five hundred guineas; but the case was settled in Court, and he proceeded to Newcastle-on-Tyne on a retainer of one thousand guineas. I amused him in after life, when he was Lord Chief Baron, by telling him at dinner one day that I could repeat verbatim a speech that I had heard him deliver about fifty years before. On his lordship looking surprised, I stood up and said, "I am happy to inform your lordship that my learned friends on the other side and myself having agreed upon the terms of a settlement of this case, it will be needless to occupy the time of the Court any further. That was the whole of your lordship's speech on a retainer of five hundred guineas, and then you went to Newcastle on a retainer of one thousand guineas." The Lord Chief Baron was highly amused, and I having told him that I recollected reading his speech in, I think, the Gorham case, he said that I did him great honour to remember so much about him. When at the Bar he defended the murderer Tawel the Quaker, a *saint* who poisoned the lady he kept.

The last time he came the North Wales Circuit, I arranged to take him to Beaumaris by water, and asked Colonel Platt to place his steam yacht at my disposal for the purpose, which he most kindly did. I went down to Carnarvon on the last day of the Assizes and saw him in the retiring-room at lunch-time, and I said that I had arranged for a steam yacht to take him to Beaumaris as, if he did not finish the business at Carnarvon that day, and should have to sit part of the next day, a sailing-yacht would not be able to get through the Swillies. "Sit at Carnarvon to-morrow!" he said. "I have no notion of doing so. I will finish the

LORD CHIEF BARON SIR FITZROY KELLY

business at Carnarvon if I sit until midnight." I then went home and got aboard the steam yacht at nine o'clock next morning, and to my surprise found the Chief Baron already aboard. I asked him at what hour he had finished the Assizes; his reply was, "The jury brought in their verdict in the last case as the clock struck twelve last night, and I went to the Judges' lodgings and got my dinner." "Well," I said, "I trust you had something more than the bunch of grapes I saw you had for your lunch in the retiring-room yesterday." "Oh yes," he replied; "finding the business was going to last I had one of your good Carnarvon Bay soles at five o'clock at the lodgings, having adjourned the Court for three quarters of an hour." "Well," I said, "may I ask when you got up this morning after such a long day's work yesterday, from ten in the morning till midnight?" He replied, "At my usual time. I always rise at seven o'clock in the morning, whether I go to bed late or early." This for a man of his advanced age was certainly an active life to lead.

When we got to Beaumaris he asked me to stay and dine with him that night, and it struck me that I should be an infliction upon him and prevent his obtaining rest, and I said so. "Oh nonsense," he said. "I require no rest." "Well," I said, "if you will permit me, I will lunch with you instead." "Do both," said the veteran Judge, but I stuck to my guns and lunched only. In another part of these reminiscences a record will be found of a most unexpected act of kindness which he bestowed upon me some years after, to my great surprise.

He was a man with a most intelligent face, as will be seen by a copy of the photograph which he kindly sent me many years ago. He gratuitously at one time before he reached the Bench rendered a great service to the State by eliminating a large number of useless statutes. Some years after his death the *Times*, in speaking of this and other legal amendments made by him, spoke of him "as that great master of the Common Law, Sir Fitzroy Kelly." In another place will be found a copy of a most kind and complimentary letter which the Lord Chief Baron wrote to me when he heard

from a mutual friend in London that I was a candidate for the post of Judge (subsequently altered to Commissioner of the Wreck Court).

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

This learned Judge, who was a Baronet in his own right, was raised to the Bench after filling the post of Attorney-General, during which time he prosecuted the miscreant Dr. Palmer, for the murder of Cooke, who was tried before Lord Campbell, then Lord Chief Justice of England. The case, it will be recollected, excited great interest in Great Britain, as there was no doubt that it formed one of a number of murders by poisoning. It was one of the many instances in which atrocious crimes have been committed by gamblers, who appear to me (with large experience of crime and criminals) to be the most depraved of mankind. The offence, or rather offences, were committed at Rugeley, where Palmer lived, and such was the excitement they created, that the people of the town of Rugeley actually went so far as to send a deputation from the inhabitants who waited upon Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to request that the name of the town might be changed. His lordship asked what name they would suggest, and they asked him to fix one. With his usual readiness he said, "Suppose you call it Palmerstown." This skit was rather too much for the deputation, and Rugeley retains its name.

Although not belonging to the work or times of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, it may not be out of place here to mention a case of murder by gamblers, tried when I was very young before Mr. Justice Park, one of the Judges of the time. The principal murderer was a gentleman by birth, who had fallen step by step in the social scale by indulgence in gambling and drink, until he became an atrocious murderer. He was the inventor of the *drop* formerly used, which he invented in prison, and was the first scoundrel hung with it. He was hanged for the murder of a person of the name of Weare, whom he and his villainous companions murdered, put the body into a sack, threw it into a pond, and ate a hearty

supper of pork chops in a cottage close to the pond where their victim was lying. I know not the exact cause of my early hatred of gambling, but it is probably in some measure due to the horror of this case, which is the first murder case, I believe, I ever heard of.

When at the Bar Sir James Alexander Edmund Cockburn, Bart., was a successful advocate of great eloquence, and was engaged on very important cases, and during the years that he filled the post of Lord Chief Justice of England he tried a number of most interesting cases, both civil and criminal. So far as I can recollect, there was no case of any great interest on the North Wales Circuit before him. The long and arduous trial of the Claimant exceeded in length anything within my ken. Nothing in the annals of credulity comes up to the silly infatuation of vast numbers of idiots who believed that a fat vulgar ruffian (whose appearance was that of a mixture between the lowest class of publican and the same class of butcher) had ever been an officer and a gentleman. I was a good deal in town at the time of this excitement, and heard a great deal of the case. On one occasion, Mr. Whalley, M.P. (whom I had long known), Mr. Onslow, Mr. Skipworth, and other dupes, or whatever they were, held a meeting at Brighton, where they indulged in the most virulent abuse of the Chief Justice, a contempt for which they were ordered to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench. The case was heard before all the Judges of that Court, excepting the Chief Justice. Lord William Lennox and I had orders from the Chief Justice for the small gallery that faced the Bench, whence we could see and hear well. The accused were assembled in the solicitors' well between the Bar and Bench, and the seats of the Queen's Counsel were full. The Claimant addressed the Bench from the well of the Court, creating great amusement by his coarse attempt to bribe Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., by vulgar flattering not to be hard upon him. Looking hard at Serjeant Ballantyne, who had been his Counsel in the civil action before Lord Chief Justice Bovill, and waving his hand towards him he said, "My lords" (with a strong emphasis on the "my") "if *my* case before the Court of Common Pleas had been con-

ducted by this great barrister (pointing to Mr. Hawkins) I should have won my case." The language used had been such that it could not have been passed over, and the accused were heavily fined.

It so happened that I was dining at the Reform Club the night before this case was heard with one of the Counsel who was to appear for two of the accused, and one of the two persons, who apparently had taken the brief home to read, brought it into the smoking-room, and the two set to cram me with all sorts of stuff about the innocence of the Claimant. Taking the opportunity of their going for a minute to talk to some one else the learned Counsel, whom I knew intimately, whispered to me, "Did you ever see two such damned fools in your life?" The things they told me were absolutely ridiculous and simply incredible. *Inter alia*, Onslow said, "We have a great deal of strong evidence yet to bring forward." One thing he told me was that the Claimant was sitting reading the newspaper by the fire in a hotel in London, having been told by his solicitor that an old man from Alresford was coming up to identify him with a view to proving that he was the real Sir Roger; when the man went in the Claimant put the newspaper near his face and stooped into it, concealing himself as much as possible. The old man at once knew him, and said, "I knows ye, I knows ye." The Claimant for some time appeared to avoid him, and kept his back to him as much as possible, and the paper in front; but the old rustic stuck to his guns, and kept on saying, "It is no use to hide theself. I knows ye, I knows ye." My not unnatural comment on this palpable rubbish was, that it was of course usual for everybody engaged in a lawsuit to do everything in his power to deprive his witnesses of all knowledge of the subject they were to depose to, and thus to deprive himself of all chance of success. I looked in the papers for this evidence, but, of course, with no expectation of finding it, and did not do so. I had immense fun with these credulous gentlemen, and was invited again by one who was present and enjoyed the chaff. On another night, I said to Mr. Whalley, "Kindly tell me, if the Claimant is really Sir Roger Tichborne, how,

when cross-examined by Sir John Coleridge, in reply to the request to tell him the names of the captain and mate and some of the crew of the ship that he said saved him from the wreck and carried him to Australia, he gave the names of the captain and mates and some of the crew of the ship that had carried Arthur Orton to Australia ? " The reply was that it was one of those small particulars that he could not recollect, but that he would inquire of Onslow. Being in the smoking-room on another night, Onslow came to me and said that Whalley had requested him to answer my query as to the names, and that the answer was that the Claimant and Arthur Orton had been so long in the Australian bush together, and had exchanged the recitals of all their doings and sayings so often, that his mind had become imbued with what Orton had told him, and that when Sir John Coleridge cross-examined him on the subject he inadvertently gave those names; to which I replied, I had no doubt that there was never a separation, Orton and the Claimant being one and the same, and that when Sir John Coleridge's time came to reply on the evidence, we should hear what his comment would be on that droll statement. One night when I was in the smoke-room (although I do not smoke) one of the club servants fetched Whalley to go downstairs, and on his return he came to me and said, " Now the Claimant (who was out on bail) is below in his brougham, and if you will give a shilling towards the defence fund and come with me I will introduce you to him, and have asked him to wait." I thanked him, but said that I preferred subscribing to help some honest man; and having the honour of the acquaintance of the butcher who supplied Parkia with meat I did not care to extend the fleshy acquaintance. It is a strange comment on the fickle and foolish ideas of mobs that many of them hissed the Chief Justice and cheered the fat vagabond who claimed another's birthright, and, as the press justly remarked after the trials, the inconsistency of men was remarkable in arguing that it was too bad to deprive a poor working man of his birthright, whereas he was a working man trying to steal the birthright of the right heir of a drowned man. I often asserted during these trials

(the civil case before Chief Justice Bovill and the criminal case before Chief Justice Cockburn and Judges Mellor and Lush), that if the owner of any large estate were to disappear almost any clever scoundrel who could glean a few facts as to the life of the lost individual could secure a very large following, not only amongst poor men, but among those who ought to know better, but being cranks of perverted mind are always ready and anxious to differ from sober-minded people. Arthur Orton, the butcher, was as unlike any man who had received a University education as a poor wayside ass is like a fine hunter: but he had the advantage of having secured the black servant of the real Roger Tichborne, and got from him that gentleman's diary, which amongst many entries contained one of his riding over a common in England when in the army, and his horse putting his foot in a rabbit hole, and breaking his leg. Having got the names of Roger Tichborne's company in the regiment from this diary, he carefully set to work to find them, and having ascertained the name and place of one who kept a public-house in Birmingham he went over there, and slapping the quondam soldier on the back, said, "Ah, my old friend, John Smith" (I forget whether that is the correct name), "have you forgotten your former officer, Roger Tichborne?" "I recollect Mr. Roger Tichborne," said the man, "but surely you are not Mr. Roger." "Oh, I am a good deal older, and was shipwrecked, was long in the bush, and have grown fat." As the man was still incredulous, he said, "Do you remember the day when I was riding on (naming the common) and my horse got his foot into a hole, and broke his leg" (a fact named in the diary as proved on the trial)? "Ah, to be sure I remember you now. I recollect that quite well." The poor man had of course no idea of the easy way in which the Claimant had obtained the information.

One curious fact that gave a strong colouring to the story was the identification, or pretended identification, of the Claimant by Roger Tichborne's mother. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago (I think it was) I was conversing with a learned Judge who had been one of the Counsel in the case, and had enjoyed an enormous practice at the Bar, and he

expressed a most decided opinion that the old woman knew better, but did it to spite the real heirs of the estate. In my long public life, not spent with my eyes and ears shut, I have always observed that however great a scoundrel a person may be, however clear the guilt, there are always found a certain proportion of mischievous cranks; and no matter how plain the facts before them may be, or however small their experience, they will meet you with a slow-drawn "Well, I don't know," followed by an argument which is sinning against light.

Chief Justice Cockburn used to go out sailing with me if there was time at the different Summer Assizes, and it is needless to say that his conversation was always interesting and amusing. We once dined on deck on the Carnarvon bar, as there was not sufficient water to cross the shallowest part, and I recollect his surprise at seeing the enormous number of cottages on Moeltryfan. He told a story about the late Mr. Justice Byles, which I have since seen in print. When at the Bar Serjeant Byles had a very large practice, and went out daily on horseback when he could afford the time. To prevent any suspicion of neglecting his work he christened his horse "Business," and when any one called when Serjeant Byles was out riding the clerk used to say he was out on "Business." Mr. Byles was the leading Counsel in the prosecution of the terrible murderer Rush at Norwich, mentioned somewhat fully in another part of these Reminiscences. He held the Assizes when a Judge at Carnarvon, and tried the case of Jackson *v.* Williams, which established the harbour rights to foreshore, on which Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Cowling had previously advised when the former was at the Bar.

BARON MARTIN.

When at the Bar, Baron Martin went the Northern Circuit, and had a very large practice. He was on friendly terms with many of the leading men of that day whom I knew in Liverpool, who were yachting friends of mine, and had a great many amusing tales of cases in which he was concerned, and others which, when on the Bench, he tried;

but as some of them were cases in which "ladies were ordered out of court," I refrain from their mention.

The late Commodore Littledale, the genial Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, told me as an instance of Martin's tenacity in discharging his duty at the Bar that he was once afflicted by a most dangerous attack of illness arising from remaining too long in court one day, and the doctor declared that if he went into court the next day it would be at the peril of his life. He peremptorily refused to stay away, stating that no one else should hold his briefs. He went and recovered, notwithstanding the alarm of his doctor.

After a successful career at the Bar he was raised to the Bench as one of the Barons of the Exchequer. As far as I recollect, I do not think he came the North Wales Circuit more than once, but I often saw him presiding in the Court of Exchequer in the old Westminster Hall Courts, which to my mind were very superior to the New Courts. At any rate, to compare the Hall of the New Courts with grand old Westminster Hall would be like comparing the County Hall of Carnarvon with Carnarvon Castle. The former building was erected some years later than the period of Baron Martin's advent, and I have no recollection of there being any trial of importance when he was on this Circuit, but there was a most amusing occurrence in Castle Street, in Carnarvon, not far from the Judges' lodgings. After the Assizes were over, his lordship was walking along the street when a magistrate of the county, who had been upon the grand jury a few days before, and whose brain had not been made more clear by his incessant application to his whisky bottle, accosted the Judge, and taking off his hat, said, "My lord, I have a very nice place in this county where I have had the honour of entertaining Alderman Johnstone, the late Lord Mayor of London, and I should be delighted if your lordship would honour me with a visit." The Judge with ready wit replied, "I will allow you a *pretty long drop* from a Judge of Assize to a Lord Mayor," and walked away. Many years later, after I had for some years enjoyed the friendship of the Baron's brother-in-law, Baron Pollock, I

wrote this anecdote in a letter to him. In his reply to my letter Baron Pollock wrote, "Thank you so much for the story about the *long drop*. So like Martin." The long drop in the sense in which we now know it was not invented until several years after Baron Martin's witty reply. The drop of former days was invented by and used in the execution of Thurtell, as related earlier, and the term *long* drop was one used by some murderers who, asked after conviction what they had to say why judgment should not be passed, made reply, "Give me a long drop, my lord." This was because a long drop secured quicker death. I may as well in this place introduce the history of the invention of the present method, which was due to Professor Horton, of Trinity College, Dublin, who with Professor Galbraith was one of the authors of the exceedingly clever work, Galbraith and Horton on Tides. These two gentlemen were the first to discover and interpret the cause of the loss of so many ships on their outward passages from Liverpool down the Irish Channel, and I have derived valuable information from their discoveries, which have been of great benefit to mariners.

I had the pleasure of entertaining Professor Horton at Parkia, and as I have for more than half a century been a student of tides and their effects, he, like many able authorities on such subjects whom I have had the privilege of associating with, was a godsend to me. It was not long after his invention of the *long drop*, the effect of which is to break the neck, instead of killing by strangulation. The Professor had been to Glasgow to some gathering of learned men, and on the passage from Ireland on a steamer it became known that he was the author of the *long drop*, and as stories rarely gain in accuracy by being bandied about, a curious mistake was made. When the learned Professor landed from the steamer he found himself the "observed of all observers," and followed by a crowd to his hotel. On his inquiring what it meant, it turned out that a man was to be hanged the next day, and he had been reported as being the hangman. He was a most unlikely looking person for that business, being short and slight and the reverse of athletic in appearance.

The importance to mariners of the scientific researches of

Galbraith and Horton is very great, and it is quite clear that nature intended Professor Horton for a very different occupation to that for which he was mistaken at Glasgow, the *worker* of the machine now in use in our prisons, of which he was the inventor.

MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

This learned and most genial Judge came the North Wales Circuit once only about sixty years ago. At the Bar he was for many years known as Serjeant Talfourd, which was very many years before the title of Serjeant was abolished.

I recollect that on his visits to Snowdon in which he was accompanied by my brother-in-law, Mr. Walker Jones, who was a barrister on the Circuit, he wrote his name in the book, as "The Author of Ion." There was no particular case at Carnarvon so far as I recollect.

Mr. Justice Talfourd's end was awfully sudden, and took place on the Bench in one of the Assize Courts in an English county. It is so long ago that I have forgotten which Circuit it occurred at.

MR. JUSTICE COLTMAN.

Mr. Justice Coltman went (once only, I think) the North Wales Circuit, and I have no recollection of any special circumstances attending his coming. He lived in the next house to the late Mr. Assheton Smith, in Hyde Park Gardens, and died there of cholera. It was a curious circumstance that the servants of Mr. Assheton Smith, who had gone down to Vaynol, took the cholera with them, which opens a moot point as to the subject of contagion.

My friend, Mr. Robert Griffith Temple, experienced a curious adventure at the Anglesey Assizes, which proves that a little man can be very courageous. Mr. Temple was the leading Counsel for the plaintiff in an action against a noble lord who was a very much bigger man than himself. It was not usual in the Bar to stay in hotels, but in lodgings; at Beaumaris however they

did. The evening of the day of the trial, at which Mr. Temple had made very strong strictures on the defendant, while he was dressing in his bedroom to go to dine with the Judge a waiter came upstairs and advised him not to go down as Lord —— was below with a large horsewhip, saying that he would horsewhip him. Mr. Temple at once said, "Bring me a poker," and went on dressing. The waiter brought up the poker, and as soon as he was dressed he went down with it in his hand, but he had no occasion to use it as the defendant had gone away, better thoughts and the advice of friends having probably prevailed.

MR. JUSTICE CROWDER.

Mr. Justice Crowder was a fine handsome man, and in addition to his travelling carriage brought a riding horse on Circuit. There were no railways in these parts at that time, and when the weather was propitious he used the horse in preference to the carriage, varying the route when time permitted. On his way from Dolgelley to Carnarvon, the Judge's carriage and four horses arrived at the Gorsygedol Arms at Barmouth with the Judge's Marshal, who duly took possession of the rooms that had been ordered, and then went out for a walk. A solitary traveller arrived about an hour later on horseback, and asked for the room ordered for the Judge. The landlord was puzzled ; on the one hand a gentleman had arrived some time before and inquired for the room ordered for the Judge of Assize, followed directly by a staff of clerks and servants with luggage, and here was a man of commanding presence desiring to be shown to the room of the Judge. The poor landlord was at a loss to know what to do, but the return of the Marshal from his walk solved the difficulty.

Mr. Justice Crowder had but a short career on the Bench, and died a fearfully sudden death.

BARON WATSON.

A dreadful case of the murder of two seamen by the captain, whose name was Rogers, was tried by Baron Watson at the Liverpool Assizes. I forget the circumstances of the murders which were perpetrated in the barque on the high seas. The vessel was afterwards purchased by some people at Carnarvon, and was in the old harbour for a year or two or more. I have reason to remember this, as she was the subject of a Board of Trade inquiry at Carnarvon, over which I presided with two assessors.

The prosecution was conducted by that most amusing and pleasant man, Mr. O'Dowd, who was the standing Counsel for the Board of Trade. According to the statement of the case by Counsel the vessel had been purchased by two people at or near Carnarvon, one being a farmer and the other a butcher. They did not appear in person, and I never knew who they were, their names being amongst the ordinary Welsh surnames. The vessel sailed from Cardiff with a cargo of coal for a port in Spain. She was *nominally* commanded by a man with a master's certificate, which was of course necessary to enable a person to take command, and be so registered. After she got outside Penarth roads, the son of one of the owners, who had been rated as boatswain, changed places with the man rated as captain. The vessel sprang a leak off the Scilly Isles, and was abandoned, the master and crew taking to the boats. After floating about for four days and nights with no one to pump or navigate her she was taken possession of by the crew of some vessel that found her. She was insured, which, as the showman said, "fully accounted for the milk in the cocoanut." I trust I need hardly say that in giving judgment I gave the master as long a suspension as the weak Act of Parliament permitted. To return to Baron Watson, he started on the North Wales Circuit, but got no further than the first Assize town upon it, dying suddenly at the Judges' lodgings in Welshpool.

MR. JUSTICE KEATING.

Mr. Justice Keating went the North Wales Circuit twice. I had not the pleasure of meeting him on the first occasion, but accompanied him by water to Beaumaris on the second occasion.

On his first North Wales Circuit he tried a very bad case of murder at the Beaumaris Assizes. An old man and his wife occupied a farm between Gaerwen and Holyhead, and his son-in-law and daughter lived with them. The son-in-law had a very great longing to get the farm, and murdered the poor old man one night in a field. The case was clearly proved against him, and he was found guilty and executed at Beaumaris, which then had its gaol. It was strongly suspected by their neighbours that the murderer's wife was not wholly innocent of the guilt of her husband. In the chapter on ghosts will be found a similar case of attempt on the part of one generation of a family to get rid of the other, but fortunately murder was not resorted to in that case.

MR. JUSTICE GROVE.

This learned Judge, who was a man of remarkably scientific attainments, was raised to the Bench, I believe, in a great measure owing to that fact, and the very great usefulness which it was felt he would be in the trial of patent cases. I dined with him several times when he held the Assizes at Carnarvon, as I did with most of the Judges for many years. To my surprise I read an outrageous attack upon Mr. Justice Grove in a so-called religious paper : the impudent libel, for it was nothing less, was headed, " Poor Williams," and, as far as I can remember, it stated that " poor Williams " resided somewhere in South Wales and had been some time in America, whence he had returned, carrying about with him a revolver ; according to this impudent writing, " poor Williams " was out very late one night, and was attacked by some one, whom he shot with his revolver, inflicting a dangerous wound. He was indicted before Mr. Justice Grove for highway robbery with violence, and sentenced to

penal servitude ; but the reverend editor of this pious fraud said he was punished for *defending himself*, and that during the time he was in gaol awaiting his trial he spent all the time he could in studying his Bible. I felt so indignant that I at once wrote to the reverend writer and pointed out to him that the accused had been committed for trial by justices of the peace, who always had the advice of the magistrates' clerk, who was a trained lawyer, a true bill found by the grand jury, a verdict of guilty found by the petty jury after a summing up from an experienced Judge, and that a very long criminal experience as a gaol visitor had taught me that some of the most dangerous criminals were men who made a strong *parade* of their Bibles after "sucking" thereout no small advantage. Really for some years previous to this a flood of convicts had been let loose on the country on tickets of leave, a regular system of humbugging gaol chaplains having led to this lamentable mistake, which culminated in murder, rape, and other terrible crimes of the worst character. One was a truly sad case, that of a young lady, who was going to church in the county of Shropshire. She went by a path through the fields, and near a brook met one of these ticket-of-leave convicts, who ravished and murdered her, her clothes, her parasol, and bonnet being smashed and torn in the fearful struggle. I saw the cast of the villain's head in Shrewsbury gaol some years after his execution. He was an odious looking brute, with a broken nose, obtained in some of his earlier crimes. I think it would have served the reverend traducer of Mr. Justice Grove right had he met "poor Williams" with his revolver on a lonely road and had to "stand and deliver."

Considering the enormous care taken in hearing cases against persons accused of crime in this nation, with the aid of trained lawyers at every step, it is painful to find the administration of justice disparaged by men on hearsay, and almost invariably by men who entirely lack experience. I recollect talking to a noble lord who expressed a very decided opinion of the innocence of a notorious criminal of whose guilt I told him I felt no doubt. "But," he said, "I read the whole trial, and feel no doubt of her innocence."

I ventured to point out that he could have had no criminal experience, and, unless I was greatly mistaken, he had never even sat as a magistrate; that he at once admitted, but repeated that he had read the whole trial. "Well," I said, "with all due deference, I do not think that possible, inasmuch as the reporting of trials is necessarily curtailed in the papers, and too often considerable mistakes made and important points missed." I narrated to him one case. I was on my way to London and slept at Crewe, and the next morning, being very anxious to see what Lord Bramwell said to the grand jury at Winchester Assizes in the case of the running down by the royal yacht of a yacht belonging to a Manchester gentleman with loss of life, I bought the first London paper I could get at the earliest station to which a paper had come. Having read what purported to be the address I said to myself, "I will swear Lord Bramwell never said that." At the next station I bought two more papers and was *not* surprised to find that the three accounts varied as much as do the colours blue, green, and yellow. I wrote and told Lord Bramwell, and his characteristic reply was, "I am used to that."

Mr. Justice Grove suffered sadly from dyspepsia, which made him sometimes rather testy, but in spite of it he lived to a good old age. His latter years were sadly embittered by the loss of his wife and daughter by an accident when away in Scotland, and it was useless to ask him to dinner afterwards, as he was very low-spirited. He was one of three Judges that came this Circuit the year I was High Sheriff of this county. This Judge came this Circuit on several occasions, and I recollect on one there were more guests to dinner than usual, and a piece that had been added in the centre gave way with a loud crack, but was soon mended. I sat next to the Judge, who remarked to me that he so little enjoyed food that he could rarely tell half an hour after his dinner what he had had. This I thought fully accounted for a subsequent incident. He said to me, "I see you have let the entrées pass. What will you have?" I replied, "I know that Lord Powys always presents her Majesty's Judges with a fine fat haunch of venison at Welsh-

pool, which is eaten at Carnarvon when it is in good order. I am reserving myself for that." The Judge ordered one of the waiters to bring me some venison, to which I added the word "fat," but he brought me some of the leanest and driest mutton, or whatever it was. I tasted it, and told the waiter he had not brought me venison, upon which the Judge ordered him to take it away and bring venison, and in a very short time the fellow brought the same stuff back. Mr. ——, afterwards Sir Love Jones Parry, was sitting about four or five down on the left, and I heard him incontinently exclaim, "Goat, by gad!"

I have very little doubt that finding that his lordship cared so little for his food the real article found its way to London. The cooks and purveyors are hired in London to go on Circuit, and are not the private servants of the Assize Judges. There *was* no venison, and I have little doubt that my solution is pretty correct, the Judge being done out of it for once in his life. As fat venison and corned beef (when I could get the former) were always my favourite dishes, I felt the loss, and have not forgotten it. I told the story many years after to another Judge, and he thought my hypothesis a very likely one. Lord Bramwell on one occasion brought down the cook of the Middle Temple Hall, and gave me warning that the dinner would be an exceptionally good one. I need hardly say that at the table of so strong a Judge with a healthy appetite for his dinner, there was no tampering with the venison, which was A 1. I recollect the last time Mr. Justice Grove came this Circuit, his Marshal was Lord Robert Cecil, a son of Lord Salisbury, who I see is now doing very well at the Bar.

Talking of Judges' dinners, I cannot help relating a story of a great sell on one occasion. I had accepted an invitation to dinner with the High Sheriff, who was a stranger to me. Subsequently I received a note from the Judge inviting Lady Turner and me to dinner, his lady being with him. I would have liked to have accepted the latter invitation, but the preceding invitation was a bar to acceptance. I was the only guest, and was a good deal amused after dinner. Whether the viands had been too tempting for the chaplain

I know not, but the cloth had not been removed very long before he went and lay prone on the sofa, where he remained. The Sheriff proposed that later on we should have a game of whist, but I said that I had ordered my carriage at ten o'clock, which I was glad of, and must go home, and so escaped the eccentricities of the chaplain and other oddities which I need not mention.

BARON POLLOCK.

Baron Pollock was one of the Judges we had the honour and pleasure of entertaining at Parkia. It would have been impossible to find a kinder or more genial guest, and I had the pleasure of enjoying his friendship for many years, and felt glad that I kept numbers of his letters.

He was so pleased with the North Wales Circuit that the only time he took it he said he would soon come again; but a severe illness he had at Chester, which is the last town on the Circuit, was so distressing that he never would come after. From all I have heard from others, and my own experience of him, I do not think a kinder man than he was could be found. I have no recollection of any particular case tried before him, excepting an action brought by a beater against Mr. Assheton Smith when out shooting. The plaintiff alleged that he had been *seriously* wounded in the back of his neck, but the evidence offered entirely failed to prove anything of the sort. The case reminded me of a curious adventure of mine when about seven or eight years old. A brother three and a half years older used surreptitiously to borrow an old gun from a tenant of our father, and blazing away from the other side of a field he shot me in the face, but the distance being great the shot did no injury whatever, reaching my face as it did with no more force than a handful of gravel very gently thrown would have had, and leaving no mark. There were certainly no marks on the neck of the plaintiff in the Vaynol case, and the jury found for the defendant. In reading letters of distinguished men it is pleasing to find one's self in accordance with their opinions. In January 1888 I wrote to the Baron on a subject of public interest

on which I was anxious to hear his views, and he wrote from Brighton as follows:

"My dear Sir Llewelyn—Thanks for your New Year's remembrance. . . . I entirely agree with your views on the subject of . . . and my father* had a strong opinion to the same effect. I hope you have been well this winter. . . .

"My kind regards to Lady Turner.

"Very faithfully yours,

"C. E. Pollock."

As the question was a controversial one I have left out the subject-matter.

The gross hardship inflicted upon Merionethshire prisoners confined in Carnarvon Gaol and taken to Ruthin to be tried had long occupied my attention as Chairman of the Visiting Justices of the former prison, and in January 1893 I received the following reply from Baron Pollock to a letter I wrote him on the subject:

"The Croft, Putney,
"*Jan.* 10, 1893.

"My dear Sir Llewelyn—Thanks for your kind remembrances and good wishes, which I cordially reciprocate. I am glad to report that my seventieth year has brought me more of health and strength than I have enjoyed for some time past.

"I entirely agree with your proposal as to the Carnarvon prisoners, and will do my best, if the Judges are consulted, to endorse what you say.

"With my kind regards to Lady Turner,

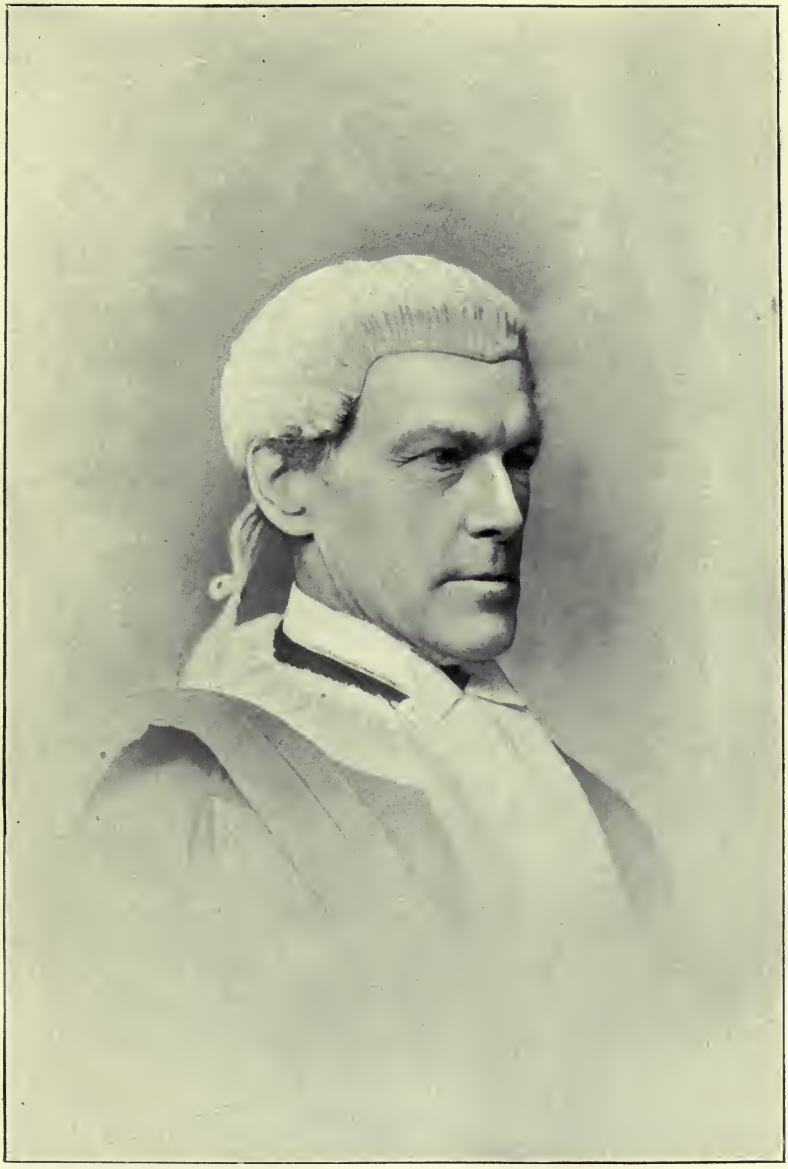
"I am ever,

"Yours very sincerely,

"C. E. Pollock."

The other Judges, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams and Lord Justice Mathew, cordially endorsed the idea of relieving the prisoners from being tried at a distance from

* The Lord Chief Baron Pollock.



(*Whitlock, photo, Birmingham*)

THE HONOURABLE BARON POLLOCK

the place of confinement, where the Assizes are held; but to my amazement a grand jury, of which I was foreman, declined to support a presentment in favour of it. The grand jury at Ruthin made a presentment that Merionethshire prisoners should be *imprisoned* and tried there, and carried their point. The last time I saw the Baron was in 1896.

In January 1897 I received my last letter from him, as follows:

"SOUTH PARADE, SOUTHSEA.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN—I have long owed you a letter, and now write to wish you and Lady Turner from Lady Pollock and myself a very happy New Year.

"I hope you have had no trouble since your visit to London,* and I trust you have enjoyed good health and strength. I have had a stiff year for work, but we contrived to get to Yorkshire in the long vacation. . . . Please give our kindest regards to Lady Turner, and believe me ever,

"Yours very truly,

"C. E. POLLOCK."

When Baron Pollock died I felt that every man with whom he was acquainted lost a friend.

"Time has a Domesday Book upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names."—LONGFELLOW.

BARON HUDDLESTON.

Although considered somewhat austere in court, Baron Huddleston was an exceedingly pleasant man, and as full of interesting anecdotes as "an egg is of meat." I saw much of him and of Lady Diana Huddleston when he held the Assizes at different times at Carnarvon, and he was one of the numerous Judges who visited Parkia, and spent his Sundays with us. I suppose it is one of the signs of old age that while my memory is retentive on earlier events, it seems utterly to fail in others; and while remembering that Baron Huddleston

* I had been obliged to decline an invitation to dine with the Baron in London, as I had to undergo a serious operation.

had such a fund of anecdotes they have slipped from a memory retentive and clear on very much *older* matter, and I am unable to relate one. I recollect a very awkward but somewhat droll proceeding. I called at the Judges' lodgings on the Commission day, and inquired if the Judge had arrived, and was told he had, and was shown up by one of the footmen. The Judge was just telling me how he and Lady Diana had arrived at the railway station, which was crowded with market people, and that they had to push their way through a concourse of arriving and departing passengers, there being no Sheriff or carriage to meet him. While he was telling me this the High Sheriff, a rather elderly and unwieldy gentleman, was shown in, and the Judge told him sharply of his inconvenience. The Sheriff pulled out a letter to explain matters, which happened to be a wrong one, and handed it to the Judge. It was a foolish and unfortunate letter, written by the Under Sheriff, but which made the Judge justly feel exceedingly angry ; however, as it appeared not to be the old gentleman's fault, his lordship forgave him. Lady Turner and I accompanied them by water to Beaumaris when they went to open the Assize there. I have no recollection of any very special cases tried at Carnarvon by the Baron, excepting an indictment for libel on one occasion which fell to the ground. I was foreman of the grand jury, and we threw out the bill.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ARCHIBALD LEWIN SMITH, MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

In writing of Judges whom I have known I have for obvious reasons abstained from alluding to those who are living, and with much regret I find myself at liberty to bring in this eminent Judge, who has ceased to exist. I had the pleasure of entertaining him at Parkia on each occasion of his holding the North Wales Assizes. He was raised to the Bench of the High Court of Justice in 1883, and made a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1892, and Master of the Rolls in 1900. He was one of the Judges who sat as Commissioner in the Pigot inquiry in 1888–9. Although he was not one of the

(*Whitlock, photo, Birmingham*)

THE RIGHT HON. LORD JUSTICE SMITH

Judges on Circuit when I filled the office of High Sheriff in 1886–7, still in 1889 I had the pleasure of acting as his High Sheriff when I discharged that duty in the place of Mr. Brooke, of Pabo Hall, who was too ill, and did not live long after. A more agreeable Judge one could not have desired. When I went into the lodgings one day I could realise the hard work of a Judge; the floor in one part of the drawing-room was covered with papers, and I asked him what they were, and he said they related to a complicated criminal case that the Secretary of State had asked him to read and give him his opinion upon. It struck me it must be a very peculiar case to have such a mass of papers relating to it. His lordship had a heavy Assize and was unable to finish the civil business at Carnarvon, but as there was only one case at Beaumaris with great kindness he returned to Carnarvon to finish the civil business, instead of letting it stand over to the next Assize.

In 1890 he was kind enough to send me a photograph of himself in his robes, but I regret to say that it does him less than scant justice.

When he was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1892 I wrote to congratulate him, and received the following reply:

"60 CADOGAN SQUARE, S.W.,
"*June* 19, 1892.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN TURNER—I received your congratulations with gratitude. I am by no means certain that I should not have been a happier man if left as I was in the Queen's Bench division; but when the offer came I had not the courage to say no, more especially as the new post relieves me from the everlasting Circuits.

"It is only the hospitality of friends such as you that make the Circuits agreeable. With compliments to Lady Turner,

"Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"A. L. SMITH."

The Master of the Rolls was thirteen years my junior in years, and I always regarded him as a man who would have

long outlived me. He was a remarkably eminent athlete in his younger days, and had thrice rowed in the Cambridge eight when at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a fine hale, handsome man, that had all the appearances of living. How little we know what is before us! He and Lady Smith were in bad health one year and went to Scotland in the long vacation; they both reclined on the bank of a river, and he fell asleep, and on awaking found that Lady Smith had fallen in and was drowned, she having no doubt slept too.

I was deeply touched and gratified at the inauguration of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, when Lord Justice Vaughan Williams said to me, "The Master of the Rolls always spoke with affection of you."

CHAPTER V

NOTABLE MEN OF NORTH WALES

Sir Richard Bulkeley, tenth Bart.—His good nature—Electioneering repartee—His rapid changes of opinion—A Quarter Sessions blunder—A Royal visit and a rash delay—Sir Richard and the farmers—"Little Pickles"—Yacht-racing quarrel and reconciliation—Letters and illness of Sir Richard—A raid on Dublin Castle—Visit of the Prince of Wales—Difficulties of preparation—Exertions of Mayor—Sir Richard's congratulations—The *Rothsay Castle*——The late Lord Penrhyn—His character and value—An address by Sir Llewelyn Turner—Mr. Lloyd Edwards of Nanhoron—His bulk and hospitality—Lord Newborough—Chairman of Quarter Sessions—A violent prisoner—A "pig" of new species—Irishman and counsel—The tale-bearer snubbed—Lord Newborough and Jesus College—The biter bit—Chancellor Trevor at Carnarvon—His powers of reading—Contrast to Welsh clergy—Anomalies of Church in Wales—Neglect of English population—The Rev. Thomas Thomas—An address—His zeal for education—The Rev. James Crawley Vincent—Exertions during the cholera—His courage—And death—Note from his son—Dean Cotton—His practical sermon—Door-scrapers—His wit—Incompetent clergy—"An' 'im they 'anget"—"Tak' the breeches"—Dean Cotton and Lord Newborough—The "piose drummer"—"Man *is* an animal"—Dean Cotton's blindness—Address by him—The best "rope"—"Let us be partial"—Dean Cotton's cheerfulness—His regard for Sir Llewelyn—His death—John Bright—His affection for Wales—His freedom from party spirit—An interesting letter—His views on Welsh language—Letters by Sir Llewelyn Turner and Mr. Bright—An appeal for common sense *versus* sentiment—Endorsed by Mr. Bright—Views of a French philologist—Mr. Bright's handwriting—Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, M.P.—His assistance as to the Yacht Club House—His industry—Election scenes—His handwriting—Sad result of illegibility—The bay mare "shot," not "shod"—Sir Llewelyn his trustee and executor—Mr. Richard Davies, M.P.—Contests Carnarvon Boroughs 1852

—Disgraceful literature of old elections—Mr. Davies returned for Anglesey—Appointed Lord Lieutenant—Retirement from Parliament as Unionist—Mr. Robert Davies—His character—Major Nanney—The herrings—"Paws off, Pompey!"—A yacht accident—Mr. Samuel Holland—Recreant groomsmen—Mr. Fosbery Lyster—Mismanagement of Carnarvon Harbour—Sinning against the light.

SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS BULKELEY, OF BARON HILL, TENTH BART.

When I was a pupil at Beaumaris with the Rev. Dr. Davis Owen I first set eyes on Sir Richard Bulkeley, and although only a young boy was much impressed by his appearance. He was then in the prime of life, and a more gentlemanlike man in face, figure, and carriage I never saw. This early impression of him has always remained with me.

To us boys he had always something pleasant to say if he met us anywhere, and when we prigged his walnuts, as we sometimes did, I little thought that I should in later life be amusing him when his guest at Baron Hill by telling him how we had enjoyed our ill-gotten nuts.

On one occasion when we boys were out walking we were hailed by him from ground above the road (where he was with a shooting-party) to go up, and he said that if one of us could tell him the Latin for woodcock he would ask for a half-holiday for us to accompany the shooting-party after luncheon. We were all at fault, until Sir Richard's brother-in-law, Mr. Bryce Pearse, whispered to one boy—"Cockus lignus." "Cockus lignus!" shouted the boy, to the great amusement of Sir Richard and his guests. Notwithstanding our inability to give the correct Latin for woodcock he kindly got us the half-holiday, and gave us a pleasant afternoon's sport.

During my stay with Dr. Owen an excited county election took place, the hustings being in Beaumaris Castle. The Conservative candidate was Mr. Meyrick of Bodorgan, and the Liberal candidate the Honourable William Owen Stanley. On the nomination day the Liberal candidate was proposed by Sir Richard, and the impression he made

upon me may be guessed by the fact that I do not recollect anything about the other speakers on either side, or their speeches ; but Sir Richard's port and presence, coupled with his wit and playful manner, compelled one's attention.

The great and grand Bill for the abolition of slavery was of recent date at that time, and in his address Sir Richard naturally spoke with approval of the measure. While he was enlarging upon it, a clergyman—who was also a somewhat pronounced squire—suddenly shouted, "It is not abolished in Anglesey yet." "No, Sir, and never will be so long as country parsons ape country squires," was the prompt reply. The baronet continued his speech without being in the slightest degree disconcerted by the interrruption. A few minutes later a clergyman of notoriously drunken habits, who lived a completely unclerical life, placed both hands to his mouth and shouted between them, "Go home and read your Bible." "If you, Sir, when you read it, were to apply its maxims to yourself, it would improve both your mind and your morals," was the instant reply, and the address went on without being in any measure injured by the interruptions. His readiness of repartee and in rapidly framing an epigram or giving an amusing and appropriate name to anything was remarkable.

My brother-in-law, the late Mr. Morgan, was trustee of Sir Richard's marriage settlement with his first wife, and he purchased from Sir Richard some fields near Carnarvon, one of which was called Cae Synamon. On this field Mr. Morgan built a house, and strangely called it by the name of the field. When Sir Richard heard the name he promptly christened it "Morgan's spicy place." Any one hearing the name "Cae Synamon" would be apt to connect it, as Sir Richard so wittily did, with the pleasant spice one enjoys with custard, but the name is really said to be the Welsh for "a field with a pleasant view of Anglesey (*syn y Mon*).

It was a loss to the two counties that so able a man had one defect, (where is the man with none ?) an inconstancy of sentiment on subjects, which led to his throwing up many public appointments in which he was most efficient; but

some of his sudden impulses were very amusing. The clergyman of Bettws Garmon had no parochial residence, and lived in the town of Carnarvon. With his usual kindness Sir Richard allowed him to reside rent-free in a house belonging to him at the foot of Quellyn Lake. Those were the days when the window-tax existed, and the clergyman had the bad taste to send the demand for the window-tax to Sir Richard, who promptly sent orders to his agent to pull the house down, which was done.

He was the most efficient non-legal Chairman of Quarter Sessions I ever knew, and his ready wit helped to smooth and make everything pleasant. On one occasion, in the days when all petty larcenies had to go before juries, a girl of the name of Jane Williams, from Newborough, was committed to the Anglesey Quarter Sessions for stealing an apron. One of the grand jury brought back the indictment against Jane Williams distinctly marked "No true bill," but by some errror the Clerk of the Peace read, "A true bill against Jane Williams for larceny," and reading the indictment asked if she was guilty or not guilty. She pleaded "not guilty," upon which the advocate for the prosecution, whose brain had not been improved by many years' devotion to whisky, rose to state the case to the jury, and did so at as great a length as if it were a really serious case. While he was speaking a grand juror brought in another bill, and was amazed to find that Jane Williams was being tried. He at once returned to the grand jury room and was sent back to tell the Court that they had ignored the bill. The Chairman (Sir Richard) asked the Clerk of the Peace if he was not mistaken as to the "true bill," and he said that it was a true bill. "Let me look at the indictment," said the Chairman, and having got it he read the endorsement "no true bill," and turning to the advocate for the prosecution he said, "I am sorry, Mr. ——, that so much *eloquence* should have been thrown away." Mr. —— evidently took the remark as a compliment, but those who had listened to the eloquence (?) evidently thought otherwise. Sir Richard was at one time the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, but he gave it up after a time.

He seemed to know everybody in Anglesey, especially the farmers, as I had special reason to realise on one occasion. The Queen and Prince Albert had arranged to pay a visit to Ireland, going by train to Holyhead, and thence to Kingstown in the royal yacht, escorted by the Channel Fleet. Sir Richard invited me to accompany him to Holyhead in his fine schooner yacht the *Leda*, an invitation which I gladly accepted. The then Marquis of Anglesey, who was Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, was unable to attend and present the address at Holyhead, and asked Sir Richard Bulkeley, who was Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, to present it in his stead. The *Leda* duly arrived in Holyhead harbour on Friday evening, and the Channel Fleet was already anchored there. On Friday evening two of the crew of the *Leda* were attacked with severe bowel complaint, and the yacht's boat was sent to the *Terrible* steam frigate to ask Captain McClaverty to send the surgeon or the assistant-surgeon. One of them duly arrived and set the men right. On Saturday, when at luncheon in the *Leda*, Sir Richard said, "Now mind, Turner, and keep as close as possible behind me when I am presenting the address, and you will have a good view of her Majesty." Luncheon over he looked at his watch and said, "I think it is time for us to go." "Well," I said, "you know best," and we got into the gig and started for the shore. In an evil moment as we were going along in the boat he said, "I think we shall have time to go and thank Captain McClaverty for sending us his surgeon last night, and the surgeon for coming." Again I, without looking at my watch, replied, "You know best;" and aboard the *Terrible* we went, and a terrible mistake in so doing we made. The captain was probably getting into his best uniform, as the Queen would pass the ship in going to the anchorage; at any rate we were left a long while on deck before he turned up, when Sir Richard thanked him, and the captain bowed, said he was welcome, and again went below. Unfortunately one of the lieutenants knew us, and asked if we would like to go over the ship; unwisely we went, and when doing so the boatswain's mates' whistles resounded over the ship, and the men ran up the rigging to man yards.

We bundled into the yacht's gig, and the men rowed as hard as they could, but we had not got more than thirty or forty yards from the *Terrible* when her broadside of 68-pounders blazed away. The Queen and Prince Albert had arrived, and we passed rapidly under a bridge and scrambled up an immense pile pier, of which there were two abreast of each other, the *Victoria and Albert* royal yacht being moored between them. We scrambled up one of them and saw five ladies entering the glass house on deck, but could not tell which was her Majesty.

The *Victoria and Albert*, the second of her name, and still sound (though a far larger yacht has taken her place), is a steam yacht of 2400 tons, and her paddle-box was very far above our heads. The captain, Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, called by his friends "Dolly" for short, was an old friend of Sir Richard's, and when the latter saw him on the paddle-box he looked up at him and "sang out," "Dolly, how are you?" Lord Adolphus, looking down from his elevation, replied, "Bulkeley, how d'ye do? Turn ahead slow." The yacht then at once steamed very slowly from between the piers and anchored amid the Channel Fleet. The address had been presented by the High Sheriff of the county, and we saw no more of the Queen than I have stated. "Never mind," said Sir Richard, "we will go and have some fun amongst the people." All Anglesey seemed to be there, and all Anglesey seemed familiar to him, especially the farmers, many of whom were his tenants; the numbers he knew astonished me very much. One man was asked if his wife was better, another if he had sold the black mare, and these sort of questions. He saw one well-dressed man, of the higher class of farmers, and hailed him, "Ah, Little Pickles, how are you?" "Little Pickles" took off his hat as we passed on and seemed in no way displeased. I asked how he had earned this title. "Well," Sir Richard said, "he is a tenant of Lord Dinorben and of mine. He attended Lord Dinorben's dinner one day, and mine the next, they being on consecutive days. He got too much liquor at Lord Dinorben's rent dinner and felt very seedy at mine, and my agent, Tom Williams, who of course presided, asked him what he

would take. Mr. —— looked about the table, and his eye fell upon a glass jar of pickled onions, which he evidently regarded as the best remedy for seediness, so scratching his head he replied, 'Well indeed I will take a little pickles, if you please." Mr. Thomas Williams retailed the story to his employer, hence the hail of "Little Pickles, how are you ?"

I once found myself in what is to me one of the most unpleasant positions, that of being present while two county magnates had in the County Hall of Carnarvon a serious quarrel, the one a noble lord and the other a gentleman of good estate. Sir Richard was also present, and he "never turned a hair," as the saying is, whereas I felt, and I have no doubt looked, almost as miserable a sinner as if I had been "left for execution." Sir Richard had a very handy way of expressing himself by a wink, and turning to me he winked, as much as to say, "Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" Like all other quarrels it came of course to an end, but there never was any love lost between the combatants either before or after the quarrel. I would rather have walked twenty miles than have been present, but Sir Richard was a very much older and more seasoned man than I was.

I once only got for a time into his "black books," and few things ever grieved me more than to appear to have given an adverse decision against his eldest son, then Captain Bulkeley, and afterwards Sir Richard Mostyn Bulkeley. The latter ran a yacht at the R.W.Y.C. Regatta, which came in second in her class, with the protest flag flying, and on coming ashore a written protest, in accordance with the rules, was duly presented within an hour after the end of the race. The protest was upon the alleged ground that the yacht which came in first (an Irish yacht) had not passed the *red buoy of the bar* on the proper side as ordered in the sailing directions with which each yacht was always supplied immediately before the race, together with a chart of the course. The directions were—"in going out leave the *red buoy of the bar* on the port hand, and the black buoy on the starboard hand, and on returning after rounding the flag boat leave the black buoy of the bar on the port hand and *the red buoy of the bar* on the starboard hand." These two

buoys are the only ones noticed in the directions, these marking the two corners of two sides of the South Bank, where the channel is very narrow. There were upon the bar three other buoys, which as above stated are not mentioned. One of these, a *very small buoy*, was painted red, its designation being the *preventer buoy*, the difference between the "red buoy of the bar" and the little preventer buoy being as great as that between a horse and a small pug dog. The two buoys noticed in the directions were essential to keep clear of the shallow water on the banks, whereas the small buoy was simply to show the deepest water, but as the yachts were not sent out until there was plenty of water, it, like the other buoys, except the two essential ones, was purposely ignored. Captain Bulkeley's yacht had no licensed pilot aboard, and the Jersey man, who acted in that capacity, told them that the little buoy was "the red buoy of the bar." The Sailing Committee, of which I, as the flag officer present, was of course the chairman, after hearing the evidence on both sides, unanimously gave the only decision possible, that the Irish yacht had fully complied with the sailing directions, which, as far as the buoys were concerned, had been in force for many years. Captain Bulkeley was advised to take a licensed pilot in future, who would have piloted numberless yachts, and would of course be acquainted with the well-known designation of the "red buoy of the bar." For a time this matter created some coolness, but Vice-Commodore Jones, of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, with his yacht the *Bacchante*, being at Beaumaris, happened to dine at Baron Hill, and having seen the chart and a copy of the sailing directions signed by me he pointed out that no other possible decision could have been given without injustice. The matter cropped up a few years later at Baron Hill, and Lord Fitzhardinge, who had sailed in the yacht, made some slight allusion to it, saying there was some mistake about a red buoy. Sir Richard with some playful observation turned the conversation.

In the year when Sir Richard's eldest son, then a lieutenant in the Guards, who subsequently succeeded to the title, came of age, a large dinner was given at Baron Hill, at which

I was one of the guests. Nothing could exceed the genial pleasantry of Sir Richard on that as well as on all occasions.

It was a source of deep regret to me and always will be that I was unable to be present and take an active part in the inauguration of the pillar put up to the memory of Sir Richard Bulkeley, His son and successor, the late Sir Richard Mostyn Bulkeley, wrote to invite me to deliver the English address on the occasion, but *to my great sorrow* I was unable to go, as few things would have been more pleasing to me than to have delivered a valedictory address on the occasion of doing honour to the memory of one who had for many years showed me the utmost kindness and consideration. I had considerable correspondence with him on local and other matters, and append a few of his kind letters, and much regret having lost some of Lady Bulkeley's.

"Baron Hill, Beaumaris,
"*Nov.* 22, 1865.

"Dear Turner,—A notice will appear in the local journals on Saturday next convening a public meeting to be held the week following at Carnarvon to take into consideration what is best to be done with regard to the cattle plague. It is a puzzling question, and I confess that I do not see my way to a satisfactory solution.

"Yours truly,
"R. Williams Bulkeley."

Having slept over the matter, the Lord Lieutenant altered his mind, and the day after sent me the following letter, which no doubt must have crossed my reply to that of the 22nd, in which I fancy I was as much at sea as to any advice I could offer—which was *nil.*

"Baron Hill, Beaumaris,
"*Nov.* 23, 1865.

"Dear Turner,—On further consideration I am of opinion that it is not the business of the Lord Lieutenant to call a meeting to consider the cattle plague. If there are any persons in the county who think that any practical

result would be arrived at by a county meeting they must address the Sheriff. For myself, all that I could suggest would be for farmers, cowkeepers, etc., to insure their cattle, and as the Normal Cattle Insurance Co. have established agents here there is no difficulty. This no doubt would not meet the intentions of some parties; voluntary subscriptions they could propose, or in other words to escape the difficulty they would be very ready to dip their hands into other people's pockets. There would be Inspectors, Treasurers, Secretaries, etc., with good salaries, the expense of which would fall on a few willing givers. Be so kind as to tell the Volunteer officers to put my name down for the annual Volunteer ball.

"Yours very truly,

"R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY."

In the year 1867 Sir Richard Bulkeley had a severe attack of illness, as to which I received the following letter from Lady Bulkeley:

"*Jan.* 4, 1867.

"DEAR MR. TURNER,—I am delighted to be able to send you an improved account of Sir Richard's health. For two months I have been most anxious about him and indeed he has been very ill; but now, thank God, each day he seems to regain strength, and I hope in a little time he may be quite himself. Pray accept my thanks for your kind inquiries.

"Wishing you many happy returns of the New Year,

"Believe me yours sincerely,

"MARIA F. W. BULKELEY."

Sir Richard had proposed to me in 1868 that we should take a short sail in my yacht to visit the scenes of the losses of the *Rothsay Castle* and *Royal Charter*, as to which he altered his mind some time after, and notified the change in the following playful letter, which was so characteristic of his sudden changes and of his droll and playful and pleasant way of expressing them:

"Baron Hill, Beaumaris,
"*August* 31, 1868.

"My dear Commodore,—My courage has oozed out; a voyage across Red Wharf Bay in a 20-ton cutter about the autumn equinox alarms me. I am getting nervous in my old age, so I must decline; there is no money left from the *Royal Charter*, no odd sovereign or two to be picked up from the beach. I tried that dodge, but without success.

"Yours very truly,
"R. Williams Bulkeley."

In 1868 the then High Sheriff of this county invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to pay a visit on their way to or return from Dublin, where they were going. There was very considerable friction on the subject, as the magnates of the county naturally felt that they should have been consulted, and I was placed in a most awkward predicament, as Carnarvon was just completing the great scheme of drainage, which I in my capacity of head scavenger was responsible for having pushed forward, and literally forced "down people's throats," and it seemed almost impossible that the county town could be got into shape with its principal streets all "up," as the saying is for streets torn up for drains, etc.

On the one hand I was assured their Royal Highnesses would come, and on the other that they would not, so I set off to Dublin to make certain of their intentions. I left Bangor at midnight on Sunday, and reached Dublin at 7 A.M. on Monday; after breakfast I went to Dublin Castle, but as they were all going to a great review in the Phœnix Park I could only get an appointment for two o'clock. I went to the review in Phœnix Park, and then had an interview with Colonel Knollys in his bedroom in Dublin Castle, which was too full to afford him a room that did not answer a double purpose. Having a distinct arrangement that the Royal party would come on April 25, the anniversary of the birth of Edward II. in the Castle, I wrote to Lord Penrhyn, the then Lord Lieutenant, to Sir Richard Bulkeley, and several county magnates, to inform them,

and dined at the Royal Irish Yacht Club at Kingstown with a lot of yachting friends, who escorted me to the steamer at midnight. I went straight to bed aboard the mail steamer, got to Holyhead the next morning, and took train to Menai Bridge, walking from there home. I then drove to Carnarvon, and to my disgust found that in my absence the streets that I had closed had been re-opened; but I soon had them re-closed, and day and night workmen had to be employed without intermission. I believe that if ever a man should have been excused for displeasure in this case I ought. It was only by incessant watching that the place was made ready. Fires were kept burning in the streets all night, and the novel sight might have been witnessed of the then County Court Judge, who had dined at Parkia, and the Mayor (myself) wandering about the streets from midnight until two o'clock in the morning, to see that the work was being finished.

The decorating committee and inhabitants of the town worked splendidly, and when the day arrived the streets presented the fairy-like appearance described by Sir Richard Bulkeley in his letters that follow. The quantity of evergreens used for decoration was enormous. Castle Square, the side-walks of which were bowered with evergreens, through which you could step in and out through the arches to and from the foot and carriage ways, was much admired. The fountain in the square was temporarily surrounded with spar, stones, ferns, etc. Sir Richard wrote:

"Baron Hill, Beaumaris,
"*April* 26, 1868.

"My dear Turner,—I can't allow a day to pass without expressing my admiration for the absolutely perfect arrangements made for the reception of their Royal Highnesses.

"Hampered as you were by the untoward circumstances which made it most difficult for you at the head of affairs at Carnarvon and for the representatives of the counties to arrange for the reception, the success was wonderful, and you must naturally rejoice that after all everything went off to perfection.

"The uncertainty in which at one time we all were as to whether the Royal visit was really to come off, and which was only cleared up by your raid on Dublin Castle, must really have been distressing, especially as the streets of Carnarvon were recently torn up for water and drainage.

"Everything except the one embroglio went off well. It was refreshing to hear two gentlemen like Lord Penrhyn and yourself addressing the assembly after that S. S. P.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY."

So pleased was Sir Richard with the whole proceedings that he wrote again in a few days, in the pleasant chatting vein in which he so frequently indulged.

"BARON HILL, BEAUMARIS,
"*April* 29, 1868.

"DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Allow me once more to congratulate you on the success of the reception and the good taste exhibited by the Carnarvon Castle committee throughout. The old town looked beautiful; the narrowness of the streets was emblematic of its antiquity. The great square, with its festoons of evergreens and lined on all sides with Volunteers and bounded by the Castle, was really splendid. Within the Castle the same good taste prevailed; the *déjeûner* was well served, the eatables vastly superior to what are usually served on such occasions. I had soup, some cold salmon with mayonnaise sauce (quite correct), roast lamb, and two glasses of champagne. What does a man want more?

"Yours faithfully,

"R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY."

About this time there was an unpleasant change in the health of Sir Richard Bulkeley, but the same exceedingly pretty and distinct handwriting was visible in his letters, and it was with deep regret that I received the following announcement of his illness:

"BARON HILL, BEAUMARIS,
"*Nov.* 26, 1868.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—I am quite unable to accept your kind invitation. I have been ill for more than a month. I rallied considerably about a week ago, and thought that I was going again to enjoy the blessing of health, but it is now otherwise, and I hardly leave the house. . . . has left such a feeling of animosity in the boroughs as you could hardly imagine, and this by harangues *after* the election was over.

"Yours very truly,

"R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY."

One of the most important occasions upon which Sir Richard Bulkeley did public service was as foreman of the Coroner's jury which sat at Beaumaris on August 19, 1831, in an inquest over the bodies of fifty-six persons who perished in the *Rothsay Castle*. At the end of the proceedings he handed to the Coroner the following outspoken letter:

"SIR,—From the evidence before them the jury cannot separate without expressing their firm conviction that had the *Rothsay Castle* been a seaworthy vessel, and properly manned, this awful calamity might have been averted. They cannot disguise their indignation at the conduct of those who could place such a vessel on this station, and under the charge of a captain and mate who have been proved, by the evidence brought before the jury, to have been in a state of intoxication.

"(*Signed*) R. W. BULKELEY,
"Foreman.

"*To the Coroner.*"

THE LATE LORD PENRHYN.

This nobleman, who died in harness as Lord Lieutenant of the county, was so recently an active factor and benefactor in relation to all matters connected with the county of Carnarvon that I think the best course I can adopt in these Reminiscences is to reprint here the address which in

my capacity of High Sheriff of the county of Carnarvon I delivered in presiding over the county meeting to commemorate his death.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is a source of deep regret to me that one of the earliest functions of this shrievalty should be that of convening and presiding over a meeting consequent upon the death of the late Lord Penrhyn, the Lord Lieutenant of the county; and if, in discharging the latter part of the duty my words be few, I pray you to believe that their brevity will be due to an unwillingness to trespass upon the time which other speakers are equally entitled to share. In treating of the death of Lord Penrhyn, it is a great consolation to reflect that he was not cut off in the meridian of life —that his sunset in the appointed season was in the evening of his existence, when he died full of years and full of honour.

"This is by no means the first occasion in a somewhat long public career on which I have been called upon to discharge duties of a kindred kind. Now, as then, I will endeavour studiously to avoid the use of any words savouring of flattery. One sometimes hears nauseous eulogies of the dead, describing them as perfectly faultless—in other words, not human. To my simple understanding such a description is an insult to the memory of any one who deserves—as I believe Lord Penrhyn to deserve—the appellation of a good man. The best proof of this will be found in the fact that, however other men may have differed from him on various points, from the day when he first entered Penryhn Castle to the hour when he passed from time to eternity, one never heard of a whisper against his moral character, or of a stain upon his honour. I and others have differed with him on public points, but which of us can say that we ever heard of an *intentional* error or wrong of which he was guilty? I mention difference of opinion advisedly, because it emphasises the evidence, inasmuch as the testimony of those who did not always agree in his views must of necessity immeasurably transcend in importance that of any one who might have said 'Amen' on all occasions to his utterances.

I will now take leave to allude to the long connection of the late Lord Penrhyn with the county of Carnarvon, a connection so long that the younger generation of men do not recollect his advent, which, I am sorry to say, I do; and as one who having filled a variety of public posts, has had an enormous amount of public business to transact with him, I can state that as member for the county he was always energetic and ready in the discharge of public affairs, and that when he was called to the Upper House he was equally ready to co-operate with those who required his aid. Allow me now to speak of the late Lord Penrhyn as an improver of the face of the county. It has been said, and wisely said, that the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is a benefactor to his race. Lord Penrhyn did more than this; he spent a large sum in turning bad land into good. I am unable to say what his practice may have been of late years, but his lordship told me, many years ago, that he had not taken a farthing out of the farms of the estate, but had expended the entire rents in their improvement. It may be said that he was improving his own property, and if it be so said, I take no exception to the statement; but allow me to remark that there are vast numbers of proprietors who neglect the duty of improving the portion of this earth entrusted to their care. I have never hesitated to denounce from public platforms the disfigurement of this beautiful country by that burlesque upon architecture which is rapidly rendering some of its best scenery unsightly and robbing it of its charms. Lord Penrhyn never offended in that direction. If you desire proof of this latter assertion look at the model village of Llandegai, and examine the pretty and commodious dwellings erected by him for the Penrhyn quarrymen. My observations in opening this meeting would be lamentably incomplete were I to sit down without allusion to the charities of Lord Penrhyn. We are taught in holy writ that 'to whom much is given, from him will much be required;' but, alas! the warning and the admonition are not always regarded as they ought to be. All men do not recognise the fact that they are, after all, no more than 'stewards of God's bounty.' Who can deny

that the late Lord Lieutenant did recognise this duty, and that he gave with a liberal hand? I, for one, believe that he never refused to assist all whom he believed honestly to deserve it. If there be truth in the Gospels of heaven we have full warrant for believing that those who, to the best of their lights, recognise this great duty of charity, lay up for themselves a far higher and more enduring reward than any memorial which this or any other meeting can offer upon their tombs."

Lord Penrhyn succeeded the late Mr. Assheton Smith as Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, to which he was a most liberal benefactor for many years, and I succeeded Lord Penrhyn.

MR. LLOYD EDWARDS, OF NANHORON

(A large estate in South Carnarvonshire).

Amongst the best known men in the county of Carnarvon for a great many years was Mr. Lloyd Edwards, whose kind and pleasant face was familiar to most people, and he was almost always to be seen at all functions relating to the county. In the old days of the Pwllheli hunt and the Tremadoc balls he was always to the fore, and he was always an active worker at elections. He was a man of large and strong proportions, and I well remember about fifty years ago at a very large dinner at the Bulkeley Arms Hotel in Beaumaris, the object of which I have forgotten, considerable laughter was caused when in proposing his health the speaker alluded to their early days at Eton, " when Lloyd Edwards was a boy." Captain Bob Williams, the late Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley's brother, called out, " Lloyd Edwards a boy! Lloyd Edwards never was a boy." This may seem absurd on paper, but Mr. Lloyd Edwards being so big a man the joke amazingly tickled the audience, and none laughed more heartily than the genial gentleman who had evoked it.

He was always so ready to join in any public matter, and

was so well known for his hospitality not only in his own house, but when from home, especially to young men, that I for one felt great regret when I heard of his decease.

THE LATE LORD NEWBOROUGH.

Lord Newborough for a great number of years filled the posts of Chairman of Quarter Sessions of the county of Carnarvon, and Chairman of the County Petty Sessions of the Carnarvon division, and of the Visiting Justices of Carnarvon Gaol before it fell to my lot to fill the latter post, which I did for many years. He was most assiduous in the discharge of his duties until an unfortunate misunderstanding with some other magistrates led to his resignation. As his lordship filled the post of Chairman of that body so long, I may as well here relate some curious incidents attending Quarter Sessions cases.

On one occasion two powerful ruffians were tried at these Sessions for breaking a window in a watchmaker's shop in broad daylight, and stealing some watches. One of them had managed to secrete a stone in his pocket, and on being sentenced he threw it at the Chairman, but missed him; having fired too high the stone went through the arm of the portrait of Mr. Garnons, who filled the office of Prothonotary under the Welsh Judicature, which was hanging at the back of the Bench in those days.

In another criminal case which I remember, the foreman of the petty jury, when asked the usual question as to whether they found the prisoner guilty or not guilty, replied, "Guilty, my Lord, but we recommend the prisoner to mercy as we think there was a *pig* between him and the prosecutor." "What?" said Lord Newborough, "I do not understand you." "A pig, my lord; we think there was a pig between him and the prosecutor." I ventured to suggest that the juryman probably meant a *pique*, and the suggestion being adopted, the prisoner received a sentence partially softened by the fortunate intervention of the "pig." When I inform my readers that the gentleman who introduced the "pig" into the verdict was a printer, they will probably

(*Chancellor, photo., Dublin*)

LORD NEWBOROUGH

in future cease to ascribe *all* errors of printed matter to that convenient individual—the printer's devil.

By far the most humorous proceeding which I remember at Quarter Sessions was the creation of an Irishman whom I had the honour of knowing very well. He was a wonderful man in his walk of life, and for some time wheeled a barrow daily from Carnarvon to Beaumaris for oysters; returning to Carnarvon in the evening he hawked the oysters about the streets of Carnarvon at all hours of the night. As he increased in wealth he gave up the barrow, and got his oysters to Menai Bridge by the Liverpool steamer, and on to Carnarvon by one of the three omnibuses that met the steamer in those days. I once asked him how on earth he got customers at three o'clock in the morning, as I had heard him calling, "Carlingford oysters, stinking fish, O! yur stinking fish," when I was leaving a ball at that hour. His reply was, "Ah, sure, your honour, there's many a man who has been soaking himself in a tavern all night who is glad of an oyster at three or four or any other hour." At that time and for many years after taverns could be kept open all night.

But to come to Pat's comic proceedings at Quarter Sessions. A man was placed upon his trial for stealing at Carnarvon a sack of hones for sharpening knives. A yard where hones were stored had been more than once robbed, and late one night or in the early morning a policeman met a man with a sack on his back in a street and demanded to know its contents, and the man was apprehended and committed for trial at Quarter Sessions. Pat sat right in front of the dock where (in the old court) there was a bench. During the proceedings Pat called out, "I seed that man buy thim hones from a Welshmin near the Natienel School in this town;" no notice being taken he repeated his statement in a very loud tone, and when the case for the prosecution was concluded, he was put into the witness box (in the old court it was a large box or enclosure, some five feet square, with a door to it at the top of some steps). Pat being sworn deposed to the facts already stated as to seeing the prisoner purchase the hones. The advocate for the prosecution, who was an exceedingly able man, but not used to

Irish witnesses, got up to cross-examine, and commenced in an angry tone, which was not a wise course with a witty native of the Emerald Isle. The following questions and answers took place, and in a very angry tone he began by asking :

" What is your name, Sir ? "

" Matthew Grant, bi the same token."

" And pray, Mr. Grant," said his questioner, " what is your occupation ? "

" I'm a jack-of-all-thrades and master of none like yur-self."

" You might give a civil answer, Sir, to a civil question."

" I could give a gintleman a civil answer."

Nothing could be got out of the witness, and when his tormentor sat down there was a dead silence for a minute or two, when Pat placed his hands right and left on the sides of the witness-box, and turning his head to the right and left took a deliberate and calm inspection round the court ; then opening the door of the witness-box very slowly descended the steps, saying as he went, " I care for neither lawyers, magistrates, nor pillecemen." The advocate for the prosecution then took " his change " out of Pat in his address to the jury, who found the prisoner guilty, despite the eloquence of " Matthew Grant bi the same token."

Lord Newborough was an exceedingly good landlord, and his farms were supplied with models of good farm build-ings, the houses and out-houses being equally good. I heard an amusing story of his " shutting up " a selfish tenant who coveted his neighbour's farm, which adjoined that tenanted by him. The tenant of the adjacent farm died, and Lord Newborough let the farm to the widow, whose neighbour desired to " add field to field," and get the poor woman ousted. He went to Lord Newborough and said, " My lord, Jane Williams is letting the land." " What, letting my land ? " was the reply. " Yes, my lord, she has let it all but the garden." " What, let all my land except the garden ? " " Yes, my lord." " Well," said Lord Newborough, " will you go to her with my compliments and tell her that she is welcome to let the garden too."

His lordship, who was a keen man of business, preferred attending to his own affairs to being assisted by an interested schemer. I once mentioned the subject to him and he laughed and was evidently amused at having discomfited Jane Williams's jealous neighbour. Though so good a man of business, he was sometimes overmatched. He and his predecessors had for some years paid a small annual sum to Jesus College, Oxford, and after the lapse of some years he refused to pay it any longer, unless they could show him what it was for. It so happened that at that time the Bursar of the College was a particularly acute man, and he looked up the business of the College with great care, and found that the money was payable as an ancient ground-rent for a farm granted to Lord Newborough's predecessors in title. The document which he discovered contained a proviso that unless the ground-rent was paid within a certain number of days after it was due the farm was forfeited to the College, and after being in the possession of the owners of the Glynllifon estate for many years it thus reverted to Jesus College.

CHANCELLOR TREVOR.

At the time I was born the Rev. William Trevor was the Vicar of Carnarvon, and although Parkia is in another parish, viz., that of Llanfairisgaer, or the Church of St. Mary below the fortification (*i.e.*, the British or Danish encampment), which existed on the higher ground above it, my father's family went to Carnarvon to the English service.

Mr. Trevor was a man of good physique and fine presence, and was in my opinion *the* most perfect reader and the best interpreter (if I may use the term) of the wonderfully beautiful prayers and supplications of the Church of England to whom I ever listened. My own father was a most distinct reader, and few things offended him more than bad reading. Mr., in later life Canon, Wynn Williams was one of Mr. Trevor's curates, and christened me in Llanfairisgaer Church. Mr. Trevor was Sheriff's Chaplain to my father that year, and must have been a striking contrast to many

of the country clergy, who often filled that post, and were of a strikingly different type. I do not for a moment apply this observation to all the clergy, as there were some gentlemen who had graduated at Oxford and Cambridge who preached Assize sermons fit to listen to, but I repeat that I never yet saw the man whose rendering of the service equalled Mr. Trevor's.

The living of Carnarvon is in the gift of the Bishop of Chester, and, amongst the numerous other anomalies which abound in the management of the Church, no sooner is a vicar appointed than he comes under the clerical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Bangor. Mr. Trevor was a Cheshire man, and engaged to be married to the daughter of Professor Woolaston, and the living was given to him on condition that he learned to speak and preach in the Welsh language within a given period, the length of which I forget. He studied hard, passed muster, and got the living. It was not unnatural that his appointment as an Englishman to a Welsh parish should be at first resented by a portion of his flock, but as the English church was the principal one in point of attendance and culture he was a decided godsend at least to it. In any other similarly situated establishment, a good English reader and preacher would have been appointed to the English church, and a Welshman to Llanbeblig, but somehow or other a reform of Church government seems as difficult as it would be to divert the Gulf Stream. Down to the latest times we have men allowed to read and preach in English who are as incapable of doing so as the Archbishop of Canterbury is of preaching in Welsh. There are of course numerous Welshmen who can efficiently perform English services, but the term " Reverend " seems a passport to the work in both languages, without any distinction as to capability.

The revenues designed for providing for the service of the sanctuary had been and remained for a very long period diverted to secular uses, and a family of the name of Peploe had a lease of the tithes of Llanbeblig. The actual stipend of the Vicar of Llanbeblig was something ridiculously low, and a man of parts like Mr. Trevor could not be expected

to remain there for ever, and he was after a few years transplanted to the island of Anglesey, when he held two adjacent livings and became Chancellor of the Diocese, Carnarvon, with a large English congregation, being deprived of an able English incumbent. Until the lease to Captain Peploe expired no increase of the stipend of the Vicar of Llanbeblig could be made; and in the time of Mr. Thomas, who succeeded Mr. Trevor, a strong memorial drawn by the writer of these pages was presented to the Bishop of Chester, and through him to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the lease was not renewed. I endeavoured to induce two Bishops of Chester to get the parish divided, and the late Lord Penrhyn was strongly of that opinion, but it still remains one. The late Mr. Trevor was deeply impressed when in Anglesey with the conviction that something should be done to abolish the then existing "custom of the country," as it was called, and he invited the Rev. Mr. Roberts of Amlwch, a highly respected Calvinistic Methodist, to accompany him on a preaching tour to denounce the practice. Mr. Roberts readily assented, and they both went together, and their powerful exhortations had a most excellent effect and opened the eyes of the country to the necessity for the abolition of the practice. During his stay at Carnarvon Mr. Trevor received two presentations of plate, one within no long time of his advent, and the other on his leaving. I recollect an anecdote that the Chancellor used to relate of an awkward experience in a lunatic asylum he once visited, but was in no hurry to revisit. He was not dressed with the usual white tie of clergymen, and in going out of the asylum he remarked to the head of the establishment, "I have often heard that sane men are occasionally confined in asylums, and nothing would convince me that Captain Smith whom I talked to for so long is insane." "Would you like to go back and have further conversation with him?" said the doctor in charge. "Very much indeed," replied Mr. Trevor; so back they went. Addressing the lunatic the doctor said, "Captain Smith, I forgot to introduce you to the Reverend Mr. Trevor." No sooner was the word *Reverend* pronounced than Captain Smith displayed the greatest violence and attempted to attack

the man whom nothing a few minutes earlier would persuade that he was a lunatic.

He was mad upon parsons.

THE REV. THOMAS THOMAS.

The Rev. John William Trevor, afterwards Chancellor of the diocese, was succeeded as Vicar of Carnarvon by the hard-working and successful clergyman whose name heads this section.

As the energy and good works of Mr. Thomas are set forth in the address delivered by me in the Guildhall at Carnarvon in presenting him with a public testimonial on his leaving for Ruabon, and which was printed at that time in the Carnarvon *Herald*, and reprinted in that journal after his funeral, I present that as a picture painted at the time, and therefore more accurate than one of more distant date might prove to be :

"MR. THOMAS,—I have been deputed by a numerous and influential body of your late parishioners to present to you these substantial tokens of their affectionate regard. Pleasing, however, as it may be to me to discharge such a duty, and to you to be the recipient of such a memorial, it is nevertheless impossible altogether to conceal the fact that your satisfaction must partake, in some degree at least, the characteristics of a melancholy pleasure. Your long residence in this parish, the connection of your sacred duties with the living, as well as with that mighty army of the dead, to whose hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, you listened in life, at the bedsides of many to whom you ministered in sickness, and finally saw laid in the silence of the tomb,—these are considerations calculated to cause deep and solemn reflection, neither can it be altogether uninstructive for a few moments to dwell upon them. It seems to me but yesterday—yet it was the period of my boyhood—of your advent to this place, that I beheld you, the then new vicar, returning the call of one 'whose place now knows him no more,' one who was dearer to me than the life he gave me. Since that day what

events have crowded upon us, what changes have we seen! Of those who during my lifetime occupied the responsible office which I now fill as chief magistrate of this place, no less than eight, commencing with the first Marquis of Anglesey of Waterloo fame, have been called upon to render an account of their stewardship before a higher tribunal than man's. Most, indeed, of the principal actors of that day have passed from off the stage of life, exchanging the fleeting things of time for the awful realities of eternity and we, amid things ever changing—ever new—are for a brief period occupying their place, happily or the reverse.

> All hope, and fear, alternate chase
> Our course through life's uncertain race.

"I speak not of uncertainty as a 'dark idolater of chance,' but of that uncertainty in which finite minds are wisely kept with regard to sublunary things. In reviewing these momentous changes of the past, how vain, how trifling, how infinitesimally small and insignificant, appear the jealousies, animosities, and differences which may have agitated the breasts of some of those who have passed from amongst us, which, at the time they were felt and expressed, may have assumed in their eyes important proportions! How many virtues, how many vices, how many prejudices lie buried with them! And how often do we find that the more honourable the motive, the more unfounded the prejudice, the more groundless the notion, the more difficult is its eradication. The Lord Chancellor Erskine, whose great experience of mankind was equalled by the eloquence with which he clothed the narration of it, has left upon record his experience of prejudice in that beautiful and expressive passage wherein he tells us that 'Some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices spring from the most honourable impulses of the mind; when prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst of men feel intervals of remorse to soften and disperse them; but when they arise from a generous, though mistaken source, they are hugged closer to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures often feel a satisfaction in fostering a blind and

unjust resentment.' In the brief glance which we have taken of the past, what does the retrospect point out to us but man and his prejudices buried together? But I must not dwell longer upon such considerations—thoughts so fraught with melancholy interest, so suggestive of the severance of those ties which all men in a greater or lesser degree regard. There is, however, a severance of another description, which has caused our assemblage together in this ancient hall to-day; and although that severance has been voluntary on your part, I cannot imagine that 'the die was cast' without a pang. Often as you have offered consolation to others, you may not at this moment feel independent of it yourself,

For 'tis strange we should have power oft to give another peace,
Whilst we vainly bid the anguish of our own vexed spirit cease.

"In quitting this place, however, you may have many consolations; you have the consolation of reflecting that you are materially benefiting, as you are bound to benefit, those whose natural protector you are; of knowing that you leave behind you useful monuments—witnesses that you have not altogether lived to yourself. Foremost amongst the institutions for which Carnarvon is indebted to you, you leave a temple devoted to the training of childhood—a building in which the children of men are taught with their earliest breath to praise their Maker. Opposite to that unpretending, though invaluable institution, you leave us a National School, almost if not altogether equal to any National School in the Principality of Wales—an institution in which the children, whose early training has been commenced in the Infant School, receive an education suited to their advancing age and requirements. You also leave a Ragged School, the advantage of which is too patent and perceptible to be enhanced by any panegyric which I might pass upon it; also two National Schools in the outlying parts of this populous parish, and the Training College, of which you are the founder. These are your monuments, these are your witnesses; they address themselves to us in language more eloquent than I can command—their testimony will endure when these lips are closed, when this tongue is silent for ever. How many

of the sons of want and toil are indebted to the education which they have received in these institutions for the improvement of their mind and manners!

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

You have now for the second time entered upon a responsible future; it is, however, a future pleasingly blended with the past. You return to the scene of your early duties; and great as the changes at Ruabon must necessarily have been, it is gratifying to reflect (as your predecessor, Dean Bonner, told me some time ago) that many of your former parishioners at Ruabon still hold you in pleasing remembrance.* I have perhaps trespassed too long upon you, as well as upon those whose feelings I have but feebly expressed. In discharging the delicate duty entrusted to me I have endeavoured in steering clear of the Scylla of flattery to avoid shipwreck upon the Charybdis of faint praise. I will only add in the name of those for whom I speak the expression of an earnest hope that you and yours may long live to enjoy these tributes of regard; that your sojourn at Ruabon may be usefully and happily spent; and when you are called upon to exchange that future upon which you have now entered for that other future, which is eternity, may your end be peace."

THE REV. JAMES CRAWLEY VINCENT.

This excellent clergyman succeeded the Rev. Thomas Thomas as Vicar of Carnarvon, and in my capacity as Mayor and Chairman of the Board of Health I was associated with him during the cholera pestilence in the year 1867, and witnessed his noble exertions in the relief of distress. I should be sorry to omit his name from the list of those who are to be found in these pages. I believe there were few of the one hundred victims of this dreadful disease that left this world without his ministrations and charitable aid. Having accompanied

* Mr. Thomas had been promoted to the Vicarage of Carnarvon from the Curacy of Ruabon, to which he was now returning as Vicar.

him in *daylight* through all the abominably disgraceful haunts of misery when the cholera first broke out nobody could better realise than I the horror of visits to the dens to which he was summoned at all hours of *the night*, summonses to which he responded with a readiness that was worthy of all praise.

Mr. Vincent was a man of fine physique, standing about six feet two, and as brave as a lion. If the cholera experience had not been sufficient I had additional proof of it in a furious gale of wind in the Irish Channel off St. David's Head in my yacht, which fortunately proved an A 1 sea-boat. She had previously met with an accident through one of her legs sinking in a soft place when aground, which necessitated new garboard streaks,* one of which had been badly fastened at the stem, and we sprang a leak. The gale was of such force that when the ebb-tide faced it the seas were of great depth and height. It was a novel experience for a clergyman; but the man who fearlessly faced the cholera as bravely faced the sea, and took his turn at the pump with as great alacrity as any man aboard.

The admirable conduct of Mr. Vincent and Mr. David Thomas, whose honoured name appears elsewhere, endeared them to me; and when, a few years later, I followed Mr. Vincent to the grave I was painfully reminded that the locality was deprived of a man whose services in a great emergency had lightened the departure of a large number of unfortunate people who were carried off by the pestilence. It is deplorable that so-called *human* beings should erect vast numbers of houses unfit for *human* habitation, and that the law permitted it to be done. It is a positive fact that in some of the places I visited with Mr. Vincent when the pestilence first broke out there were houses in which fishermen who could earn 30*s.* or £2 a week, but who spent it in drink and never went out again to fish until they were driven by starvation, had nothing but stones to sit on and straw to lie on. What must night visits to such dens be when the cholera was raging? Yet that was what Mr. Vincent and Mr. David Thomas fearlessly did at all hours of the night.

* These are the planks next to the keel.

Mr. Vincent was a man of most kindly nature, a thorough gentleman, very charitable, and always given to good works. His father, who was for many years the incumbent of Llanfairfechan succeeded Dean Cotton in the Deanery of Bangor, and died while holding that office. Like his fine manly son he was a genial kind man. I had known him from my boyhood, and never saw a frown on his face. Mr. Vincent's mother was the niece of Admiral Crawley, who, as elsewhere is mentioned, presented the life-boat to Carnarvon, a model of which I have at Parkia and in which I often had my face washed with salt water. On the death of my mother at the age of 90, Mr. Vincent wrote me the following letter :

"VICARAGE, CARNARVON,
"*Nov.* 22, 1864.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—You will fully believe me when I say how sincerely I sympathise with you in the loss you have sustained. Great as was your mother's age, and therefore expected as this affliction must have been, yet not the less hard does it seem ; and as you recall all her care and anxiety for you during the many years that it pleased God that she should be spared, the blank is hard and will long remain so. It was very kind of you in the middle of your trouble to think of our meeting.

"I am, my dear Turner,
"Yours sincerely,
"JAMES C. VINCENT."

Mr. Vincent was one of those fine strong looking men that I always expected would have long life. He had the misfortune to catch a cold which settled in his throat, and he had for some time to breathe through a tube inserted in it. The respect in which he was held was amply displayed at his funeral, which was attended by a vast concourse of people of all classes.

[It may be permitted that the son of the clergyman of whom Sir Llewelyn speaks with such high esteem should say that, in his opinion, the real cause of his father's early death at the age of forty-two was that he was completely exhausted by overwork during the visitation of cholera.—J. E. V.]

DEAN COTTON.

Amongst the many revered friends whose association I enjoyed for many years was Dean Cotton; and in his case, as in that of so many friends, I looked upon him as an elderly man when I was a boy, and when in after-life I enjoyed his valued friendship I could hardly realise that I had regarded his age as so far beyond me when young.

Dean Cotton was the model of a practical pastor, a man always "given to good works," always trying to help others, and doing and saying kind things.

One of my first recollections of this good man was his preaching at the ancient church of St. Mary at Carnarvon, then the English church. He was then one of the Vicars of Bangor, prior to his becoming Dean. In his sermon he urged upon his audience the duty of considering others, and pointed out that every one had it in his power to make life easier to his neighbours, and to the community at large, and amongst other things he indicated many thoughtless acts which caused pain and discomfort to others without even benefiting those in fault. For example he instanced what he had noticed in almost every street in Carnarvon, viz., door-scrapers at right angles to the foot-way, which he had ascertained were a continual source of accident and danger to others; and he urged that a little consideration in many matters of the same kind would lead to a better feeling between neighbours, and save many disasters. I well remember as we came out of church hearing a lady denounce his sermon in warm language, stating "that the congregation had gone to church to hear the Word of God, and not to listen to nonsense about door-steps and such rubbish," etc. I dare say she had a door-step to her house, but she did not realise that though such things are not *specially* mentioned in Scripture, selfishness in every form is included. The practical benefit of the Dean's sermon was shown by the fact that, many years after, I made war on projecting steps when I filled the post of chief magistrate of Carnarvon, and they are all now things of the past, a work in which I was aided by Lord Newborough as to his property. Some years

after the Dean's sermon, Mrs. Gibbon, the wife of the cashier of Williams and Co.'s bank fell over a door-scraper on returning from a concert, and was laid up for months.

Another of my early recollections is the labour in which the Dean voluntarily engaged of going about the country to collect money to recoup the poor people who had lost the money put by for old age by the failure of the Savings Bank, and many a wealthy Cheshire or Lancashire man was beguiled by his pleading to aid in this holy and unselfish work. The self-imposed labour of this good man was enormous, and one wonders how he did it all. Much of his great success, as will be seen as we go on, was due to the wit and kindness and good-humour with which he oiled the machinery, if I may be excused for such an expression. His ready and always kind repartee, and his "word in season" never failed him, and many an angry person was turned from his wrath to good-humour by that readiness. The Dean's wit was so frequently displayed that one has not room for half one knew, and heard of. On one occasion he was walking along a street in Carnarvon with Mr. Thomas, the then Vicar. They were in a desperate hurry to catch a coach, and seeing a very nervous medical man approaching, Mr. Thomas said, "Oh, here is Dr. ——, he will button-hole us and we shall lose the coach." "No, he won't," was the reply. The doctor, meeting them, saluted them with "Good morning, Mr. Dean; good morning, Mr. Thomas. Any news, gentlemen?" "Mad dogs, doctor," was the Dean's reply. "Good morning, gentlemen," said the doctor, and bolted off to his house as fast as his legs could carry him. The Dean knew that the mere mention of those two words would rid them of his company at once.

On the opening of the Britannia Bridge a train of waggons loaded with stones, and a number of carriages for those who chose to be amongst the first to cross, was provided, and amongst those passengers was the Dean. Before the train started the Dean espied Mr. Pryce, one of the Vicars of Bangor, standing near, and urged him to go with them, which Mr. Pryce declined. "Well," said the Dean, "perhaps

you are right, for if I take the sea (see) by descent you will perhaps succeed to the Deanery."

The practical common sense of the Dean, and the natural kindness of his disposition, led to his living on terms of friendship and goodwill with his Nonconformist brethren; and so much was he respected by them that I have always felt that a disestablishment meeting would not have been held in Bangor in his day; and if I am right in this belief, there can be no stronger evidence that the strength of a Church lies more in the hearts of an entire community than in the pressing of claims and the enunciation of doctrines, of which it may often be said, " that they appear for a little time and then fade away."

The Dean gave an amusing description of a certain clergyman in an English diocese. But while enjoying the description of the absurdities of the man one is apt to pause and wonder how it is that in a Church in which the Bishops are learned men and scholars, men who cannot read their own language properly are ordained; how Welshmen who cannot talk English correctly are thrust continually on English congregations, and how in some Welsh dioceses Englishmen whose knowledge of Welsh was next to nothing were allowed to be inflicted on exclusively Welsh congregations. I do not hesitate to state that I have heard clergymen over and over again whose reading and preaching would disgrace any Board school of boys or girls above twelve years old. But to my story, or rather that of the Dean. The rev. divine whom he was describing was a deplorable reader, and always when he came to that passage of Scripture " and him they hanged," rendered it " and 'im they 'an get." After the death of this model of good reading his portrait was hung in the chapter room of the Cathedral of which he was such a curious ornament; and Dean Cotton, who chanced to pay a visit to the place, was in the chapter-room, and one of the clergymen said, " Mr. Dean, we are hanging up the picture of ———. Will you give us a motto ? " " An' 'im they 'an get " was the prompt reply.

Having received an appointment on the Cathedral staff, the poor man was much scandalised by being frequently

addressed by his abbreviated Christian name "Joe" by his half-brother, who was an uneducated man; and one day when he met him he told him that he did not like his calling him "Joe," as he was now a Cathedral clergyman, and that if he would promise not to call him Joe any more, but "Mr. ——," he would give him a new pair of breeches. After much persuasion and long consideration the poor man consented, and received the breeches. Some days after, our reverend friend was standing outside the Cathedral talking to three other clergymen, when up came the half-brother with the breeches under his arm, and pushing his way into the middle of the group, handed the garment to his brother, saying, "Tak' the breeches—tak' the breeches, I can't help it —I must call thee Joe." Amongst the amusing specimens of the reading of this accomplished divine was his ending the second lesson which concludes with the words, "And Paul spoke unto them in the Hebrew tongue saying" (what he says being in the next chapter) in this fashion, "An' Paul thspake unto them in the Hebrew tounge thaying here endeth the thecond lesson."

Some thirty or forty years after this poor man had been "'an get," I chanced to meet the then Dean of —— at dinner at the house of one of the Canons in residence, and I repeated this story, upon which the Dean promptly invited me to lunch with him the following day, when he would show me the picture, which appointment was duly kept. Alas! like almost (if not altogether) all of those of whom these pages speak, both Deans and Canons have long joined that great majority which we must follow.

At the time when Cardinal Wiseman was making a stir in this kingdom for the revival of Popery, Dean Cotton, amongst his increasing avocations, was busily occupied in begging for money to restore Clynnog church, and amongst others whom he visited for the purpose was Lord Newborough. When the Dean had stated his case, his lordship replied, "What is the use of spending money in the repair of churches when the Pope is going to take them back again from us?" Always ready the Dean answered, "Well, my lord, having had the use of them for so many

years, the least we can do will be to return them in good repair."

Dean Cotton, amongst many tales of his clerical brethren, related the following laughable farce. There was (to draw it mildly) a very eccentric parson in the diocese, whose elations and depressions were very curious. He was in lodgings at Bangor, when one day the Dean called upon him, and in reply to the usual inquiry of how he was, replied, "Mr. *Dane*, I am ass strong ass a yung bull. I wonder the Bisheop duss not employ me." "Well, Mr. ——," replied the Dean, "if you are as strong as a young bull, why don't you volunteer to assist at weddings and funerals, etc.?" "Oh, Mr. *Dane*, I am so wake, my breast, my breast, Mr. *Dane*, you could not recommend a pio-*se* drummer to me, could you? I wass thinking that if I had a pi-*ose* man to bate the drum for me, it would do me a great dale of good." The Dean, with his usual sense of humour and kindness, replied that he knew a man that would suit him, and he would send him up. The Dean having fulfilled his promise, thought that he would go and see how they got on, and found the eccentric cleric sitting in a big arm-chair in front of a huge fire, although it was in the middle of summer. The drummer was drumming away with all his might, and the parson sitting in the arm-chair was kicking up his legs and feet in the most astounding manner. Turning to the Dean, he cried out, "Oh, Mr. *Dane*, Mr. *Dane*, it iss beautiful, it iss heavenly music—go on, John, go on, John." Unfortunately the neighbours were not of the same opinion as to the music, and the drummer had to be sent away.

The Dean's devotion to the subject of education was exceedingly great, and he *voluntarily* went about to examine the different schools in the diocese. On one of these occasions he lunched at the rectory of a parish where a long lasting feud existed between the rector's wife and the family of the neighbouring squire. This good lady, whose ire was great, kept continually enunciating with regard to one of the male members of the offending family, "The man is an animal, Mr. Dean, the man is an animal." As the poor Dean had never seen the "animal" in question and was tired of the

denunciation he replied, " Yes, madam, man is an animal." His descriptions of the mistakes of boys in reading were often very amusing, and he had no end of instances.

During the later years of his life this excellent divine never abated a jot of his work, although he had become blind, and he was as amusing and pleasant as ever. It was my good fortune frequently to enjoy his society at Parkia, and on one occasion when he stayed here, Mr. Vincent Corbett, who had married the Dean's niece, and was lodging at Carnarvon, dined here to meet him at a small dinner-party. Mr. Corbett had lost his sight, and the dinner party had thus two blind guests ; but as both were cheerful men we enjoyed a most pleasant evening, the Dean leading most of the conversation wisely and wittily.

My dear sister, the late Mrs. Walker Jones, for whom I was trustee, gave land for new National Schools at Beddgelert, where her body and that of her husband and two children now lie buried. I drove my revered friend to the opening of the buildings, where he delivered the following practical address, of which I will only say that his inculcation as to making things clear has an application to many others as well as to school-teachers.

The venerable Dean, who occupied the chair, rose and said that it afforded him unfeigned delight to find himself among them on so interesting an occasion, and he could not better commence the remarks he was about to offer than by invoking the blessing of God upon their labours for the education of the rising generation of Beddgelert. Forty or fifty years ago, and even less, who would have dreamed of such an undertaking at Beddgelert ? When he (the Dean) first began his crusade in favour of schools, the few to be found were generally in the most miserable hovels, and were conducted by the most ignorant men. Assembled as they were in a commodious building, set apart for the education of youth, it might not be uninteresting to go back to the period when any one proposing such a thing in such a place would simply have been thought mad. He remembered numerous instances of men who resorted to school-keeping when all other means failed. Now, the schoolmaster was trained

to his business, and there was an ample college at Carnarvon from which masters were provided and sent forth to all the parishes of this and the adjoining diocese of St. Asaph. Happy change indeed! He could occupy them for hours with a recital of the mistakes and absurdities perpetrated in the old-fashioned schools that existed at the period he had alluded to, but he would only mention a few. In one case a drover, who had picked up a little broken English by driving cattle from Carnarvonshire into Leicestershire, set up a school, which he (the Dean) occasionally visited; and certainly the reading, or rather the nonsensical attempts at reading, to be heard there were extraordinary, and such was the ignorance of the master that he had no notion of its being at all incorrect. On one occasion when he visited the school a boy was reading from the Bible about the Prodigal Son, and instead of the word "robe" he read, "bring the best 'rope' and put it on him." The master was surprised that he (the Dean) found fault with this; and when he attempted to explain to the poor pedagogue that the *best robe* was brought in token of forgiveness and to do honour to the penitent son, whereas the bringing of a *rope* would have denoted an intention of a character the reverse of pleasant and appear as if he meant to hang his son, both the poor teacher and pupil displayed an equal ignorance of the meaning of the passage. In short, instead of reading as intelligent beings, the reading and the understanding were the mere utterances and understanding of the parrot, who learns the sound but not the sense. Another instance which he recollected as displaying the same senseless feeling was, "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself," the pupil read, "He that hath *the sope*" (or, as it sounded, *soap*) in him purifieth himself."

It must be evident that when the Scriptures or anything else were read or learned in such a parrot-like fashion the intellect was not interested, and unless that were so no passage could be correctly appreciated. He attached great importance to the intelligent reading and understanding of passages of Scripture which abounded with plain and simple illustrations drawn from Oriental customs, the origin of

which should always be explained to the children when reading them. Indeed it must be obvious to all educated persons who reflect that illustrations drawn from other lands could not at first be well understood by a child unless brought home to the mind by a short and simple explanation. It was creditable to the minister as well as to the people of the parish that such a school had been erected at Beddgelert. The children of Wales were highly susceptible of education, and the degree of intelligence displayed in all the schools was most satisfactory. He would not detain them longer, but conclude with the expression of his heartfelt wish that the school might be useful to the children who now resorted to it as well as to their children's children.

Amongst the Dean's recollections of droll sayings and doings was one of an old farmer of his acquaintance in Cheshire, who used to stick his thumbs in the sides of his waistcoat when in a confidential mood and say, " I always know when I'm wrong, but the beauty of me is I never confess it." One day meeting Mr. Cotton (then a Cheshire curate) this farmer said, " I was at t'agricultural dinner t'other day, an' they made me give 'em a toast, an' what do you think the toast was that I guv 'em ? " Of course Mr. Cotton did not know, so the old farmer told him : " Let us not be ar-buttering or criuwel, but let us be partial—How do you like my toast ? " " Well, I think you buttered your toast very well," was the reply.

The cheerfulness of this extraordinary man, despite his blindness, was marvellous. I recollect on one occasion talking to some one at a railway station, and the Dean was there talking to some one else. When the Dean heard my voice he said, " Ah, that is a voice I know well," and he moved over to where I stood, and placing his hand upon my shoulder he said with his usual playfulness, " This is the good man who leads me, and feeds me, and does all but clothe me, when I am in the neighbourhood of Carnarvon. Now, my dear friend, when are you coming to Bangor ? If you come in the morning come and breakfast at the Deanery, if you come at mid-day come to lunch, and if you come in the evening come to dine and sleep, and I will make you as

comfortable as I can; in short, I will you put into *cotton wool.*"

On one occasion, on my telling him an anedote that interested him, he said, "My dear friend, I am so glad that it was not my hearing that went. I should have lost so many good things." In an interesting memoir published after the Dean's death by the Rev. W. Hughes, then curate of Glasinfryn, near Bangor, it is justly and truly said, "The distinguishing feature of the Dean's character was his great desire to do good to all men." Mr. Hughes, with equal justice, adds, "His noble disposition, vivid imagination, quaint sayings, and his ardent aspirations after 'whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report,' rendered him one of the most conspicuous and useful clergymen in the Principality."

Few things have ever afforded greater gratification to me than hearing from Dr. Richards, the Dean's medical attendant, that when upon the bed from which he never rose again, he spoke with warm affection of me. How can I forget him?

The last visit he ever paid to me at Parkia for a few days was not very long before his death. I knew of his failing health, and that he was subject to fits of insensiblity. I started with him for the railway station the day he went home, but when about half-way to Carnarvon he had one of these fits, and I stopped the carriage, and his valet, who was on the box with the coachman, came up and gave him some weak brandy and water, which he (the valet) always carried with him ready mixed in a flask. This slightly revived him, and we returned to Parkia, and after sitting for some time by the fire, he got gradually better, and in his usual pleasant and humorous tones said, "There ought to be a small fund to pension old Deans when they become useless." *Useless he never was*, but verified the saying, which he often used, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." He literally *wore* out; and on May 28, 1862, as useful a man as well could live, as great a friend of all who came into contact with him "who were anyways afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate," breathed his last; and when I go to Bangor I generally

find time to stand hat in hand over a plain slate slab, which is flat on the ground, on which is inscribed :

HERE LYETH THE BODY
OF
JAMES HENRY COTTON,
B.C.L.

He was 28 years Vicar of this parish, and afterwards for 24 years Dean of Bangor.

He died on the 28th day of May 1862, aged 82 years.

" By Thine agony and bloody sweat,
By Thy Cross and Passion,
By Thy precious death and burial,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
And by the coming of the Holy Ghost,
Good Lord, deliver us."

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT.

Although Mr. Bright was not connected with Wales he was very fond of it and took great interest in it and its people. In the few sentences I write I of course avoid attempting to paint the life of so well known a man.

During his early career I had formed no acquaintance with him, but we became acquainted some years prior to his being appointed President of the Board of Trade. Contrary to my early opinions as to Mr. Bright, I always found him in conversation and correspondence a moderate man in the expression of his views, and I observed this excellent trait in his character in that after agitating a subject, and attaining his point, there was no desire to deal with it as a party question, which appears to me the bane and curse of most politicians.

No man waged a more energetic war for justice for Ireland than he did ; but he knew when to stop, and would not join a crusade for home rule, to which he was decidedly opposed on patriotic and public grounds, as the following letter will amply prove.

"ROCHDALE, *June* 14, 1886.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I thank you for your kind letter and invitation. At present there is no probability of my being able to go to your pleasant county. I have just come from London, and have engagements for some time at home, and then the elections are coming on, and I may be occupied here or in Birmingham.

"As to the future I can see little, and say nothing. Politically we are in great darkness. I think the Irish Bills and the fresh election are a great mistake on the part of the Liberal leader. What the result will be no man can tell. I can only hope it may teach our people that principles have a higher claim than party, and that a great leader may commit his followers to a policy full of peril.

"I thank you again for your kind offer of hospitality, though it is not now in my power to accept of it.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

In October of the same year he writes he has just returned to Rochdale after five weeks pleasantly spent in Scotland. He had a child buried at Llandudno, if my memory does not fail me, and he concludes this letter by lamenting that he can't spend even a day or two at Llandudno.

There was one subject upon which we were in full agreement, and that was the great loss to the Welsh people of the want of a full knowledge of the English language, as to which I published in pamphlet form the following letter, which had previously appeared in the *North Wales Express*, in December 1887, and with it was published Mr. Bright's letter which follows, with the remarks of an eminent French philologist.

SIR,—I have read with very great interest the admirable address of Mr. D. Edwards on "The Welsh language a national embarrassment," which appeared in your last issue, and the subject appears to me to be one of the first importance to the future prosperity of Wales and Welshmen, who are paying a huge tax for a sentiment; and large

as that tax is in the present, it is trifling to that which will have to be paid in the future of this competitive age. Mr. Edwards has so ably and exhaustively dealt with the subject from other points of view that I propose to confine my observations, as far as possible, to this one aspect of the matter, viz., the tax or drawback suffered by Welshmen.

A nobleman who has never been slow to promote useful Welsh objects, put the question some years ago, Why does Wales produce no great men? It would be an insult to the Principality to ascribe the failure to a want of talent, and I think Mr. Edwards has taken an important step towards supplying the answer, which I venture to supplement by reminding your readers that the population of Wales, including all the English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch within it, and including the largest towns of Cardiff and Swansea, numbers only a very small fraction of the population of the empire, and is nothing to the population of London alone, and from this small proportion we have to deduct the enormous number of the Welsh people who talk and think in a language which is not that of the world's market.

Born and bred in the house in which I am writing, and taking an ardent interest in the welfare of the Welsh, I confess it has always been to me a matter of surprise that the people of Wales have been content to "hide their talent in the earth." Frequently have I met amid the mountains of Wales men who were nature's gentlemen, and, I doubt not, some who were nature's geniuses. The former were probably as happy in their valleys as they would have been lifted out of them, but what about the latter? Why should genius be handicapped? The loss is national and imperial, as well as personal. A relative of mine, an officer in the army, on his coming home on furlough after nineteen years' service in India, was more struck by finding so many people still speaking Welsh than by anything else he heard or saw, knowing how industriously the people of India were learning English.

It is never pleasant to interfere with a sentiment, but sentiment is infinitely less important than bread and butter, Sentiment is useful to the poet, and in moderation to all

but the poet who writes in English earns the greater fame, as his writings become known to so large a number, and if worth anything will be translated into the languages of all civilised nations, as those of Shakespeare and Milton have been. Had Mr. Lewis Morris written in Welsh, the *Epic of Hades* would not have been generally known, and his name would not have been connected with the Jubilee of the Sovereign of these realms. That man must be blind, indeed, who fails to appreciate the signs of the times, signs so plain that he that runneth may read; fails to see that Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Italy, and other European nations are all competing with Great Britain for the commerce of the world. Foreigners receive less wages, do not eat and drink so expensively, are less given to strikes, and work longer hours; hence their competition is more dangerous, as they can afford to undersell us. We have vast numbers of foreigners coming into Great Britain and giving their services in offices, warehouses, and manufactories, for the smallest pittance, some so that they can set up similar works to ours in their own land, others to learn the trade and the English language so that they can act as merchants in England. Numbers have toiled for years here for the smallest wage, have become merchants and manufacturers, being succeeded by their sons, who use English as their language, finding the language of Germany, France, Greece, or whichever it may chance to be, most useful also in carrying on business with those nations. Those who, having learned English, and English business and manufactures, return to their own land of low wages, can, of course, undersell us, as it goes without saying that the man who has paid the least for the manufacture of what he has to sell can undersell the man who has had to spend more to make a similar article.

In no commercial or manufacturing business can a knowledge of Welsh help a man; but if he desires to cultivate language, a knowledge of German, French, Spanish, Russian, Italian, or Modern Greek, will always aid him, as we have so much to do in commerce with those nations, and every day's newspapers contain advertisements for

clerks who speak some of those languages. Again, the man must be blind who fails to see that the astounding increase of population will necessitate new industries and new fields of labour. The sons of numbers of the nobility and gentry of England are rapidly becoming colonists or emigrants to the United States, and so are vast numbers of all classes, and they must increase enormously.

In the States, and in all the great colonies scattered over the world, English is the language; and if another is of benefit, it is, of course, the language of one or more of the great nations with whom they trade.

In the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, where I happen to be interested in land, vast estates are owned by English and Scotch men; and here a knowledge of English is necessary, and a knowledge of Spanish most useful.

I have met with numbers of intelligent Welsh captains of ships who have expressed the greatest regret that they could not exchange their knowledge of Welsh for some foreign language that would profit them. In conveying the body from one place to another, successive generations have not hesitated to discard the picturesque bridle-paths for the turnpike roads, and then the latter and the fine four-horse mail coach for the more prosaic, but more rapid and more convenient, railway accommodation. In transmitting thought the post-office mails superseded the slow messengers, and they in their turn have in large measure yielded to the telegraph and the telephone.

In language—or the expression of ideas by words for communicating thought—the most radical changes have taken place; like all other things in this world, the survival of the fittest must prevail. What that fittest is I have endeavoured to show, not from any sentimental view, or any ideal comparison, but by reference to the necessities and requirements of the times. I am far from ignoring wholesome sentiment; but while admiring the sound of the Welsh *Dyfnder y môr* as much as the *Poluphlosboio thalasees* of the Greek, I venture to think that for all purposes of elegance, for all expression and description of what is great and useful in this world, the language of

Shakespeare and Milton, of Byron and Cowper and Coleridge is sufficient.

The Teutonic branch of the Indo-Germanic languages includes the German dialects, and the Anglo-Saxon, the Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic. It is needless to say that the English has become the largest medium of expression in the great business of commercial life, and at the pace at which we are travelling it seems destined to become the language of commerce.

Wales has formed an integral portion of Great Britain for 600 years, and we know that a Welshman, Henry VII. of England, has sat on the throne. It is nonsense to talk of separate interests ; there are none. Englishmen have and feel a deep interest in the welfare of Wales, where their capital is invested in enormous amounts in railways, quarries, and mines, and the interests of Wales are inseparably bound with those of England.

It may suit trading politicians, and ambitious rhetoricians to talk nonsense about " the ignoring of Wales." It is Wales that has ignored herself by the isolation of so large a number of those who speak *only* Welsh. Providence and Parliament help those who honestly help themselves. I heard a very foolish fellow stand up upon an Eisteddfod platform, and like a big spoiled child he complained that if any situation of trust from a gangman (he might well have said a hangman) upwards was vacant, it was always given to an English, Irish, or Scotch man. Had the man possessed a grain of common sense he would have known that there is no such thing as the selection of men for public posts because of nationality. If a Welshman loses the post of ganger or porter on a railway it is because a knowledge of English is necessary, and many intelligent Welshmen are so employed.

The Government knows no distinction of race, and the wisdom of Welshmen is to win places as the Scotch have done by adopting the language which has enabled them to secure the splendid share they have so honourably won in the Government, in arts, in arms, in commerce, and every other department. I met a number of Scotch ladies and

gentlemen at the time of the Crimean War, and somewhat surprised them by counting no less than *thirteen Scotchmen* in high places at that time in the Government, the law, the army and navy, and the Church, including amongst the number, Lord Campbell, Lord High Chancellor of England, Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, or Bishop of London (I forget which then, as he filled both offices successively), three admirals, seven generals, including Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. Like the Welsh, the Highland Scotch forms a portion of the Celtic branch of language, in common with the Armorican, the Irish, Cornish, and Manx, and the Welsh is the only branch that really retains theirs.

I trust the day is near when Welshmen will see that their true interest lies not in looking back, which Bacon condemns as the sign of a bad runner, but in entering fully, freely, and without trammel into the noblest arena in striving manfully for the great prizes which are to be obtained in the Government, the pulpit, the bar, the army and navy, the arts and sciences, and last but not least the commercial enterprise, not only of Great Britain, on whose scroll of fame it is open to them to inscribe their names, but also of that Greater Britain beyond the seas, in which so many hopes are centred, and so many more must be in the future. I have just been reading of the Crown Colony of Western Australia, more than half the size of Europe, with a population very much smaller than that of the little island of Anglesey. This is one of many fields opened to the united peoples of this realm, and well calculated to arouse attention during the present bad times. The Welsh people are excellent colonists, but the Welsh language will not help them in this. It is argued by some that an extra language is no drawback. Most respectfully do I assert that, like all other questions, this is governed by circumstances. To my mind, it is clear that if you are to learn languages they should be those that will serve you. Take the case of Wales, if a man reads, thinks, and speak in Welsh, he can be a labourer; but unless he is well up in English he can't get beyond that, and though his natural abilities may transcend those of any other living man he has no more chance of making his way in the great

world than the man who mends shoes. The more languages a philologist, a professor, or a schoolmaster acquires the better for him ; but for the great and general business of life, a man should acquire those languages best suited to the line he is about to take and the particular kind of fight for *existence* he is about to make, for that is what it comes to in these days of competition.

When Wellington weighed a soldier with all his arms and accoutrements, it was to ascertain whether he could lighten any portion of his load, and, as in a horse race, the lightest weighted horse is apt to win. Philologists and professors are far too apt to forget that there is not room for all to earn their bread in *their* particular line, and it has long been notorious that many learned men are apt to subject pupils under examination for the army and navy, or who look to commerce, to test questions as inapplicable as it would be to examine a sailor in theology, or a candidate for holy orders in seamanship.

It is no reflection upon Welshmen or the Welsh language to say that being the language of so very small a portion of those whose lot is irrevocably cast amongst the English speaking races of Great and of Greater Britain, *the only road* by which they can obtain the full advantages of that connection is by the broad highway of the language of the majority. Were Welsh the language of that majority it would be suicidal for the minority to continue to talk English.

It grieves me to see so many Welshmen debarred from the great prizes so frequently secured by English, Irish, and Scotch, of all ranks. Who that has read the addresses of Burke, the soul-stirring speches of Grattan, Curran, and other magnificent Irish orators, can fail to feel that had the Celtic language been that of Ireland, the nation at large would have been deprived of some of the most thrilling eloquence.

Who that reads the world-famed novels of Scott—which have afforded pleasure and instruction already to three or four generations—or who that reads the poetry of Burns can help feeling thankful that the world has not been

deprived of the pleasure of their perusal by the eclipse of a separate language?

In the great business of life, I repeat, no needless load should be carried. The man who goes into public life with the accent of Somersetshire, or Lancashire, or Cheshire, or Wales, or Scotland, upon his tongue, may be a very learned, able, respectable, and clever man, but he goes weighted. I have known Scotch members of the Bar speaking and reading English with the most perfect purity, and countrymen of their own weighted with a strong accent; will any wise man tell me that the former does not possess an enormous advantage in the race, all other things being equal?

It was said that every soldier of Napoleon carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. It may equally be said that every member of the English Bar carries a judgeship in his wig, and every clergyman a bishopric under his surplice. We know that many archbishops and bishops have risen from the poorest ranks. Will any one tell me what chance of a bishopric a man would have whose accent was as broad as the brim of a bishop's hat? The separate language shuts out the people of Wales from a share in the *finest freehold* that has ever been the heritage of this or any other age or clime of the world—that owned by the English-speaking races. I have spoken of the Welsh King Henry VII., whose chapel is at Westminster, where the great Jubliee service was lately held in that ancient fane, in which the sons of those who have passed the sea to other lands delight to feel they have a share. The Americans have erected memorials at Stratford to Shakespeare, and in Westminster Abbey to Cowper and Herbert, and an American gentleman is now placing a beautiful stained window in the Great Abbey to the memory of Milton, for which the following lines have been composed by Mr. Whittier, the American poet:

> The new world honours him whose lofty plea
> For England's freedom made her own more sure,
> Whose song immortal as its theme shall be
> Their *common freehold* while both worlds endure.

That the people of Wales may go in for and enjoy their

full share of the *common freehold*, the road to which my pen has feebly portrayed, is the earnest desire of—Your obedient servant,

LLEWELYN TURNER.

PARKIA, *December 27*, 1887.

Letter of the RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT *after perusing* SIR LLEWELYN TURNER'S *letter*.

"*Jan.* 6, 1888.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN TURNER,—I read your letter with great interest and pleasure and hope it will be useful among your people.

"I agree with your views most completely. At this moment the stream of opinion seems running the other way, and many men, and even Mr. Gladstone aiding them, are apparently anxious to continue and strengthen the ancient difference between Wales and England.

"I have great had pleasure in visits to Wales, and amongst the Welsh people; but I have not failed to notice the comparative helplessness to which their ignorance of English has reduced them.

"I hope your letter has been, or will be, widely read. It deserves to be read and considered in every family in the Principality.

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"JOHN BRIGHT.

"Sir LLEWELYN TURNER,
"Parkia, Carnarvon."

OPINION OF A FRENCH PHILOLOGIST.

"A separate language is an enormous drawback to a small population; fostering as it necessarily does all kinds of prejudices. Prejudices engender suspicion, and when a man is suspicious of you, he will do you injustice and injury, not necessarily from an evil disposition, but from the difficulty of forming a correct appreciation of surrounding circumstances in the larger world."

The last time I saw Mr. Bright was a few years ago before his death, when we travelled together in the same train from Manchester to Chester, and on that as well as on many occasions he expressed his great interest in and fondness for Wales, and his belief that a wider knowledge of English would tend enormously to their prosperity.

Mr. Bright wrote an exceedingly neat little hand, and I noticed that it never varied in the slightest degree. In my three large volumes of bound letters there are numbers that I have to refer to the signature to identify; but if I chance to open the book at Mr. Bright's letters I recognise the handwriting at once, and the same may be said of the late Sir Robert Bulkeley, whose pretty handwriting never varied.

MR. BULKELEY HUGHES, M.P.

This energetic gentleman represented the Carnarvon Boroughs for many years, and was one of the oldest members of the House of Commons. His charming old house in Anglesey, now the property of and occupied by his daughter and her husband, Colonel Hunter, was always open to his friends, and the hospitality of Plas-coch was well known. After I had founded the Royal Welsh Yacht Club I was anxious to provide a Yacht Club house, and having in vain when very young tried to get the Customs authorities to restore the ruins of the West or Golden Gate of Carnarvon for a Custom House, close to the sea, it struck me that these ruined towers were in the most perfect position for the purpose. It was necessary to obtain the consent of the Office of Woods, and, but for the active aid I received from Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, the anomaly might still exist of two broken and hollow ruined towers at the foot of a street. As far as I can now remember, the correspondence was carried on for the best part of a year, and at last the Office of Woods gave their promise not to interfere, if we could agree with the persons who had some sort of occupation of it. One side was used by the workmen of a yard for the calls of nature without any appliances of even the commonest kind, and the other

for storing herrings, with an old door into High Street, where the billiard room window now is.

This was one of the innumerable instances in which the aid of the honourable member was invoked by me and others, and after long experience I can honestly say that no trouble appeared to be too great for him to take when his services were enlisted. Writing of Mr. Bulkeley Hughes takes one back to the far away days when the elections were such scenes of riot and rows, before that abominable absurdity and nuisance, the Nomination Day, was abolished. This day gave rise to all sorts of riotous scenes. The two candidates approached the hall or place, whichever it chanced to be, by different routes, like two opposing armies, and a proposer and seconder expatiated on each side on the fitness of their candidates, amid the continual interruption of their respective opponents in the assembled crowd. Nicknames were freely used, and often unpleasant statements made, and sometimes things were thrown. On one occasion, in the Market Hall in Palace Street, Carnarvon, a lady of easy virtue was yelling at one of the candidates with all her might, and looking up, he called out, "Smile again, my bonnie lassie," a joke that I need hardly say elicited great amusement.

When the successful candidate was chaired, that is, carried through the principal streets on a grand chair decorated with ribbons, he scattered money amongst the large crowd through which he had to pass, the chair being carried by several stalwart men with their shoulders under the long poles or shafts which projected in front and behind from below the chair. The crowds on these occasions were enormous, and it was amusing to watch the relieving of the pressure by the chaired member throwing the shillings and sixpences as far as he could into *side* streets, as he passed, so that the street he was traversing might be less crowded. The activity of Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, when Parliament was not sitting, was extraordinary. He used to attend Quarter and Petty Sessions at Carnarvon, Boards of Guardians at Bangor, and all sorts of things, Like the man who writes this memoir, his handwriting was not always very distinct,

and once led to a droll but unfortunate episode. As the Parliamentary Session one year was drawing to a close, he wrote from London to the housekeeper at Plas-coch to have the "bay mare shod." I recollect the mare very well; she was a very fine animal, not young, but had apparently years of work before her. The mare was out at grass, and the housekeeper unfortunately misread the word "shod" for "shot." She was grieved and surprised at the supposed order, and took the precaution of showing the letter to the curate, who said it was quite plain—"have the bay mare shot." This was accordingly done, and when the honourable member came down to breathe the pure air of his native island he wrote as usual to order the coachman to meet him at the railway station, which he was in the habit of doing on such occasions with a phaeton drawn by the bay mare. Alas, the explanation for the absence of the mare was not a pleasant one. Some time after, Mr. Bulkeley Hughes was at the Quarter Sessions at Carnarvon, which sat until eight or nine o'clock one night; I had left before the Court rose, Mr. Bulkeley Hughes being still there. The next morning I met him going to the Court-house at ten-o'clock, and inquired what had become of him the night before, as I had left him in court at eight. He replied that he had gone home; on my expressing surprise that he had not stayed at a hotel in Carnarvon to be ready for the morning, he said that he would have done so but that he had left his horse at the Anglesey Ferry. I replied, "Oh, I see, and it might have been dangerous to write." He gave me a little dig in the ribs, and bolted into court. His great energy continued into old age; one day at the Quarter Sessions he said that he had a great favour to ask of me, which was that I would act as trustee and executor of his will. I said I could not refuse, but suggested that a younger man would be better, as I was then between fifty and sixty. He said he would prefer my accepting it, and I agreed. A co-trustee was named in the will, but he died before the testator, and I was left sole trustee and executor. A few years later Mrs. Hunter exercised the power contained in the will of appointing an additional trustee, and naturally selected her husband.

It is pleasing to me to reflect that after so many years I can look back with some satisfaction to the fact that all has gone as smooth as a marriage bell, and that not a single cross word or misunderstanding has occurred with either co-trustee or *cestui que* trust and that a perfectly unencumbered estate exists.

MR. RICHARD DAVIES, M.P.

Mr. Richard Davies, of Treborth, near Bangor, in this county, contested the Carnarvonshire Boroughs in 1852 unsuccessfully. At that time the disgusting practice of caricaturing and writing—to use plain English—all sorts of lies and offensive things with regard to candidates was still in force. I had promised my support to Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, and one day there was brought into the committee room at the Sportsman Hotel, Carnarvon, absolutely a *sackfull* of squibs and caricatures against the opposite candidate. The sack was opened, and to my disgust some of the committee hailed them as "capital." I proposed that the sack and its contents should be taken to the yard of the hotel and at once burned, which at first met with opposition. I pointed out that the use of such weapons would spur our opponent to natural retaliation, and, other things failing, I stated that I would not move hand or foot further in the election, nor record my vote, unless the burning took place, the result being that I saw them utterly consumed.

The conduct of both sides in pitched contests in those days, though far better than what I remember in previous years, was still a disgrace to a civilised country.

On the retirement of Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley from the representation of the county of Anglesey, Mr. Davies was returned unopposed for that county in 1868, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey in 1884, being the first Nonconformist that filled the office. Mr. Davies retired from Parliament in 1886, as a Unionist, at the general election. A fine church of the Welsh Presbyterian persuasion, to which he belonged, was erected by Mr. Davies at his own cost a few years ago, and he and his brother were for many years most liberal supporters of the

cause, as well as of other charitable objects. His brother, Mr. Robert Davies, to the present time continues to display the same benevolent and kindly feeling to those in distress which has marked his conduct through life. The author is aware of many private acts of charity of Mr. Robert Davies, in which, to his honour, he has acted on the noble principle of "not allowing thy left hand to know what the right hand doeth."

MAJOR NANNEY.

Major Nanney, the father of the present Sir Hugh Nanney, Bart., was many years ago one of the leading men in the county of Carnarvon, and commanded the county militia, in which two of my brothers were lieutenants when I was a small boy. The regiment at that time was a very small one, and a story was extant that as many of them did not know English in those days, there was a small wisp of straw tied to one ankle and of hay to the other, and instead of the order "left-right" in drilling, the sergeants called out "gwellt gwair" (hay-straw). I do not know whether the story was true or not, but if it had existed I think the practice was gone in my time. I recollect my brothers returning in uniform from the funeral of the adjutant, who went mad and shot himself in his house, now part of the Prince of Wales hotel in Carnarvon. Major Nanney contested the Boroughs in the Conservative interest, when elections were of long duration, and much canvassing went on. My father was a very ardent Conservative, and took great interest in the election, and I, though a young boy, accompanied the canvassing party very often. Party spirit ran high, and the abominable habit of gross lying and caricaturing the candidates was carried out on both sides to a discreditable extent, and I well remember the indignation with which I heard and saw the insults offered to the candidates. That abominable "Nomination day" afforded every opportunity for it. Major Nanney, in those days, drove a mail phaeton, always with an excellent pair, his horses being invariably good. Just before the election his groom got drunk, and in exercising one of his horses managed to break his leg, for

which he was most properly dismissed, upon which the rascal, who was promptly employed by the managers of the other candidate, had the impudence to state that he had been dismissed for eating two herrings instead of one for supper, a lie probably invented for him by one of the hot partisans of the opposite side. The hustings, as generally was the case then, were in the Market Hall, in Palace Street, Carnarvon, and a fellow concealed himself in the woodwork above the gallery, which is large; and as soon as the candidate began his address, the man, John Lythal by name, lowered two herrings and dangled them in front of the speaker. The walls had been for weeks placarded with ribald verses and pictures of two herrings. How could the business of Parliament be honestly and fairly discharged when those who sought seats in Parliament had to run the gauntlet of such libellous attacks, engendering such bad spirit, that actually turned the nation into two camps?

There was a pompous sort of man who was very officious at the balls at Carnarvon in those days, and I recollect my father, who was a member of the Adelphi Society—as I became in much later years—mentioning his going up the stairs at the Guildhall a little behind Major Nanney, and as the latter was entering the room the pompous man put his arm across the door to stop the major, who pushed it aside saying, "Paws off, Pompey!" and passed in. I forget why the stoppage was attempted, but whenever I saw the pompous man, whom I knew for several years until he died, I always thought of "Paws off, Pompey!" How strange that we forget so many important things and recollect trifles of this kind after many years!

After I established the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Major Nanney became a member, and very often came to the Club House.

Having always received kind consideration at the hands of Major Nanney, I was much disappointed that illness prevented my showing respect and courtesy by attending the functions on the coming of age of his only son; and in reply to my letter of apology for not going, I received from him the following kind letter:

"GWYNFRYN, *March* 2, 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me at this late time, after receiving your very kind note expressing your desire to have been at Criccieth to congratulate in person myself and my son on his attaining his majority, to thank you much and sincerely.

"A great many displayed in a conspicuous manner their kind sentiments and good wishes for my son's prosperity and happiness. I thank you from my heart, and hope that every luck may attend you and yours at all times.

"I trust that in a short time we may see the railway finished, and that we may meet each other oftener.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. J. E. NANNEY.

"Excuse the writing. I am very nervous after illness, but approaching convalescence."

The last time I saw Major Nanney was in the Yacht Club House, when we witnessed a curious collision. There were only two vessels in sight. A yacht was at her moorings off the Club House and a trading schooner coming in from over the bar with a fair wind, must put her helm hard aport to bring her head to wind to anchor, and collided with the yacht. It was strange that having the whole place clear, with this one exception, she must needs run into that one. Well might the major exclaim, "What a lubber the fellow must be!"

MR. SAMUEL HOLLAND, M.P. FOR MERIONETHSHIRE.

Mr. Holland, who for so many years represented that county, was the oldest of my friends, as I had enjoyed his acquaintance from my earliest boyhood and his warm friendship, as will be seen by letters written shortly before his death.

In the early part of the last century my father, who then

owned Plas Brereton, on which stood a few remains of the residence of Brereton, Cromwell's general rebuilt it. The present house was built upon the old foundations, and one of its earliest tenants was Mr. Holland's father.

The Hollands subsequently removed to Merionethshire, where Mr. Samuel Holland worked an extensive quarry, which for a great number of years was a source of the gravest anxiety to him, and after a most serious expenditure of money upon it at last "turned up trumps." Mr. Holland was a very frequent visitor at Parkia, and I as frequent a visitor at the different houses he occupied in Merionethshire during many years, and we tramped many of the adjacent hills together. I forget the year, but I fancy it is about fifty years ago or more, that he married Miss Robins, of Alesly Park, in Warwickshire, and I was his best man, and had a very pleasant time of it, staying a week after the wedding which carried one of the birds from the nest.

A laughable circumstance took place at the wedding breakfast. I as best man proposed the health of the bridesmaids, and, although there were some other young men there, none of them could be induced to respond to the toast. Not intending to do so, I said that if none of the bachelors present were gallant enough to respond I would do so ; and the ladies with one accord asked me to do it, and there was the unique position of a man responding for those whose health he had proposed. I tried my utmost to fire broadsides at those who ought to have responded, and felt I had rather be in my own shoes than theirs. Mrs. Holland was a most charming and excellent wife and a general favourite, but long ago paid the debt of nature.

Mr. Holland purchased the pleasant residence of Caerdeon, in Merionethshire, and when I was about to be married kindly offered to lend it to me for the honeymoon, but we had decided to go abroad. In 1878 Mr. Holland married Miss C. J. Burt, who survived him.

During our long friendship a large correspondence took place on various subjects. I here bring in two letters only, written when Mr. Holland was in his eighty-seventh year, he found his end was approaching.

"CAERDEON, *April* 2, 1889.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I feel much obliged for your kind inquiries, which I ought to have replied to sooner. I am still far from well, and do as little writing as I can. Dr. Roberts is still attending me. I am told the warm weather will set me up, and I have only to hope that it may.

"This has been the most serious illness that I have had, but it is only what I must expect in my eighty-seventh year.

"If I am able to get to Carnarvon in the course of the summer I will try to get to Parkia, where I have always spent so many happy and pleasant days.

"I hope you keep pretty well now that you have got over, in some measure, the terrible illnesses you have had. I am now out of all county offices.

"With my kind regards to Lady Turner and yourself,

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"SAM. HOLLAND."

Nearing the end.

"CAERDEON, *Nov.* 1889.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It gave me great pleasure to receive your letter the other day. I fear I can't answer it as I ought; but my writing days are over, as you will see by the scrawls. I do not go out much. I went one day to Dolgelley, but did not get out of the carriage. You will, no doubt, have heard of the death of Charles Spooner, after a short illness. It will be my turn next. It would give me great pleasure to see you again before I quit this world, but I fear it is impossible. Many old friends have recently left us. Charles Spooner was taken off very soon. My memory is fast failing me. I have some idea that I wrote to you last week, but if I did I know you will not object to another scrawl.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"SAM. HOLLAND."

I was too unwell to go to see him, which I would dearly have liked to have done. My old friend, who knew me from childhood, did not long survive, and I deeply regretted that

the state of my health would not permit me to attend his funeral.

MR. GEORGE FOSBERY LYSTER.

It would be rank ingratitude on my part if, in writing my reminiscences, I were to omit from these pages a brief acknowledgment of my indebtedness for the kind attention and gratifying confirmation of my work on the alterations designed by me at the north-east side of Carnarvon Harbour, and the removal of a portion of the outrageous obstruction that was built across the tide to the terrible detriment of the harbour and injury of the bar and Straits. Mr. Lyster spent a well-earned holiday of six weeks at Carnarvon; and as I was about commencing the large harbour works, I had the great advantage of a personal introduction to Mr. Lyster from the Hon. William Owen Stanley, then Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey. Mr. Lyster kindly took my plans, which had been fully drawn and put into shape by Mr. Frederick Jackson, the engineer, and Mr. Lyster also examined them with the utmost care. He went along the Straits north and south of the intended works, and impressed upon me the wisdom of carrying them out in the exact form, not going out a single yard from the outer line of wall designed to *lead*, instead of *obstructing* the tide. Would that the heads and hands of those less qualified than this perfect master of his business had been content to be guided by those who had studied such questions, and had not injured plans designed after great thought and long experience, and approved by such men as Mr. Lyster, Admirals Lord Clarence Paget and Sir William Mends, and other experienced naval officers, and examined and approved *and signed* by the Hydrographer of the Navy, Admiral Bedford. My wall, that Mr. Lyster desired should not be projected a yard further out, is sixty feet further, as the result of a disgraceful job on the part of nothing more nor less than a tool of a railway company employed by a Government department, as Mr. Stanley pronounced it; and it seems to me but a poor return on the part of my successors in the Harbour Trust for the labour of many years endorsed by

such high authorities, the benefit of whose counsel Carnarvon has had, to have built a cross wall in violation of the whole principle upon which the plan—the result of years of calculation and trouble—was founded, and which had the high sanction mentioned.

"Si monumentum circumspice" might well have been the motto of this eminent engineer had a monument been proposed to him, who could point to the wonderful works executed by him at the Liverpool Docks, and the ingenious devices for facilitating trade of which he was the parent. On numerous occasions when I visited Liverpool he drove me, or rather we were driven, in his cab to the works at the north end of the Mersey which he was carrying out, and he took the trouble of walking with me in the channels newly cut for the foundations of docks by the walls of which those channels are now filled.

After spending many years in executing these vast works Mr. Lyster retired from the post he had so ably filled, and was worthily succeeded by his son, who is, I have no doubt, "a chip of the old block." Mr. Lyster retired to his estate in Flintshire, and died there a few years after his retirement.

CHAPTER VI

NAVAL REMINISCENCES

ROYAL Naval Coast Volunteers—Sir Llewelyn Turner raises —Letters from Admiralty—Admiral Tatham—Sir W. Mends—Value of force—Folly of abolition—Sir Llewelyn's knighthood—Admiral Tatham's congratulations—Sir Llewelyn's services—Acknowledged by Captain Mends—Royal Naval Reserve — Started by Lord Clarence Paget — Sir Llewelyn's labours — Sudden support from Admiralty — An anonymous letter—Sir Llewelyn's forgiveness—Sir William and Lady Mends—Their kindness to sailors—A " family of warriors "—Sir William's famous ancestor—The *Arethusa*—The ballad—Letter from Sir William, 1871—Foundation of the Naval Reserve—Speeches by author and Captain Pechell, R.N.—Good advice to sailors—Admiral Mends — Made C.B. — G.C.B. later—His services — Reorganises crew of *Vengeance*—At Sebastopol in *Agamemnon* —The timidity of Admiral Dundas—A caustic bluejacket —The midshipman's signal—Beaching the *Royal Albert*— Discipline of crew—The *Pique*—Quebec to England without a rudder—Mends' hatred of political government—" Man overboard "—A prompt coxswain—Rescue by the *Hastings* in Holyhead Harbour—Mends as Director of Transports— A visitor at Parkia—Materials for life of Admiral Mends— Meeting with a convict in the *Royal Albert*—Marryat and his " reward of merit "—Correspondence of Admiral Mends —His interest in Carnarvon Bar and Menai Straits navigation—Letter concerning Admiral Tryon's death, 1896— Reference to Captain Mahan—Death of Lady Mends— Letters from the Admiral—His death—Letter from his daughter—His " Life "—His orders—Admiral Watling— Capture of the *Bourbon*—Services at De La Passe—Mentioned in despatches—Association with Sir Llewelyn— Letter from Admiral Watling—Admiral Otway—Wrecked in the *Thetis*—Acquaintance with Mends—Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, G.C.B.—A friendship of forty years—Pain of separation—Rapid promotion warranted by ability and rank—His diary—Visits to Plas Llanfair—Command in

Mediterranean—Lord Clarence as "all-round man"—Carpenter—Linguist—Sculptor—Statue of Nelson in the Straits—Its origin and progress—Sir Llewelyn revises Lord Clarence's "Life"—Correspondence—This book suggested—An Admiral *in spurs*—Improved communication with Ireland—Inauguration of the statue—Lord Cowley's speech—Sir Llewelyn's speech—Sale of Plas Llanfair—Death of Lord and Lady Clarence Paget—Admiral Sir Edward Augustus Inglefield—Association with Sir Llewelyn—His services—Arctic expeditions—Admiral E. W. Turnour—His later sufferings—His services—Review for Sultan at Spithead—Ball at Guildhall—Helping the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cairns)—Letters—Death of Admiral Turnour—Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton—Loss of the *Captain*—Causes of disaster—Sir Hastings Yelverton's career—Comptroller of Coastguard—Intercourse with Sir Llewelyn—Rear Admiral Brooker—Commands the *Wyvern*—Her unseaworthiness—A letter—Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney—His career—Navarino—Franklin search expedition—Letter touching Lord Clarence Paget and Navarino—Vice-Admiral Schomberg—Queen's Harbour Master at Holyhead—Admiral Sir William King Hall—His services—Rousing a sleeper in Kaffir War—Campaign against intemperance—His successes—Admiral Sholto Douglas—Helps Sir Llewelyn to find Lady Turner—His career—Rear Admiral Halsted—The *Dauntless*—Devastated by yellow fever—Memorial to the victims—Naval odds and ends—The ill-fated *Eclair*—More yellow fever—Admirals Gough and Evans—A Russian Count horsewhipped—A descendant of Nelson helped by Sir Llewelyn—Horatia Nelson Ward's son cannot obtain a nomination for the Navy—Sir Llewelyn intervenes—Sir Llewelyn's success—A lock of Nelson's hair—Mrs. Horatia Nelson Ward—A visit to Raglan Castle and a happy coincidence—Nelson's hair willed to his family—A court-martial—A mock trial.

THE very extensive acquaintance I had for many years enjoyed with naval men, and the deep interest I felt in the naval defences of the country, received a full and ample reward in the kindness and friendship of hosts of gallant officers of that service, and many pleasant visits to the captains and officers of different large ships of war. My humble exertions in raising men for the service were acknowledged by the Lords of the Admiralty in the following official letter:

"ADMIRALTY, *October* 16, 1860.

"SIR, — I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to express to you their Lordships' gratification at the accounts they have received from Captain Tatham of your zealous and patriotic exertions in raising and keeping together a fine body of Royal Naval Coast Volunteers belonging to the town of Carnarvon.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"W. G. ROMANE.

"LLEWELYN TURNER, ESQUIRE."

ADMIRAL TATHAM.

Letter of Captain Tatham, enclosing copy of his letter to the Admiralty :

"H.M.S. 'BLENHEIM,'
"PEMBROKE DOCK, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very glad their Lordships wrote you a complimentary letter, which you so much deserved. I felt it due to you to lay before them what I felt on public grounds. If the gentry of the country always acted in the spirit you have done the result would be of great value. I was sorry to hear of your mother's accident, but much pleased that she has so well got over it.

"Remember me kindly to her, and believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"EDWARD TATHAM.

"A copy of my letter may interest you."

The allusion to an accident was the breaking of my mother's arm in going upstairs to bed, which, for a person between eighty and ninety years old, was serious.

Copy of Captain Tatham's letter to the Admiralty :

"H.M.S. 'BLENHEIM.'

"I have now drilling aboard this ship a division of R.N.C.V. belonging to the town of Carnarvon (54 men). Of this

(*Jabez Hughes, photo, Ryde, I.W.*)

ADMIRAL TATHAM, C.B.

division a few only are absent and accounted for as being at sea. The Carnarvon men were enrolled by me with the cordial and zealous assistance of Mr. Llewelyn Turner, Rear Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club. They have been kept together by that gentleman, to whose patriotism and naval sympathies the service and country is much indebted; and as this opinion is fully shared by Captain Mends, commanding the Liverpool district, I submit the same to you for their Lordships' consideration and expression."

Captain Tatham (afterwards Admiral) commanded the coast from Pembroke to Carnarvon in H.M.S. *Blenheim*, which was subsequently changed for another ship, the *Eagle*, 50-gun frigate, and the coast from Carnarvon to Kirkcudbright in Scotland was commanded by Captain Mends, C.B., afterwards Admiral Sir W. Mends, G.C.B., in the *Hastings*, of 60 guns, subsequently exchanged for the *Majestic*, 80-gun ship. The latter district included the Isle of Man; and acting upon my advice the Admiralty included Carnarvon in the Liverpool district, as the distance the men had to go to the ship to be drilled was so much less than Pembroke. I have forgotten the total number of men raised for this force in the two divisions, but it was very considerable, and, if I recollect rightly, the number of men entered by me in the Carnarvon district, including Amlwch, Holyhead, and the various places, was about 150 or 160. The Scotch and Isle of Man recruits were especially fine men, hardened by being constantly at sea in their fishing craft, and keeping out in almost all weathers. I was continually aboard the *Hastings* and *Majestic*, and visited the Isle of Man and other places, and was exceedingly gratified to see the proficiency attained by the men in gunnery. God help us, with our wretched political bickerings, and our ruinous absence of continuity in any one settled course of action! One Government does a wise thing, and it gets kicked out by the next, which undoes to a perilous degree the defences of the country. Here was a most valuable force, trained to the use of great guns and rifle shooting and cutlass exercise, on board large ships of war with full drilled crews, and, with

neither wit nor wisdom to justify it, this useful force was abolished. The sailors and fishers, well hardened to the sea, were a splendid force, and some thousands of men who could row and manage boats got a training in large ships of war all round the coast, the value of which was immense. On their return from drill on these large ships, the increased sobriety and behaviour of this latter class of men was most observable. I knew all those from Carnarvon, and was exceedingly gratified to see a wild sort of sinner return with a stripe to denote his good behaviour. A month in a ship of war with its excellent discipline was of the greatest service, and many a man to my certain knowledge gained in cleanliness and decency of living a fresh and valuable experience, and I never heard any complaints in the ships themselves of their misconduct. Now I understand the Government talk of resuscitating the force.

I kept up a steady friendship with Captain Tatham, both as captain and admiral, and when my humble endeavours to serve the country were rewarded by the honour of knighthood I received from him on his retirement to his property at Midhurst the following kind letter :

"My dear Sir Llewelyn,—I send you my warm congratulations on your reception of public proof that your long continuance in good works has had its reward. We are probably both now in what is called retirement, but must both try to be useful, and on your part the endeavour will be but a continuance of success. . . .

"We may both look back with some satisfaction to a time when your zeal and local knowledge enabled me to do, I hope, some good for the naval strength of the country. It must increase your satisfaction that *all* ranks and classes rejoice with you.

"Yours sincerely,

"Edward Tatham,

"Admiral (alas! retired)."

During the Crimean War Captain Tatham (as he then was) commanded the *Fury* steam frigate, and seeing a

Russian merchant brig going into Sebastopol chased and captured her at the mouth of the harbour. With two or three Russian ships of war following he had to let her go and be off himself. His next command was the *Phaeton*, 50-gun frigate, in the West Indies, from which he occasionally corresponded with me. After attaining flag rank, and retiring to his estate near Midhurst, he did not live long, and there was one more blank. A charming letter from him him is appended :

"St. John's, Midhurst,
"*December* 28, 1870.

"My dear Sir Llewelyn,—I am glad to hear that there is further evidence of a joy among *all* for whom you have done so much—that your friends should do is natural enough. You will have now to pass the remainder of life with the great satisfaction of having done more than your duty, and that duty appreciated by your Queen and country. I send you my photo ! such as it is. It is the best I have with me—but is generally thought a bad specimen of art, from some serious error about the legs—which happily the possessor has not. You can cut it off or rather them off. I hope the coming year will bring with it all the blessings you may need—our best thoughts at this moment must be for the peace of Europe. I had forgotten the letter I wrote —and of which you seem to have such nice memory. If not a trouble to you, send me a copy, it does not appear in my letter-book.

"Always sincerely yours,
"Edward Tatham."

ADMIRAL SIR W. MENDS, G.C.B.

I was in constant communication with Captains Mends and Tatham, and frequently visited them in their ships, and after receiving the thanks of the Admiralty I was gratified by the following amongst the frequent letters of Captain Mends.

The *Majestic* 80-gun ship having been commissioned by

Captain Mends instead of the *Hastings* of 60 guns accounts for the change of names :

"H.M.S. 'MAJESTIC,'
"*October* 22, 1860.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—My wife and I do indeed participate in the pleasure you have experienced at the letter from the Lords of the Admiralty, though it expresses but weakly what is really due to you for your exertions in behalf of the naval service, which can never be over-estimated. I do hope Carnarvon will be added to the Liverpool district ; it will be more convenient for the men, and I think attended with benefit to the service. I will be with you during the first week in November. . . . I am rejoiced that your good mother experiences no bad effects from her fall.

"One and all of my party unite in very sincere regards.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. R. MENDS."

On his quitting the station (Kirkcudbright to Carnarvon) my old friend Captain Mends sent me the following letter on service :

"H.M.S. 'MAJESTIC,'
"ROCKFERRY, *December* 31, 1860.

"SIR,—I cannot quit the command of the Liverpool district without conveying to you the expression of my sincere thanks for the active co-operation you have afforded me during the period of my command. The lively interest you have taken in the welfare of the seamen and your earnest advocacy of the advantages held out to them in the naval service of her Majesty claim the grateful acknowledgment of every well-wisher of his country.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your faithful friend and servant,

"W. R. MENDS,
"Captain."

THE NAVAL RESERVE.

Some time after the events referred to in these letters of Captain Tatham and Sir William Mends, my good old friend Lord Clarence Paget, who was then the Secretary of the Admiralty, started the Royal Naval Reserve force, and I was in frequent communication with him on the subject, as well as with Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton, the Comptroller of the Coastguard, and Sir William Mends, the Deputy Comptroller. At that time there were large numbers of sailing merchant vessels at Carnarvon, Bangor and Portdinorwic, but, alas! steamers and railways have reduced the number to almost nothing, and I am amazed and sorry to find that so little notice seems to be taken of this most serious reduction of the fighting forces of the country, as the reduction of sailing-ships reduced the number of men most seriously. Living as I do between Carnarvon and Portdinorwic I had every opportunity of meeting and conversing with sailors, when they were going backwards and forwards between those places. I was as often as I could spare time down at the lodge on the Bangor and Carnarvon road, endeavouring to recruit for the naval service; but the seamen, like the fish that will not trust the fly, would not bite at first, and I found that the old traditions of the press-gang were strong; nevertheless I persevered and got a few to join, and then arranged for and advertised a meeting of seamen to be held in the Castle of Carnarvon, and from thence a procession of sailors with a band of music (which I engaged for the purpose) to the Guildhall, where they would be addressed by me and by Commander Pechell, the Inspecting Commander of the Coastguard (a former midshipman of Captain Mends). The meeting was successful, but a most curious incident took place. My advertisements were only issued at Carnarvon and Portdinorwic, and only posted on the Wednesday, and to my utter surprise, I received the letter following from the Coastguard Department at the Admiralty:

"COASTGUARD DEPARTMENT,
"ADMIRALTY, 14. 3. 1862.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—I see the men at Carnarvon are beginning to respond to your numerous patriotic addresses. Commodore Yelverton wishes me to say that he has ordered a gun-boat to be sent there for the purpose of drilling them at their own port, and that if they come forward in sufficient numbers a battery of two guns shall be erected at Carnarvon for drill purposes. I see you are to have one of your gatherings to-morrow in the Castle and Guildhall, at which my old shipmate Pechell is to accompany you. He was one of my youngsters in a frigate years ago, and a good lad. We want you to fix on a suitable site for the erection of this battery in Carnarvon in conjunction with Pechell and Inglefield. Estimates will be called for in Carnarvon for the construction. I trust you and yours are well. All unite with me in kind regards. Remember me to Pechell. Send me a copy of your address to-morrow. I want it for the commodore.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. R. MENDS."

The following is a contemporary account of the beginning of the movement.

"A meeting of sailors was convened at Carnarvon by the Mayor, Llewelyn Turner, Esq., at five o'clock on the evening of Saturday last, the 15th inst., in the Castle Yard, whence the men marched in a body to the Guildhall, headed by the Volunteer band (whose services were handsomely tendered for the occasion), the Mayor, Captain Pechell, R.N., Mr. Thomas Turner, and other gentlemen. Having arrived at the Guildhall the meeting was addressed by the Mayor and Captain Pechell, R.N., on the advantages of joining the Naval Reserve.

"The Mayor said he was glad to see so good a muster of respectable seamen, and to have another opportunity of stating the advantages of a service which he had on so many occasions laid before them. Many of them would remember that he had addressed them on the subject twice at the Sailors' Institute soon after the Naval Reserve was

established, and subsequently at the Guildhall, with his gallant friend, Captain Mends, of the Royal Navy, and again, at the British School, with Captain Inglefield, of her Majesty's ship *Majestic*. He felt that in addressing the seamen of the port of Carnarvon (who, taking those at home and abroad, formed a large body of men) he had the great advantage of being personally known to them all, or at least to a large majority of them, and he had always so much identified himself with them, and was so well known to them from boyhood, that he felt sure there was not a man in the room who would for a moment doubt his intentions towards them, or who would hesitate to accept his statements as being put forth for their good. In addressing them that evening he would take this ground to start with. That no man out of the limits of a lunatic asylum or of the Peace Society, would doubt that in this land he was living in the most free, the most wealthy, and the most happy country under heaven. Thank God that it was so! Truly this was a great and a wonderful people; and what the Almighty had committed to them, whether seamen or landsmen, they were bound to defend and maintain. Another proposition which he would put to them was, that no class of men within the realms of England had contributed so much to that greatness, which was the admiration and the envy of mankind, as the British sailor. Had it not been for the sailors who fought under Drake and subsequent commanders, and, above all, under the immortal Nelson, would England be the England that all nations now looked up to with so much wonder and amazement? But deep as our debt undoubtedly was to those gallant spirits, the merchant seaman also had done a great deal towards the greatness of his country; he had carried to and from our shores the commerce of England, which benefited all, from the noble whose land was increased in value, and the merchant who rolled in the legitimate wealth made by commercial enterprise, to the peasant whose tea and sugar was a luxury he owed to the sailor. But let the merchant seaman always remember that but for the Royal Navy he could not have pursued his lawful occupation.

Now here were two plain and patent facts, the greatness, and that the sailor was the chief instrument of that greatness. And yet what did they find?—that no man in Great Britain had so little voice, so little stake in it as the sailor. He had filled many public offices which had given him great opportunities of knowing and seeing who was and who was not prosperous. When, some years ago, he was Chairman of the Guardians, he had seen with unfeigned sorrow men who a few years before were fine seamen, ending their days in the workhouse. And being now in the third year of his magistracy, in which it was his duty to study the interest and benefit of all classes, he could affirm that in no respect was the sailor in the position he ought to be ashore. Taking the proportion of landsmen and seamen, who formed the population of the port of Carnarvon, or any other place he was acquainted with, they had not the stake in it which they ought to have. There were very many small freeholders, owners of perhaps some small farm, or a few houses or cottages, which by honest, creditable labour they had earned; but how rarely was the sailor found amongst these, how rare his provision of this or any other kind for old age. Now, why was this? Jack was as honest and as well-meaning a man as any of them; but he left home in early life, found himself constantly in strange ports, was too often seduced into the Yankee service, and instead of the wholesome checks which landsmen generally had of parents or friends, he was pounced upon in every large port by the greatest villains with which the earth was cursed. He (the Mayor) had so often in his addresses denounced the crimps—with whose rascality he was well acquainted—that the subject coming from his lips would almost appear stale, but a dangerous disease required strong treatment and plain speaking. The sailor was no sooner in one of the large seaports than he was met by these plausible wolves in sheep's clothing, who advanced him money up to a safe point, always a mere fraction of what they knew to be due to him, placed him in the way of every temptation which could assail and beset a man, and then profited by his want of knowledge of the world; often shipping him off in a

Yankee ship in a state of drunken stupidity; selling him, in plain English, to the Yankee skipper, as completely as any negro was ever sold on the coast of Africa. Now this was a state of things well known to the Government of the country, and to their credit be it said that they did all they could to put an end to it; they established shipping masters in each port, so that the seaman could be regularly entered. And, as he had often reminded the seamen, every Custom-house was a savings' bank, in which the sailor was invited to deposit his earnings, so that in old age he would have a stand-by—a fund to save him from the workhouse. And with an enlightened policy, for which the sailor could never be too grateful, the Admiralty now offered them wonderful terms for joining the Naval Reserve. At first there was everywhere a hanging back, but the seamen of the North of England candidly examined the scheme, and a number of them joined in recommending it to others. Let them weigh it well in their minds. Since the establishment of the force, he (the Mayor) had made it his business to explain it to every seaman he met, and he was glad to find that those doubts and prejudices which at first prevailed were disappearing. Here was a liberal offer of pay and rations for a month's drill, and after a certain number of years in the force they were entitled to a pension of £12 a year, which, with what any seaman who used the Custom House Savings' Banks could put by during the active years of his life, would be comfortable provision for old age. He had that morning received from the Deputy Comptroller-General of Coast-guard, an Admiralty letter stating that a gun-boat should be sent to Carnarvon to drill the men, and that if a sufficient number of them joined, a battery should be erected on the beach, on a site to be fixed by Captain Inglefield, Captain Pechell, and himself. The battery would be a section of the side of a ship of war, built of strong oak, and tenders for its erection would be invited in Carnarvon. Now, here the Admiralty brought home the matter to their very doors. He (the Mayor) knew that at this very moment there was a large number of Carnarvon seamen in Liverpool out of employment; if the battery were erected (which their

joining the force in sufficient number would ensure) these men could all be earning at this slack season a month's pay and rations, they would be at home with their families, and kept steady, clean, and sober, each man spending the evenings, if he chose, with his wife, if he had one, and returning to learn the mode of defending his country in the morning. Amongst those he had talked to on the subject was a respectable master of a coasting-vessel, and he said he could never get a month's leave to attend this drill; but he had explained to him, as he wished to explain to them, that twenty-eight days together was not required, that they could take it in four divisions of a week each, if more convenient. Now, let Jack recollect, how much less he was asked to do than the landsman. As Captain Mends and Captain Inglefield had put it to them on former occasions at the meetings he had alluded to, the land Volunteers received no pay, they gave their time for nothing, and paid heavily for their clothes, and other expenses besides. They were all aware that a body of Rifle Volunteers—whose band had kindly played for them that evening—was in existence in this place since the formation of the force, and they were constantly drilled, and kept themselves ready to defend their country without any fee or reward, and he learned that an additional body was in course of formation in the town. Let the sailors reflect on this, and let the seamen of this locality bear in mind how much better their time would be employed on their return from a foreign voyage in learning gun-drill, and thus receiving pay and rations at home, instead of having to dive into their wages, all of which could by this plan be saved and placed in the Custom House Savings' Bank. There were two other views which he would briefly put before them. He alluded to the benefit to the taxpayer of the country and to the shipowner. It was well known that to prevent war by the possession of power was always cheaper than to drift into a war; and but for the excellent management of the present Government, and particularly of the Board of Admiralty, we should in all probability have been at war with America. They all knew of the *Trent* affair; the first news they got was defiance.

(*Hughes & Mullins, Photo, Ryde*)

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM R. MENDS, G.C.B.

The American papers were brimful of bullying braggadocio about spilling 'the blood of a million men before they would give up these men,' and such like stuff. 'That it would be no use for John Bull to bluster and bully, as Slidell and Mason should not be surrendered' and had those renegade Englishmen calling themselves the Peace Society had any weight they would not have been given up. But John Bull did not bluster or bully, he wished to preserve the dignity and the honour of England without war if possible, and he did it by being ready for war. Lord Russell sent a firm, but quiet demand, giving our ambassador in America, Lord Lyons, instructions to give the Yankees an opportunity for knuckling under without any demand at all. But while this was going on Admiral Milne's fleet was being quietly but rapidly reinforced with a number of the most efficient and powerful ships that ever floated on the ocean, and the garrison of Canada was reinforced, and the American Minister in London well knew that we had also in the background a Naval Reserve of 8000 or 10,000 seamen. The knowledge that we were ready thus prevented war, and the taxpayer was saved from enormous pressure. Some years ago we were on the eve of war with France, not because the ground of quarrel was strong, but because so much pressure had been put on the Government by false economists, that our right arm was crippled. We had a small, half-manned fleet, the line-of-battle ships in the Mediterranean actually having one tier of guns left ashore for want of men to work them, owing to the reduced crews. The French admiral in the Mediterranean then wrote to his Government that that was the time to wipe out the disgrace of Trafalgar—our glory. Now, here the taxpayer would clearly see that the want of preparation would have been the cause of war then, and not any good cause of dispute. Besides, if they had a good reserve, they would not always need so large a permanent force. That clever, shrewd man, the Emperor of the French, understood these things well, and his conscription marine was an admirable protection to that country. There were in France two services, one to which our Naval Coast Volunteers bears a strong resemblance,

consisting of fishermen, ferrymen, and all who handled an oar; and the other composed of picked seamen like themselves; but, wide as the resemblance was in one respect, there was a wide difference in another; our Naval Reserve and Naval Coast men were volunteers—with us there was no compulsory service. In France every one of them was obliged to serve in a man-of-war without any consent being asked—this was essentially a free country; and if Jack was true to his colours and to himself, it would always be so. The knowledge that he was ready would always prevent war, as no nation under the sun would ever be so mad as to go to war with England if they knew that she had plenty of ships, and that every British sailor was available to man them. On the subject of the shipowner there could be no doubt of his interest in the matter. This force was eminently calculated to keep Jack out of that foreign service under the stars and stripes, and to keep him out of the crimps' claws. He had that morning called on a large shipowner, one of whose ships was now loading slate for America, and having read him the Admiralty letter about the proposed battery, he remarked that if that was carried out, as doubtless it would be, there would be generally found in it good crews of prime seamen, ready at hand to man any merchant ship requiring them; and these men would be sober and decent, and worth far more than mere scratch crews picked off the streets. To this the gentleman alluded to had fully agreed, and expressed his regret that he could not attend the meeting. He had called on another shipowner with the letter, and the remark made by that gentleman was: 'There are numbers of Carnarvon seamen knocking about Liverpool now, out of employment, and if we had the battery they might be in that, earning good wages and living respectably.' At first, many shipowners stood suspiciously aloof, and feared competition; but this was absurd and groundless, and such prejudices always gave way before honest painstaking explanation. Now here they heard the plain facts before them of the causes of Jack's want of status in his country, and of a stand-by for old age. The Government proposed to give him this, and he entreated them all

to weigh well what was spoken, to use the Custom House Savings' Bank, and to join the Naval Reserve. They were not required to do so that night, but Captain Pechell would attend at the Custom House at 12 o'clock on Monday, to enrol as many as chose to eat the bread that was offered. He had from time to time been instrumental in raising about 150 coast volunteers in Carnarvon. He trusted the genuine old salts would not be behind the rest of their countrymen, but would rally round the Queen and the enlightened Government that offered such liberal terms.

"Captain Pechell, R.N., said that after the clear address they had heard from the Mayor it would be quite needless for him to do more than read, and briefly explain to them, the conditions of the Naval Reserve, which offered such inducements. Not only could they divide their month's drill into a week at a time, but that week could be spent in any port they chanced to be in where there was a training-ship or a battery, and now they were placed in all the principal ports of the kingdom. It was possible, too, that the pension would exceed the £12 a year mentioned by the Mayor, and there were circumstances under which it would be so increased, and in case of war they would have all the advantages of Greenwich Hospital. Having read and lucidly explained the conditions, and stated that they must all be provided with certificates of good character, Captain Pechell then invited any one present to put any question, which he would answer. The explanations already given being apparently satisfactory, no questions were asked.

"The Mayor said they would not further detain them, and he trusted to hear that the Custom House was well filled on Monday with candidates for the force."

As already stated, the advertisements were only posted at two places, Carnarvon and Portdinorwic, and only on the previous Wednesday, and I was puzzled exceedingly at the receipt of the preceding letter. For a considerable time the matter was a mystery to me, until I chanced to go to London not long after, and of course went to the Admiralty, and the "murder was out." I inquired at the Coastguard

Department how they came to know anything of my meeting, and the reply was preceded by this question: "Do you know the Registrar General of Seamen at London Bridge?" "Oh yes," I replied. "Well, he came here on the Friday, the day next before the meeting, and brought with him an anonymous letter, and your advertisement. The letter described you in anything but complimentary terms, and said that you were destroying all possible chance of raising men in the district, etc." Sir Hastings Yelverton inquired if the Registrar had any idea who the writer was? "Oh yes," he said, "I know his handwriting well, as it has not been sufficiently disguised. I often receive official letters from him." Sir Hastings Yelverton said, "The writer must be a thorough-paced scoundrel. Llewelyn Turner is the only man in the kingdom who works, and that heartily and gratuitously, for the Admiralty. Write him a letter, Mends, that he may receive it to-morrow morning, and show him that we know all about his meeting, and tell him we will give them a battery at Carnarvon if the seamen respond freely to his patriotic exertions, and that Carnarvon people shall erect it." The letter was read at the meeting as desired, and the number of recruits quickly rose to seventy-four, and soon attained a large number.

The foolish writer of the letter was very angry that he had not been invited to the meeting, and gave vent to his anger in the form described. Some time after my return to Carnarvon I met him in the street and he came up to speak to me, but I put out the palm of my hand and motioned him to be off. He made an attempt to speak afterwards, with the same result. A few years after he sent me an official letter with some information which I was glad to receive, and as I am not addicted to bearing malice I called at his office, and thanked him for his attention, and from that day forward to the time of his leaving Carnarvon I had no more devoted person than he was. I thoroughly abominate all writers of anonymous letters, but I honestly believe that this man gave way to a fierce temper, and that he so thoroughly appreciated my forgiveness that he would have done almost anything to please or serve me.

It will be noticed that in Sir William Mends' letter he mentions Captain Inglefield. He was the officer who succeeded to the command of the *Majestic*, 80-gun ship, after Sir W. Mends, and to the coast command from Kirkcudbright to Carnarvon. Had I not been well known at the Admiralty and to the Registrar General of Seamen, Canarvon might have been deprived of the large force, and the two batteries, a second one being subsequently erected, and the naval strength might have been reduced in men through that improper letter. I spent very many happy times with my dear friend Mends in the *Hastings* and *Majestic*, and subsequently with Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield. In those days the families of the captains were allowed to live in the district guardship, and the presence of Lady Mends (who was devotedly attached to her gallant husband, and he to her) was much appreciated by the crew, as she often visited the "sick-bay" as the ship's hospital is called, and on Christmas day the sailors derived much pleasure from the thoughtful attention shown in adding to the Christmas festivities. My old friend's record was a most admirable one. He came of a long line of heroes, the family having contributed to the navy and army a singular number of distinguished officers. His father was Admiral William Bowen Mends, and was one of a very large family, *fourteen* of whom were officers in the two great services, whom Lord Palmerston described as a race of warriors; one of the ancestors of Sir William Mends was Commodore Sir Robert Mends, G.C.B., who entered the navy in the year 1779, and in 1780 served in his Majesty's ship *Culloden* at the capture of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Sir George Rodney, and took part in the following actions: the action with the French fleet off the Chesapeake in 1781; on shore in Virginia, America; with General Philip at Petersburg; at the defeats of the American army at James Island; the action at "Bermuda Hundreds," when the whole of the enemy's squadron of thirteen armed vessels were captured after a hard fight; at the siege of York Town, America, when he was wounded in the knee and arm, which afterwards underwent amputation. In 1782 he served in the *Conqueror* at the capture of

the French fleet by Admiral Sir George Rodney, when he was wounded in the head, and had his jawbone fractured. He had comanded the celebrated frigate *Arethusa* as senior officer in the blockade of Cherbourg in 1808, and taken part in a vast number of actions recorded in the life of his descendant, my dear and deeply lamented friend, published after his death by his son. It would occupy too much space to go on reciting the services of Sir William's gallant ancestor, who died of cholera and apoplexy the year I was born, 1823, after a brilliant career of forty-four years.

The *Arethusa* was the subject of a ballad which I knew well in years gone by, but am not certain whether I can repeat it now; still will make the attempt:

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
  Hurrah for the *Arethusa!*
She is a frigate stout and brave
As ever ploughed the dashing wave.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When three French sail with crews so stout
  Bore down on the *Arethusa.*

The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie.
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack
Or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laughed, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
  On board of the *Arethusa.*

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
  On board of the *Arethusa.*

Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman he sang out, "Hallo!"
"Bear down, do you see, to our admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lag you along with me,"
  Said the saucy *Arethusa.*

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We drove them back upon their strand,
We fought till not stick would stand
Of the saucy *Arethusa.*

And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill his glass to his favourite lass,
Here's a health to our captain and officers true
And all that belong to the jovial crew
Of the saucy *Arethusa.*

To return to that friend whose memory I shall cherish while my waning years last, I may honestly say that his career was well worthy of the splendid stock whence he came. As a lieutenant his career was highly creditable. He served with distinction as commander under his old friend Commodore Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart., in the East Indies, and his affectionate nature and true friendship is well shown in the following letter, in which, in showing his affection for me, (as dozens of his letters during the period of nearly half a century do,) he mentions his departure from his old commodore :—

"ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, 1871.

"MY DEAR OLD TURNER,—Such friendship as yours is really worth having. I warmed towards you the first few minutes of our acquaintance because I felt myself face to face with an earnest-minded and sincere man, with truth and honesty to the fore, therefore I need scarcely say how earnestly, after a friendship of so many years, I reciprocate your kind feelings for me. I thank you for all you say. My dear old commodore Sir Henry Blackwood in his parting words to me when I left him on receiving my promotion, used these words, 'We met as strangers, and I hope we part friends for life.' I apply them now in our case because it is an affection begotten of respect and esteem each for the other. Her Gracious Majesty was pleased to place on my neck the Order of the Bath * on Monday last, and I felt rewarded to the full for all my labours, and would willingly

* As will be seen, he got the G.C.B. later.

go through all again to win such a reward, which signified to me that my services are recognised, and I am content.

"With united regards,

"Believe me ever,

"Yours with affection,

"W. R. MENDS."

Of those services he might well be proud. After service under the late Admiral Rous and others, when a commander, he was selected by that eminent Admiral, Sir William Parker, who then commanded the Mediterranean fleet, to get the *Vengeance*, 74, into proper order. The captain was invalided home. For reasons that need not be named here the ship was found by the admiral on inspection to be in anything but the high order and discipline to which he was accustomed, and he sent for Commander Mends, as he then was, and told him to assume temporary command of the *Vengeance*, to take her away and bring her back in proper order. Away they went, and he found, as he told me afterwards, that the ship's company was far from being a bad one, but the discipline had been lax, etc. At first he allowed no evolution to be done quickly, but gradually increased the speed until all operations were performed with the greatest rapidity, and when in about a month he brought the ship back to the fleet while they were going through a series of manœuvres and operations, she proved to be the fastest in the shifting of spars and sails, and other kindred performances.

Not long after this, his promotion to post rank took place, and after various services, when the Crimean War broke out, he was the captain of the *Agamemnon*, 90-ton gun-ship, in the Mediterranean, which formed one of the fleet of Admiral Dundas to the Black Sea. As captain of a line-of-battle ship he was of necessity almost entirely confined to the fleet, and as that admiral was not distinguished for enterprise Captain Mends was anxious to exchange his command for that of a frigate which would be sent on wider expeditions. He accordingly exchanged his command of the *Agamemnon* with Sir William Symonds

for that of the *Arethusa*, 50-gun frigate. In that frigate (now a training-ship for boys in the Thames) he attacked some of the batteries of Odessa; and I have a copy in the drawing-room at Parkia of the water-colour drawing, the original of which was done by Captain George Mends, the brother of my old friend.

When Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons was sent out as second in command, he was ordered to hoist his flag in the *Agamemnon*, 90-gun, and chose Mends as his flag-captian, and consequently he had to go back to his old ship. This selection was a great compliment, as the number of applicants for the post was very great. A warm friendship grew up between admiral and captain, and they messed together. At the naval attack on Sebastopol, three ships went close in under the walls, with only two feet to spare under their keels, viz., the *Agamemnon*, 90 guns, Captain Mends, the *London*, 90 guns, Captain Eden, and the *Sanspareil*, 74 guns, Captain Dacres. During the middle of the action, Captain Mends, going along the main deck to inspect the firing, saw that the crew of one gun were firing in a random manner without taking correct aim, and, though in the crisis of the battle, he disrated the captain of the gun and appointed another. The crews of great guns, as far as I remember, were at that period fourteen men to each gun.

A most laughable occurrence, well worth relating, took place a day or two after the attack. Admiral Dundas had not distinguished himself by a close approach to the great fortifications, but had anchored the flagship and others at a distance of 2000 yards from them, and a day or two after the attack signalled for all the first lieutenants of the large fleet assembled off Sebastopol to go on board the *Britannia*, his flagship, a sailing liner of 120 guns. Steamships of war being then new productions this fine old sailing-vessel was the flagship of the Mediterranean station when the war with Russia broke out. (I have an oil painting of her.) The number of boats bringing the first-lieutenant of each ship was very great, and the quartermasters had infinite trouble to keep away the boats of the first comers after they had left their officers aboard, their near presence

impeding the others. The quartermaster was continually giving the order, "Keep that boat further off," and at last one of the boat's crew in a waiting boat shouted, "How far, Sir? will 2000 yards do?" This was heard by all the boats waiting for the return of the first-lieutenants, and was received by the various crews with the greatest laughter. The question of that sailor delighted every officer and man who heard it, except one—if he heard it.

After the attack on Sebastopol my old friend received a "round robin" from the crew of the *Agamemnon*, thanking him for the gallantry with which they were led into action, and stating that if he commanded a ship in any other war they would to a man volunteer to serve under him.

To the intense satisfaction of the officers and men of the fleet Admiral Dundas retired. Sir Edmund Lyons was appointed commander-in-chief, and raised to the peerage. On his leaving the fleet, the retiring Admiral Dundas did not in any shape bid adieu to Lord Lyons, who had been his second in command; and as he was going away Lord Lyons said that, although the admiral had not had the courtesy to say adieu before he left, *they* would act differently, and he ordered the signal to be made, "May happiness attend you." A signal went up and was soon down, the signal midshipman having hoisted by mistake, "May *hanging* attend you." It is not improbable that the wish may have been the parent of the mistake. The fine new ship *Royal Albert*, 120, was sent out for flagship, and the admiral and captain shifted into her, and many a gallant soldier had reason to be thankful that two such able officers with so fine a ship were at hand to expedite the landing of tents and stores and other necessary things. The terrible winter when the transport *Prince*, a fine steamer, was lost, passed away with all its scenes of misery, and when the war was over the Admiral (Lyons) left, and Captain Mends brought home the *Royal Albert*. In coming through the sea of Marmora, on a beautiful fine day about midday, the officer of the watch reported that the stuffing-box of the screw had burst, and that the water was flowing into the ship

with fearful rapidity. Many of my readers will doubtless "be at sea" as to what a "stuffing-box" is. There is a long iron shaft called the screw shaft, which is worked from the engine, and goes out of the stern of the ship necessarily under water. At the outer end under the taffrail is the screw which works the vessel, and a wonderful contrivance exists, called the stuffing-box, through which the shaft passes; and how the wit of man ever devised a box capable of allowing the screw shaft to pass through it working such an enormous thing as the screw without admitting the sea into the ship passes my poor understanding. The ship was near the shore, and the captain looked out for a soft place to beach her. Not a moment was to be lost, and had the accident happened far from land down the ship must have gone. Any fool could have run his ship ashore, but it took a wise man to make all provision in doing so for getting her off again. This is what this experienced man did. Giving his orders with rapidity, which the large crew of 1250 officers and men, splendidly drilled, were able to carry out with great speed,—"Full steam ahead, hard aport the helm"—both best bower anchors were made ready to let go; and as they neared the shore with a sandy beach, the two anchors were let go. "Send down royal and topgallant masts and yards, run the forward guns aft." Although the sun was shining brilliantly the ship was going so fast that they could see the sparks from the rapid passing of the chains through the hawse-holes. By running the guns aft, the ship, drawing twenty-five feet of water aft, was run into twelve feet at the bows. As soon as the ship grounded forward, the guns that had been run aft were replaced and fixed her firmly; but as the sandy beach sloped very much, the topgallant- and top-masts were lowered, and ropes sent from the lower mastheads to trees on the land, and several starboard guns run to port to keep her from capsizing.

In a ship with a perfectly disciplined crew of 1250 officers and men all this work was performed like magic, and then a water-tight compartment was erected in the after-part of the hold, but forward of the stuffing-box. The precaution

of letting go both the best bower anchors having been taken, there was no difficulty in hauling the ship off, the anchors having been dropped a cable's length from the shore. When the guns were again run aft the great ship was without any difficulty hauled off, her bow was firm in deep water, and the guns being replaced the ship was hove to her anchors and all afloat; whereas had the previous precautions not been taken it would have been almost impossible to carry out anchors in boats of sufficient size to haul off so large a ship, and quite impossible in bad weather.

The many ships and stations in which this splendid officer had served are too numerous to mention here. I have forgotten to name one curious experience he had as a lieutenant serving with Admiral (then captain) Rous in the *Pique* frigate. She lost her rudder in going down the coast from Quebec, and was sailed to England with incessant pumping and no rudder. This reminds me that having told him of a venerable instructress well-known as teacher of navigation in Carnarvon, he went with me to see her and subsequently sent her a model of a temporary rudder to aid her in her teaching.

I feel that my readers will think that I am not altogether consecutive in my recitals, but as I am writing from memory in nearly all cases, excepting letters, of which I have retained so many, the largest number from naval officers, they will pardon an old man for occasionally "placing the cart before the horse."

To return to the pleasant times spent by me in the *Hastings* and *Majestic*, nothing could exceed the pleasure I felt in the association with this able man and his amiable wife and family, and many a fine moonlight night have I paced the decks with him listening to his recitals of naval experiences and discussing sea subjects. His heart was in his work, and his disgust for that curse of the navy and army—*party government*—was what no lover of his country can fail to experience. I well know how in after years, when he held official positions in the Admiralty, he did his best to counteract the shameful political expedient of selling, to reduce the estimates, stores which had

to be replaced at terrible loss to the nation whenever even a small war appeared likely.

I recollect one Sunday after Divine service as usual by the chaplain, the captain, Lady Mends, and one of their daughters, and I, went ashore for a walk. The ship was moored in the Sloyne, and the ladies returned aboard after a short walk, the captain and myself going for a mile or two further inland. The men knew exactly when we would be back to the landing-place, and the captain's gig was alongside the jetty with her head pointing outward towards the ship. The crew of six men being all on their thwarts (seats) had of course their backs to the ship ; as we were descending from higher land I saw that no less than five of her boats were out, and drew the captain's attention to them. We both set to run and, jumping into the boat, the captain ordered the crew to pull as fast as they could. Some of the boats from the ship got to her before us, one containing a seaman who had fallen overboard in walking along one of the lower studding-sail booms, that protruded from the ship to keep boats not on the davits clear of her sides. As soon as the cry " man overboard " had been heard a splendid sailor, of the name of Jackson, who was on the lower deck, ran up the various ladders, and despite the fact that the tide was running at a fearful rate, jumped overboard from the taffrail, a height of at least twenty or twenty-five feet from the water. He assisted the poor man until the boats came. Doctor Wood, the surgeon of the ship, and the assistant-surgeon, were at their posts, and a bed with hot salt was ready in the sick bay by the time the poor fellow was taken aboard. The captain at once went to the sick bay, and the man was able to tell him how it happened; but the shock and the quantity of water he had swallowed, was too much for him, and he died about eight P.M. I went to see his body on Monday morning ; it was placed on a plank between two of the ship's broadside guns, where I had sat at Divine service the day before, and I lifted the Union Jack with which he was covered to have good look at him. He was an exceedingly fine man, and had only joined the ship about three weeks before. He was buried, of course,

ashore, with all due honour, a procession of the ship's boats being formed to the shore. What apparently slight events appear to alter our destiny! He was a sailor sail-maker, and work being slack at Plymouth had entered for the *Hastings*.

The coxswain of the captain's gig was a very smart and able man, and one day when the children were ashore at Rockferry the gig was alongside the jetty, and the coxswain landed, and was wheeling the children about, when an American sailor going by caught hold of the perambulator and nearly capsized it, using some not very polite language. The coxswain was at him in a trice and polished him off in a way that would hardly induce him to repeat his pranks.

On one occasion when the *Hastings* was at Holyhead, I was walking up and down the ship's bridge; it was a lovely day, with a very gentle breeze blowing out of the harbour. It was low water and a schooner was going out before the wind; she kept too far in, and instead of passing between the platters rocks and the breakwater, she ran on to one platter. The captain was at once informed, and, with the usual rapidity of the work of a man-of-war, there were two boats off to her immediately; the first, a few minutes before the other, had orders to lower the schooner's sails at once, as they were driving her further on the rock; the second boat, which took a few minutes only to hoist in a kedge anchor and a hawser, was ordered to drop the kedge to windward of the schooner, pay out and take the end aboard of her. The operation was performed with the utmost rapidity, and the schooner was hauled off to the kedge in a very short time. The first boat returned to the ship with a man with a broken leg. It seems that when the schooner struck on the rock, which she did with some violence, as she was sailing pretty fast at the time, this poor fellow, who was a passenger in her, fell over a balk of timber that was on the deck. In a very short time he was aboard the *Hastings*, and in bed in the sick bay, where his broken leg was set. I fancy all merchant captains and crews must rejoice when they are in harbour with a man-of-war there, for if they have sickness or accident there

is a surgeon and an assistant surgeon at hand, and if there is a row or a mutiny there is a force at hand ready to quell it. I have known instances of both cases when I have been in ships-of-war. In the days of which I am speaking, when all ships had masts, and nearly everything was done by hand, I always thought it a pretty sight and a great evidence of power to see the ship's boats hoisted in. A boat perhaps that would carry fifty men came up to the davits with as great ease as the moving of a child's toy. A row of about twenty-five to fifty men would lay hold of the tackle—a rope laid along the deck—and simply walk forward when the boatswain's mates whistled (they carry a silver whistle), and the boat came up quietly and speedily without the heavy hauling necessary in short-handed merchant ships. In these days all is done by steam, and the large ships-of-war carry an almost incredible number of steam-engines to hoist the anchors, the boats, to steer the ship, work the electric light, load the guns, and a host of other things. Everything is so large now that little can be worked by hand.

The excellent work which Sir W. Mends did at the Admiralty after he attained flag rank was of inestimable worth to the nation. To the last we carried on our affectionate correspondence, a vast body of which I have preserved in bound books, and warmly cherish. The interest he took in his business, the industry with which his onerous duties were performed, were most praiseworthy. He it was, when Director of Transports, that inaugurated a system of large transports for carrying troops to India; and prior to the making of the Suez Canal there were four ships for the Indian Service, one between England and Alexandria, another from Suez to Bombay, and two spare vessels. They were ships of 4000 tons and upwards, which in that day was a very great tonnage. They were all exactly alike inside and out, so that when a passenger landed at the Mediterranean end and crossed the desert to Suez he found himself in another ship the exact counterpart of the one he had left, even to the soap-stand in his cabin. Admiral and Lady Mends were staying at Parkia when he had completed his regulations for the internal

fittings, and he was so anxious get back to London to get the specifications, etc., finished, that I insisted on getting a clerk for several days to copy them, which was done here. These and the other transports were abolished amongst the many more than questionable changes for which party and private interest is so often responsible, and I should like to know how much money the nation would have saved had the whole of the transport ships inaugurated by Sir William Mends been available when the Boers declared war. The companies could not then have made the enormous demands which were conceded.

During the Crimean War, which has already been mentioned, although his time was so fully occupied, he kept up a most carefully detailed correspondence with his excellent wife in England, and that correspondence supplied his son with the deeply interesting details contained in the life of the admiral which was published after his death.

I forgot to mention that when the *Royal Albert* was being built in Woolwich Dockyard I went all over her, and when I was standing by the kelson at the very bottom of the great ship, which was then far from completion, I found that one of the convicts that were employed in the dockyard had followed me down, and quietly solicited a contribution of tobacco, which, as I use none, I could not have complied with, even had it not been contrary to rules. As we were in the dark regions of the enormous ship some fifty feet below the upper deck, I thought it best to forego the rest of my inspection of the lower regions of the ship, and rid myself of the gentleman's company.

This meeting with the convict reminds me of the humorous tale of Captain Marryat, R.N., of the young midshipman who, on his first visit to the dockyard and the ship he was to join, inquired of a convict the meaning of the bright steel ring round his ankle, to which inquiry the convict promptly replied that it was a reward of merit.

Amongst the vast number of interesting letters of my dear friend are various announcements of the deaths of distinguished officers — in 1888 the death of Admiral Norton Taylor, R.N., whom I knew, and who died in his

ninetieth year, and in another, some years after, of the death of his old friend Admiral Sir Byam Martin, who had passed the same patriarchal age. Much later on are ominous accounts of the health of Lady Mends, and later of her death, and after so long a friendship I can certify that no more devoted couple could be. My dear friend's letters upon all naval subjects, and the interest he took in my attempts to protect the Bar of Carnarvon and the Menai Straits from the shameless sale by a public department of the stones which were nature's protection and the action of persons totally ignorant of tidal effects.

He wrote me a most affecting letter upon the loss in 1893 of Admiral Tryon's flag-ship in the Mediterranean—an event, that, to me, has always been one of the most inscrutable I ever knew.

My acquaintance with Admiral Tryon was a very slight one, but, as will be seen by the following letter, he was well known to Sir William Mends :

"ANGLESEY, ALVERSTOKE, HANTS,
"*March* 18, 1896.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—My mind is still so weighed down by the terrible loss off Tripoli that you must not expect a cheerful letter. Poor Tryon served under me for six years as midshipman, sub-lieutenant, and lieutenant, and in each rank was a truly able and clever officer. When I retired from official life in 1883 he sent me his photos and signatures between 1851 and 1883, 'with best wishes and the ripe friendship of thirty-two years.' It would be difficult, nay, almost impossible, to select a man with similar power, energy, and force of character. . . . Another very dear friend of mine, the late Rear-Admiral Long, whose untimely death was caused by a fall from his horse a few weeks since, was also one of my youngsters in the same ship as poor Tryon ; his loss will be felt throughout the Service to which he was devoted. He lived about an hour's journey from us by rail, and was constantly here for the past year consulting on Service matters. I see his personalty was £80,000, but notwithstanding his wealth he was the same in manhood

as he had been in youth, ever straight, honest and true. I felt his loss almost as if he had been my son. . . . I have no fear of my country, as the need of naval supremacy is better understood by the people than it was. I want you to read Mahan's book on the influence of sea-power on the French Revolution, and Maurice's review of it. With kind regards to Lady Turner,

"Affectionately yours,

"W. R. MENDS."

There are vast numbers of letters of great interest on the noble Service he adorned, and upon a variety of public questions, but of course mostly upon sea subjects. I trust that recent events will lead to a habit of discussing military matters amongst military officers as much as it exists amongst naval men.

I have spoken of the warm attachment which existed between Sir William and Lady Mends, and in 1894 it became evident that the fearful severance which is the lot of all awaited him, and in July of that year my warm-hearted friend was deprived of the mother of his children, the affectionate partner of so many years. In reply to my letter of condolence he wrote :

"ANGLESEY, ALVERSTOKE, HANTS.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—In my dire distress I can only say God bless you, and thank you for your true sympathy. The loss of *such a wife* is a dreadful wrench. I thank God that her death was painless, and I know that she is in heaven.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"W. R. MENDS."

His warm friendship and love for the good woman he had lost prompted him to write again to me, who had for so many long years known her worth.

"I cannot do more than thank you gratefully for your kind condolence. The wound is too fresh for me to see the

bright side after the loss of her who was at my side ever in loving sympathy with me; as for yourself and the changes of which you speak you have at all events the consolation of feeling that you have done your best in every position you occupied with a high effort in view. Once more God bless you. . . .

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. R. MENDS."

In 1896 I had to undergo an operation in London, and when it was over my wife and I went to Southsea to be near my old friend, whom we visited almost daily at his residence, Anglesey, Alverstoke, Hants. His silent grief was painful, and it was plain to see that his warm and honest heart was sorely wounded. He pointed in silence to the portrait of her who had been his loving companion for so many years, and turned away to hide his tears. I left him with the sad fear that it was probably the last farewell of the man I had loved and respected for so many years.

At last the final severance in this world of an affectionate friendship took place, and was announced to me in the following beautiful letter from his daughter, Mrs. May, the wife of Admiral May:

"*June* 28, 1897.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I know that you will be much grieved at the news that I have to tell you. My dear father passed away on Saturday evening, just as the sun was setting over the magnificent fleet he would so have rejoiced to see. For the last three weeks Bessie had been most anxious about him, and summoned me down here, but his power of rallying was such that we could not help hoping until midday on Saturday, when all consciousness left him. He did not suffer in the least, I am thankful to say, and passed peacefully away. He is to be buried by my mother in the little church here on Thursday next.

"With kind regards to Lady Turner,

"Believe me to be,

"Ever very sincerely yours,

"CONSTANCE E. MAY."

The fleet alluded to in this letter was the Diamond Jubilee fleet in her late Majesty's reign, and had the admiral been alive he could have seen it from his own windows at Alverstoke.

Surely such a man as he was no "hard bargain," a man whose love of his country, whose faithful and conscientious discharge of every duty may well cause him to be numbered as one of the "salt of the earth." His life, written by his son, is well worth reading, and shows the affectionate nature, the high sense of duty, and the ability of the man. The unremitting correspondence with his wife during the whole of the Crimean War, when he had such arduous labours to perform, has enabled his son to give the public the history of his doings then, and affords no small insight into the causes of our muddles there; and I cannot leave the subject without the acknowledgment, after forty years of close friendship, contact, and correspondence, that I humbly consider myself a better man to-day than I should have been without the affectionate association with, and the admirable example of, William Robert Mends.

The admiral's naval orders were C.B. in 1854, K.C.B. (military) 1871, G.C.B. (military) 1882; he was also an aide-de-camp of the Queen.

ADMIRAL JOHN WYATT WATLING.

This gallant officer was fighting the battles of his country in the *Sirius* frigate thirteen years before I was born.

In the capture of the *Bourbon* in the Indian Ocean in the year 1810, Lieutenant Watling, as he then was, took a prominent part. He is mentioned in despatches as follows: "Owing to the able dispositions of Lieutenant J. Wyatt Watling, second of the *Sirius*, who, with a small detachment of seamen, had charge of the beach, not an accident occurred to a single soldier, nor was any part of the ammunition required." Subsequently he rendered important service in capturing a large French ship laden with military stores.

In the capture of the island of De la Passe, Lieutenant Watling signally distinguished himself, and was most

honourably mentioned in despatches. Lieutenants Norman and Watling attempted to scale the walls of the fort at night. Norman was shot through the heart by the sentry, who was at once shot by one of the boats' crew. The attack from the boats was successful, and the commandant surrendered; having forgotten to destroy the private signals they all fell into the hands of the captors.

Captain Pym, of the *Sirius*, wrote in his despatches: "I do certify that the conduct of Lieutenant Watling in the attack of Isle de la Passe under Lieutenant Norman of the *Sirius* was truly gallant, and that after Lieutenant Norman was killed in the moment of victory he took the command."

I have, unfortunately, lost my notes of the many further services of this officer, whose acquaintance I first made after his retirement from the service.

At this time the state of our Navy as to the Admiralty being in a position to obtain sufficient men was most unsatisfactory. I had many conferences with Lord Clarence Paget, the late Sir Richard Bramley the Accountant-General of the Navy, and others, and as far as my very small powers were concerned I laboured hard to promote an increase of men, and was strongly urged by numbers of naval officers to go into Parliament, amongst them being Admiral Watling, who had left the Service.

When her Majesty rewarded my humble services I had the pleasure of receiving an enormous number of kind letters, amongst them the following from the widow, as she had then become, of Admiral Watling:

"My dear Sir Llewellyn,—It is with unfeigned pleasure that I offer my hearty congratulations on the honour conferred upon you by her Most Gracious Majesty, in acknowledgment for services rendered to that noble profession, which you seemed born to—so at least thought one* on whose judgment I had perfect reliance, and though you are not a member of it, you would, I feel assured, heart and hand join those who are in defence of your country,

* Her husband.

supplementing the renown of that power we are all so proud of, the Royal Navy,

"Believe me to be,

"Very truly yours,

"M. H. WATLING."

I can only express my regret that I have lost my notes of the later services of one whose kind appreciation of my small and humble services were in the highest degree pleasing to me, expressed by him, as they repeatedly were, in the kindest manner.

ADMIRAL OTWAY.

Here I have again to lament the loss of my notes of Admiral Otway's services. I never in my life came across a man of more affectionate nature, and regret that I have mislaid—I hope not lost—correspondence that would amply prove what I have said. He was first lieutenant of the *Thetis* frigate, in which Admiral Mends was a midshipman when the frigate was wrecked on Cape Frio, having on board at the time 800,000 dollars. She ran at night on to the rock, her bowsprit striking it, was carried away, and the masts followed. The Cape was 1500 feet high, and the water 45 fathoms deep (270 feet). Several men were killed and the boats all destroyed, but the ship drifted near enough to a rock for the rest of the crew to be saved by jumping ashore. Forty years later I was with Admiral Otway in London, and asked him if he had seen Mends, and he said no. "Come along," I said, and we went to the Admiralty to the office of the latter, and I asked, "Who is this?" pointing to Otway. Mends took a short look at him, and said, "He is not Otway, is he?" I fancy that seeing him with me, whom he knew to be fond of him, made the recognition easier. He once addressed a letter to himself, asked me for my pocket-book and extracted a promise that when I went to Ireland I would put a scrap of paper in it, saying "what day I was going to Otway Castle." Alas, he died without my having been able to go.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET, G.C.B.

While it is pleasing to think and to write about old and valued friends it is painful in the extreme to reflect that their place "knows them no more." The uninterrupted friendship of forty years, and the continual correspondence during that time with two such allies as Lord Clarence Paget and Sir William Mends, had so long brightened my existence that when the separation came I felt it deeply. When in company or correspondence with either, subjects of interest were always discussed; and passionately fond of the sea as I have been from childhood, it may well be understood that nautical matters formed no small portion of our correspondence and conversation. Sir William Mends was ten years my senior, and Lord Clarence Paget eleven years; and I shall be guilty of suppression of truth were I not to acknowledge that the continual contact that I had with both for so long and uninterrupted a period had a marked and important influence upon my life, and as both were good and accomplished men it is a real pleasure to acknowledge the benefits of their association. Both were hard-working zealous men, who had seen the world, and loved the profession they adorned. Being a naturally shrewd man with a fondness for his work, and being the son of the great Marquis of Anglesey who so gallantly commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, and was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Clarence Paget naturally rose rapidly in the days when interest was a powerful factor in promotion, but as Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney says in a letter to me which appears further on in these pages, he fully justified his early advantages, and distinguished himself in everything to which he put his hand, and such was the confidence placed in his ability and judgment that when a young man he was sent on a secret expedition to America to report upon the navy of that country, the relations with which had not been too cordial after the last war.

Lord Clarence kept a journal all his life, commencing with his log as a midshipman at the battle of Navarino

in 1827, when he was fifteen years old, having previously served in the *Naiad* in encounters with the Algerines when he was thirteen years old. His adventures by sea and land were great. He had a delightful trip for a month in his father's fine cutter yacht *Pearl* with his father and others, when they were hospitably entertained by the Royal family of Portugal and that of Russia. The diary of Lord Clarence was of great interest, and several years ago I had the pleasure of reading it aloud alternately with him after his return from the Mediterranean command, and I then insisted on his having it copied, lest so interesting a record should be lost. It was most distinctly written, and as his lordship was such an excellent hand with pen and pencil, the diary was frequently illustrated by amusing pen-and-ink sketches. During the years in which he occupied Plas Llanfair in Anglesey, which was his property, I enjoyed the pleasure of constant visits, and the number of his old naval friends, and soldiers he had met in the Crimea, and accomplished persons whom he constantly entertained, were a continual pleasure to me, as for several years I was there every week. Being clever people themselves they naturally brought down people of parts to visit them, sculptors, artists, musicians, etc. Both Lord and Lady Clarence were finished musicians, and singularly good-natured in catering for the enjoyment of their guests. I frequently asked for an oratorio on Sunday evenings, and never in vain, and on week-nights they continually played and sang portions of the best operatic music. Our excursions by land and water were always delightful, and the rapidity with which Lady Clarence transferred her attire from yachting to evening costume after a day's sailing would have formed an object-lesson for young ladies. After some years of profitable enjoyment, where something was always to be learned, there was to me a sad break when Lord Clarence was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean Fleet. There was a small schooner yacht for sale at Milford belonging to Admiral Loring, which Lord Clarence would have me purchase, and his lordship took the trouble to draw out a course for me to visit Lisbon and other places on the way, and join him in

(*Maull & Polybank, photo, London*)

ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD CLARENCE PAGET, G.C.B.

the Mediterranean; but I had too many irons in the fire at home, and was obliged to decline, to my deep regret and his, for, as he put it, "You will probably never have another friend in the Mediterranean command, and have the opportunities of visiting many of the most interesting places in history with which you are well acquainted in name but have not seen." He kindly kept up his correspondence with me while there, but not with the same regularity as when he was at his town house in London or on the south coast, which he often visited after he sold Plas Llanfair. Lord Clarence was the most perfect all-round man I ever saw. He was an excellent carpenter and had a carpenter's shop at Plas Llanfair, where he did a variety of house-work. For his son for some time he had an Italian tutor, with whom he was able to converse freely in Italian; French and German governesses for his daughters, and with them he was perfectly at his ease in speaking both languages. His valet for some years was what is known at Gibraltar as a "rock scorpion," *i.e.*, a Spaniard born on that rock, and he used to yarn with him in Spanish. That he was a sculptor is well known from his having constructed the great statue of Nelson on the Menai Straits, the origin of which was as follows. He said to me one day, "Turner, I have been thinking of trying my hand at a statue of Neptune, to place on the rock by the sea below the house, which will answer for a landmark." "Neptune be hanged," I replied; "what has Neptune done for us? Nelson is the proper subject." "Right you are, and Nelson be it," was his prompt answer, and in a very short time this industrious and capable man commenced operations. First, a labourer was employed to get blue clay for the model; there was a small outbuilding near the mansion, the lower part of which was the coal-house, and a floor above, which had no communication with the lower story, was used for keeping the sails of the yacht and her trawl-net, etc. The floor of the room was cut away in the centre, the sides being left as a stage to work the upper part of the statue upon, but as the whole space from roof to floor was too short the floor was deepened in the centre for a foot or two.

The building was on uneven ground, so that the upper room was entered from the high ground and the coal-hole from the lower ground.

The model was first formed in blue clay, and the statue* being twenty feet high the work was attended with no small danger, inasmuch as when the clay was too moist it shrunk very much, and when too dry there was great danger of it falling in large pieces. It was curious to observe it, sometimes the head and shoulders would be found in the morning presenting the appearance of a huge giant with abnormally high shoulders, and his head sinking into his body. The ingenuity of the Admiral was always equal to the demand upon it, and the figure was kept in proper shape by wet cloths laid on it when too dry and cracking, and an avoidance of too much moisture, on the other hand. The first foot was laid with all ceremony by Miss Olivia Paget as the foundation of the structure, so to speak, in the presence of the family, servants and visitors, including myself; the floor being deepened in the centre thus for the feet. It was arranged that I should deliver a short address on the occasion, which I did. The portion below the stage, which, as already stated, was the part left of the upper floor, was worked by temporary stages from the bottom, the upper part being worked in the parts of the floor and left from the stage itself. The only assistant which the Admiral employed was my old friend John Jones, whose faithful services to Lord Clarence for seventeen years and to me in Carnarvon Castle are elsewhere spoken of. The statue was removed in pieces to the rock, where it now stands.

To give an account of the long and useful life of Lord Clarence Paget would be far beyond the scope of a book containing so many subjects. His life, from the diary I

* The statue, which stands to this day above one of the most dangerous pieces of navigation in the Menai Straits, has been, and is, a most useful mark for sailors. Long ago as it was I, who have the honour of editing these memories of Sir Llewelyn Turner, can well remember the scene and especially Sir Llewelyn's address, delivered with a sonorous dignity calculated to impress itself deeply on a boyish memory.—J. E. V.

have mentioned, was edited by his brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Otway, Bart. (brother of Lady Clarence). Slips of the work were forwarded to me for any corrections on matters within my ken, but the diary had been so well kept, and the work of Sir Arthur Otway was so correct, that I could be of little assistance. Amongst the very large correspondence with Lord Clarence, extending over so long a time, I find a letter of his from London in which he alludes to the journal.

"7 CROMWELL GARDENS, S.W.,
"*December* 31, 1889.

"MY DEAR TURNER,—This will greet you on the first day of 1890, and I trust you and yours will go through it in health and peace. I am to be found this week by my wife and bairns. I wish you were young and active enough to undertake the work of publishing the notes of a long life of varied incident afloat and ashore to which you so often allude.

"Very faithfully,
"C. PAGET."

In the three books of letters from old friends I have very numerous reminders of old friendships and kind thoughts amongst the many from this good and able friend. I extract a few pleasant recollections of the past.

"7 CROMWELL GARDENS, S.W.,
"*May* 27, 1889.

"Thanks, my dear Turner, for your letter; it always gives me pleasure to be reminded of our pleasant companionship of former days. In fact one lives on reminiscences of the past, and I can sit in my own chair for hours at a time in calm and agreeable contemplation of events long gone by. An old Admiral Ingram, who was a midshipman with me, publishes from time to time accounts of our voyages in the *Aigle*,* which would interest you. I

* The *Aigle* frigate was commanded by Lord Clarence Paget when he was a post-captain, and Ingram was one of his midshipmen.

gather that you are now all right again, and you have still youth enough to go and see that lovely country around the river Plate and look after your good wife's estates there. Fitzroy* was there last year and gives a wonderful account of it. . . .

"Kind regards from,

"Ever faithfully,

"C. PAGET."

"7 CROMWELL GARDENS, S.W.,
"*May* 15.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—My father is delighted that you have returned safe home again.† Cockburn wore spurs by right of being Colonel-in-Chief or General of the Marines, and was much laughed at in consequence ‡ . . . The photograph of the statue will have to be taken from a boat, and must therefore be what they call an instantaneous photograph or snap-shot. We are all very well, and join in kind compliments.

"Yours truly,

"E. O. PAGET."

In a letter written from Folkestone occurs the following allusion to our numerous discussions on public things: "Amongst our numerous discussions on all sorts of subjects connected with sea and land I cannot recall ever having heard you suggest a better communication with Ireland. Let's hear what you have got to say." My reply was that in the days of the small steamers that preceded the *Ulster*, *Munster*, *Leinster*, and *Connaught*, I was crossing from Dublin in a steamer called the *Cambria* (I think) commanded

* His son.

† From the Continent.

‡ This was in reply to my comment in a letter, as to Admiral Cockburn's picture in the National Gallery being taken with spurs on. He was, of course, entitled to spurs as a General of Marines, but it looked absurd with naval uniform. He probably, however, had used spurs in war, as he fought side by side with General Ross in the American War when the General was killed, and they captured Washington city.

by Captain Gray, a worthy and experienced old veteran, who had faithfully discharged his onerous duties on the station for many years. I was on the bridge of the steamer talking to him in crossing. The *Great Britain*, of 3000 tons, then considered a monster in size, was one of the wonders of the time, and I ventured to suggest to Captain Gray that the station between Holyhead and Kingstown would be some day worked as a large ferry with vessels as long as the *Great Britain*. Captain Gray evidently regarded me as a lunatic, and with a look of amazement walked off in palpable disgust to the other side of the bridge without vouchsafing any reply. I wonder what he would have said had I met him two or three years later, when the four splendid vessels I have named, *all longer* than the *Great Britain*, but of about 600 less tonnage, were working the station, with vastly improved comfort to the pasengers. These fine vessels have had their day, and are superseded by larger ones. But to return to the Admiral. I added my belief that vessels of increased draft of water would roll less and cause less sea-sickness, that a tunnel from Milford to the neighbourhood of Wexford as the shortest distance from Holyhead to Ireland *might* some day exist, but that the very great difference in the soundings of the Irish Channel would not, in my opinion, make it practicable until many further additions were made to the already marvellous discoveries of science.

Soon after the completion of the statue invitations were sent to a large number of the nobility and gentry of Anglesey and Carnarvonshire, to attend the inauguration and the *déjeûner* which followed. At the request of Lord and Lady Clarence Paget Lord Cowley presided at the *déjeûner*, and I was deputed to hand the cord to Lady Clarence for unveiling the statue, which was hidden from view by a large flag, and was then to deliver the inaugural address; but as it was pouring with rain when the procession from the house to the road was about to start, it was suddenly arranged that the inaugural address should be combined with the response for Lady Clarence's health at the *déjeûner*. As will be seen by the address, the rain suddenly ceased, but as the weather

was doubtful it was thought best to adhere to the indoor arrangement. The following account is taken from the local papers:

"Lord Cowley presided at the *déjeûner*, and after complimenting Lord Clarence on the public spirit shown by him, proposed his lordship's health, which was warmly drunk. Earl Cowley had observed amid cheers that it was not necessary to call to mind the high offices his lordship had held in the Royal Navy and the naval administration of the country to appreciate the esteem in which he was held by the nation.

"Lord Clarence in reply expressed his pleasure and gratitude for the honour which had just been proposed by Lord Cowley and received with such enthusiastic kindness by the company. He, or rather he should say Lady Clarence, had invited them there to assist at a ceremony which at the first blush might be thought to be merely a piece of amusement to some and interest to lovers of art. But the fact was that their object in asking so many distinguished persons to come to assist them (Lady Clarence and himself) in unveiling the statue of the immortal Nelson went even somewhat further than the object in view on an ordinary occasion attending the unveiling of a statue. He thought it would be interesting to them, and indeed to all lovers of art, that he should give a very short description of the origin of this monument and its object likewise. With regard to the monument he would shortly state, first of all, its dimensions. The statue itself was nineteen feet in height, and was the largest statue he knew of in the United Kingdom. It stood on a pedestal nine feet high, and that surmounted a tower of thirteen feet, making a total height, as far as his arithmetic went, of forty-one feet—that was, from the summit of the rock, which stood, as they knew, prominently in a beautiful situation on these most beautiful of straits. That statue was composed of a material that he would fain hope might be extensively used in ornamental designs in this country. They knew that marble first of all was not suited to this climate, and they knew that it was extremely costly,

and that to obtain stones when any work of considerable magnitude was needed to be executed was a very difficult as well as costly operation. They also knew that bronze, which was the only other material, was not without some defects. No person would deny that we live in times when the enlightened spirit of mankind leads us to higher things than mere utility. We are to elevate the minds of the people by showing them great works of art, copies of antique statues, statues of our great men, vases and other designs, which all tend to elevate and civilise the people. And he hoped to live to see the day when every village in this country would be ornamented as all the villages of Italy were. Why should this not be? We were devoting great care and a great expenditure of public money on schools of art and design, and thus greatly improve the tone of our countrymen; but we had nothing, with the exception of a few isolated statues here and there, and the magnificent memorial which the Queen had erected in Hyde Park to the late illustrious Prince Consort,—we had really nothing which the people of this country could see as they went to their daily work. He had endeavoured, in an humble way, to show to the thousands of sailors that passed through these Straits that there lived in all their hearts the memory of an immortal hero. Even as an amateur, if he could depict the features of that hero he would by doing so do something towards civilising the sailors passing through these Straits. Now, he wished not to deceive them or to mislead. There was no royal road to perfection, whether in sculpture or any other art. To acquire perfection required long and careful study and patient experience, such as those only who devoted their life and talents to the profession could hope to attain, and such as he had not been able to give to sculpture. Therefore he gave them to understand that the work inaugurated that day was the work of an amateur, but the work of one who had done it from the highest motives. He was too old to be ambitious, but he did think, with those who thought of these things, that he should endeavour in his sphere to procure for the people proper representations of art. He could not, when his

health was drunk in connection with this work, pass over the faithful creature who had accompanied him during two years of anxiety. There were mechanical difficulties connected with a structure of this sort, as an eminent sculptor present — Mr. Joseph Durham — knew. Every sculptor required that his work should be placed on a turn-table, so that it might be turned about to judge of all its points, and it was also necessary to have a certain distance; but any one looking at that statue would find that it was impossible to move a mass of twelve tons of clay. He was assisted by a Welshman, a man almost without education, but a man who partook of that which the Welsh had in an eminent degree—that was, quiet determination and energy. That man was named John Jones, and he wished his good health. He would admit that John Jones was not a very uncommon name; but his John Jones had worked at that statue at times when masses of clay had fallen in the construction of the model. The falling of pieces was always alarming to a person standing by, but John Jones had cheered him up, and had been of great assistance to him. Therefore in returning thanks for this toast he should beg to be allowed to associate with it the name of John Jones. He returned them his very best thanks for the honour they had done him.

"Lord Cowley then proposed the health of Lady Clarence Paget.

"Sir Llewelyn Turner, in responding for her ladyship at her request, said, My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I feel that a most distinguished honour has fallen to my lot, that of being called upon to return thanks on behalf of Lady Clarence Paget for the toast proposed by Lord Cowley, and—as it deserved—so warmly responded to by all present; and right sure am I that there is no one here who does not feel grateful to Lord and Lady Clarence Paget—to his lordship for the great work he has so successfully carried out; to Lady Clarence for the duty she so gracefully discharged in unveiling the statue, and to both for the munificent hospitality we are all enjoying. I also feel, doubly grateful for being allowed to take a part in the

(*Maull, photo, London*)

LADY CLARENCE PAGET

inauguration of a statue to the greatest naval hero the world has ever produced. I am quite aware that, in a country which has given birth to such splendid lords of the sea as Rodney, Hood, Duncan, St. Vincent, Collingwood, and Exmouth, it is a strong assertion to make that any other sea officer was greater than they ; but I have not the shadow of a doubt that if we could invoke the spirits of those mighty admirals, they would be the first to bear testimony to the fact that Lord Nelson was not simply *primus inter pares*, but that, 'as one star differeth from another star in glory,' so did he greatly transcend them, brilliant constellations though they were. I have read, I believe, every naval history but one ; and the more I read the more I find to admire in this incomparable commander. Amongst all the great chiefs—the warriors of ancient and modern times —I know of none who ruled so completely by love, whose strength lay so much in the hearts of his followers ; and I venture to affirm that in the great attribute of moral courage he rarely, if ever, had a rival. His acceptance of responsibility, his absence of slavish fear of the frowns of those in authority at home, were such as not one in a million would have dared or displayed ; and in conceptive power, and courage and skill in turning his rapidly formed conceptions into victory, Nelson was never surpassed. I feel that I shall carry you all with me when I say that there has been a peculiar felicity and appropriateness in the work of Lord Clarence Paget, in that which he has done, and in the place wherein he has done it. The immortal victor of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar—the hero of hundreds of other fights, dimmed only by the lustre of these his greater achievements, was actuated by the highest sense of duty. Duty was his guiding star. Lord Clarence has placed his statue (the only one in Wales, I believe, to his great memory) in a position to be seen by every mariner who navigates these Straits. Here they will be reminded that 'England expects every man will do his duty,' and while the path of duty is placed before them the statue will also serve to guide them, by means of an obelisk behind it, from the dangerous rock called the Gunnog, below Mr.

Assheton Smith's park, and on the other side from the still more dangerous Swilly rock; but there is more still that is appropriate—the statue of the hero is placed in fitting company. On the bold hill behind this house stands the memorial of a grateful country to the most brilliant of cavalry officers, the Murat of the British Army, the noble Marquis of Anglesey, the illustrious father of the accomplished son—distinguished, as Lord Cowley has just told us, by the efficient discharge of great and varied public duties—the artist to whom we are indebted for this great work. Over the entrance hall of this hospitable mansion in which we are assembled stands the work of the same skilful hand, a statue of the gallant Admiral Sir Robert Waller Otway, the father of Lady Clarence Paget. Here too is the noble bridge called the Britannia, a name and a fame which these great warriors spent their memorable lives in defending. Here too are the grand lions which defend the Britannia bridge; and are they not lions of whom we have been speaking, and was not Nelson a very king among sea lions, a monarch of the deep? But the happy combination of fitness does not end even here; Lord Clarence has just told us that he was anxious to create and disseminate a taste for art in this district, and where can art be more properly developed than in association with her sister science?

"Here are the great monuments of the genius of Telford and Stephenson, and here may be seen the beauties of nature, the creations of art, and the wonders of science. But I must come back to the more immediate subject entrusted to me, the grateful and pleasing task of returning thanks for the health of Lady Clarence Paget, and I will let you into a little secret; Lord Clarence thought that her ladyship would not have ventured out in such rain, but he was mistaken; and when the time arrived Lady Clarence was ready, and came to the front; and I can assure you from personal observation that during the arduous work upon which her noble husband has been engaged for the past two years, she has given him every encouragement, and, having done so, she was not likely to shirk the part

LORD CLARENCE PAGET AND HIS STATUE OF NELSON

assigned to her to-day. The rain descended and the wind blew, but when the statue was unveiled, the rain ceased, and the sun shone brightly on the statue of him whose life was a blaze of glory. Let us hope that the sun of prosperity will always continue to shine upon this house, and that every blessing may attend its inmates. In conclusion, I beg, in the name and on behalf of Lady Clarence Paget, to thank you for the cordiality of your response to the toast.

"John Jones was then introduced to the company, and was heartily applauded. Sir Llewelyn Turner proposed three cheers for him, which were warmly given."

Some few years later Lord Clarence, to my intense loss and regret, sold Plas Llanfair, and resided principally in the town house in London, which he purchased a great number of years ago, but his interesting and instructive correspondence continued to the last. I visited him occasionally in London; but the energy he displayed through a long life was giving way to old age, and he had lost the use of one eye, a trouble with which had brought him home from the Crimea before the close of the war, a deprivation which he always lamented. He often said that he believed that there was not an important incident in his life or mine which we were not both acquainted with; and I can only say, as I have done of that other friend of forty years' close friendship, Sir William Mends, that my contact with Lord Clarence was in the highest degree beneficial to me. There was scarcely a subject of public interest not discussed in our contact and correspondence, the sea forming a large portion of it.

"Then cometh the end." The late Marquis of Anglesey telegraphs on March 23, 1895:

"You will be sorry to hear that my uncle Clarence died yesterday. He passed away peaceably.

"ANGLESEY."

Mrs. Bentinck, Lord Clarence's eldest daughter, also sent me an announcement of her lamented father's death, which I have mislaid.

Fearing that I might not have heard of it, Sir W. Mends wrote :

"*March* 25, 1895.

"My dear Turner,—You will be sorry to read the death of your old friends, Lord Clarence Paget and his wife, within a few hours of each other at Brighton, on Friday and Saturday last. They are to be buried together on Thursday next. My old friend Admiral Sir W. Bryan Martin died on Friday at Upton Gray.

"Hurry for post.

"Very sincerely,

"W. R. Mends."

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD AUGUSTUS INGLEFIELD, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.,

as elsewhere stated, was amongst my nautical friends; he was the son of Admiral Albany Otway, and so was connected with Lady Clarence Paget. He served in the operations in Syria in 1840, and at the bombardment of Acre; subsequently in the Crimean war; in the battle of Perama in South America. He succeeded my old friend Admiral, then Captain Mends, in the command of the *Majestic*, of 80 guns, and I was associated with him in my crusade for raising seamen for the Navy. He was engaged in three of the Arctic expeditions, and some time after his return he gave a most interesting lecture at Carnarvon, having brought home a number of Esquimaux articles, including clothing and implements. He dressed up a young Welshman, of most remarkably curious features, in Esquimaux attire, and passed him off for fun as one of the inhabitants of the Arctic regions, remarking in his lecture that he had heard it asserted that Welsh was the language spoken in heaven, and having addressed several questions in English to the supposed Esquimaux they were promptly answered in Welsh. The intelligent part of the audience of course understood that this was a joke, but some wiseacre who was present wrote a silly letter in the local papers,

quoting Captain Inglefield as having offered the strongest evidence of the probability of Welsh being the language of heaven, as he had brought home from the Arctic regions an Esquimaux who talked Welsh. After he became an Admiral, Sir Edward Inglefield was second in command of the Mediterranean fleet and Superintendent of Malta Dockyard. He was the author of "A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin," "Maritime Warfare," "Naval Tactics," "Terrestrial Magnetism," etc. Admiral Inglefield was an excellent painter, and many of his nautical pictures fetched considerable prices. I spent some agreeable times with him in the *Majestic*, and as she was then a coast ship Lady Inglefield was allowed to live on board. On one occasion a lady and her husband were guests on board for some days. She was an exceptionally good singer, but probably from the height of the cabin being less than rooms where I had heard her ashore, I was particularly struck by the fact that her voice was *lost.*

Admiral Inglefield commanded the North American Station. He has been dead for some years.

ADMIRAL EDWARD WINTERTON TURNOUR, C.B.

Admiral Turnour, son of the Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Turnour, and grandson of the second Earl of Winterton, served at the capture of Canton, 1841, and in the Baltic during the Russian war.

It is painful to me to begin my remarks upon a dear old friend by stating that he was for many months a very sad sufferer, the last letter I got from him informing me that he was breathing through a pipe in his throat. The Admiral had a long service career, and was flag-captain to the gallant old salt, Sir Harry Keppel. In the old days when the captains of district guardships were allowed to have their families with them I spent some of the most delightful times on board the grand old screw line-of-battle ship *Donegal*, of 100 guns, a splendid ship. I was living in her with him at Spithead at the great Review for the Sultan of Turkey. The large fleet was moored in two lines, the

wooden screw ships forming one line, of which the *Donegal* was the leading ship, with the *Black Prince*, *Warrior*, and an immense line of beautiful sailing and steam-ships, and the other line of ironclad ships and a vast concourse of gun-boats. The water was somewhat rough on the morning of the Review, but so steady was the great 100-gun ship that I shaved quite as easily as I would ashore, whereas numbers of passengers on steamers moving about had their heads over the bulwarks feeding the fish. Captain Turnour, as he then was, had a pleasant party on board, and Mrs. Turnour did the honours with her usual kindness. Alas, this good wife and kind friend died many years later, after five years of fearful suffering from rheumatism and its accompaniments. No guests were more welcome at Parkia.

In my visit during this Review I was accompanied by my friend, the late Honourable Frederick Fitzmaurice, R.N., and as we had both invitations to the ball at the Guildhall, on June 8, 1883, given in the Sultan's honour by the Lord Mayor of London, we journeyed together there.

The invited guests were, of course, very numerous, and one room in which I found myself trying to get away was very crowded. I saw the Lord Chancellor Cairns and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, afterwards Lord . . , a little in advance of me and nearing the door, and knew them by sight only. I heard the Chancellor say to his companion, as both were looking backwards, " If we could only attract the attention of the ladies we could get out now." Captain Fitzmaurice and I were about midway between the husbands and their wives, and as there were several ladies some distance behind me trying to get out I asked the gentlemen *which* they wanted. They replied, " The nearest to you, the one with the . . . dress," on which I turned towards the ladies, who had just then turned to try to get out the other way, and had their backs towards us. I managed to touch the nearest lady on the back with my cocked hat, and looking round she darted an indignant glance at me, but on my pointing to her husband, she saw by his face and nods how " the land lay." Captain Fitzmaurice and I made a passage for her and her friend to their husbands, and her angry

look was turned into smiles and thanks as they got away. To return to my old friend the Admiral. I am anxiously hoping at this time to hear better news of his health, which has been very bad of late. I had a very affectionate correspondence with him for a great number of years and append a few of his letters.

"*May* 25, 1871.

"My dear Turner,—Your letter of the 22nd has just reached me. Very many thanks for your kind congratulations on my being honoured with the C.B. I knew you would be pleased, and I appreciate your kind congratulations very much.

"I was so glad that Mends got the K.C.B., no one more deserving the honour. I was very much pleased that my dear old friend and chief Sir Henry Keppel was nominated to the highest grade, which he ought to have received long ago. My wife joins in kindest regards and best wishes.

"Most sincerely yours,

"E. Winterton Turnour."

"10 Hyde Park Mansions,
"*April* 3, 1891.

"My dear old Friend,—I am so glad to learn from your kind letter that you are getting through your very long and trying illness, and have been able to get out. I sincerely hope that you will now make rapid progress, and give no anxiety to your dear wife, who has nursed you so well. I am grieved to say that my poor dear wife continues very weak and depressed. It is truly melancholy to witness her lamentable state, and the prospect is very gloomy. I cannot thank you enough for your sympathy and good wishes, and pray God they may be realised, and I fervently hope that your health may be restored. With kind regards to you and Lady Turner,

"Very sincerely yours,

"E. Winterton Turnour."

"14 Southwick Street,
"Hyde Park, London, W.,
"*December* 23, 1889.

"My dear old Friend,—Your letter reminded me of the many happy days long, long ago. We can only live now upon the memories of the past, some bright and some very gloomy. However, I have not forgotten you, and wish you may be spared for many years to enjoy your domestic felicity and pretty home, which I wish I could visit again. At present I see no prospect of doing so, but it is most kind of you to invite us. I thank you most sincerely for your wishes and inquiries after my poor wife. We have tried many remedies, but, alas! without doing any good—it has been a most trying and painful time to me, and the strain has been very great. I can hope only for better times. I endorse every word you say about —— as to whom our views are in complete unison. With best wishes to you and Lady Turner,

"Very sincerely yours,
"E. Winterton Turnour."

"16 Hyde Park Gardens,
"London, W.,
"*April* 3, 1895.

"My dear old Friend,—Very many thanks for your welcome letter. I have been a great sufferer from a bronchial attack. . . .

"The influenza has been very fatal amongst the old Admirals, and I have lost an old friend and shipmate, Lord Alcester, and you have lost your old friend Lord Clarence Paget, who will be much missed, as he was so popular, but he was spared to a good old age. I do hope that Lady Turner and you have weathered the trying winter.

"I am sorry my old age and infirmities prevent me from availing myself of your kind invitation. I am not what I was in the days of the old *Donegal*, when we used to have such pleasant yarns.

"Very sincerely yours.
"E. Winterton Turnour."

(*Ferranti, photo, Liverpool*)

ADMIRAL WINTERTON TURNOUR

After five years of absolute martyrdom my dear old friend lost his kind and amiable wife, whom he survived some years. His last letter announced his painful condition, breathing through a tube in the throat. I was kept informed of each attack, and then of the end of a faithful friend, a sterling English gentleman, and a gallant officer, in the year 1902.

ADMIRAL SIR HASTINGS YELVERTON, G.C.B.

Sir Hastings Yelverton, who when a Post-Captain commanded several ships in succession, and when he became an Admiral was second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, the then Commander-in-Chief being Sir David Milne. At the time of the fearful loss of the ill-fated *Captain* in the Bay of Biscay, the fleet was in two lines under each Admiral and under sail. The *Captain*, a turret-ship, had an unusually low freeboard, and was designed by Captain Cowper Coles, who, as well as Captain Burgoyne and Lieutenant Renshaw, who were both friends of mine, was amongst the many drowned in her.. Sir Hastings Yelverton was pacing the stern with his flag-ship the night of the disaster, taking a look at the line he commanded each time he got to the end, whence he could see the ships. He saw the lights of the *Captain* for some time on each occasion of his looking out, until on one turn he found they had disappeared. Out of the large ship's company sixteen only were saved. There is no doubt that the air inside the double bottom, coupled with the low freeboard, was the main cause of the disaster. One of the crew who was saved, and served afterwards in an ironclad when I spent some pleasant times in her, told me that he thought the spar deck had a share in the accident, as the wind was strong under that high deck. Lord Clarence Paget was of opinion that it would have been wise always to place such vessels under steam only, and not sail, in bad weather, their freeboard being so low. I need hardly say that sails are now things of the past in war-ships. Sir Hastings was Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron, and afterwards

of the Mediterranean Fleet, and then Senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty from 1876.

When Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet he was an exceedingly popular officer, as in all the ships he had commanded. During the time he filled the post of Comptroller of the Coastguard I was frequently in contact with him at the Admiralty in my work of raising men for the Reserves; and two more pleasant men to deal with than Sir Hastings Yelverton and Sir William Mends, who were then the Comptroller and the Deputy Comptroller of the Coastguard, no one could meet with. Sir Hastings occupied different high official positions at the Admiralty, and it is pleasant to record the geniality and kindness of the man. Sir Hastings was a fine handsome gentlemanly looking person, and was what he looked. It is much to be regretted that our various public departments are not always filled by such men, although, fortunately for the Service, they often are.

REAR-ADMIRAL BROOKER.

The late Admiral Brooker was an old friend of mine, who had been taken away from the civil to the fighting department in consequence of his exceeding bravery. When a young man in China, a man-of-war brig in which he was serving was surrounded by a number of powerful junks, and all the executive officers were killed, but the brig was saved by his gallantry. When he attained the rank of captain he commanded successive ironclads, *inter alia* the turret-ship *Wyvern*, which I think I have in some other part described as the reverse of a satisfactory ship. She and the *Scorpion*, a sister ship, were built by contract at the time of the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, and were in my humble opinion very unfit to encounter the Atlantic or Biscayan seas. I was a guest in the *Wyvern* of the late Captain Burgoyne when he commanded her, and of Captain Brooker when she was under his command; but although a vessel of 2000 tons, she was, I thought, too small for a turret-ship, and did

not look more than 500 tons. Captain Brooker had the honesty when appointed to the command of the *Scorpion* for the West Indies to express his opinion of her unfitness to cross the Atlantic, and failed to get a ship afterwards. In the end he was retired when he attained the rank of rear-admiral and served no more. I had much correspondence with him on naval matters.

"3 Sussex Place, Southsea,
"*December* 28, 1870.

"My dear Turner,—I cannot permit the old year to depart without wishing you a happy new one with many of them for you to enjoy your well-acquired honours, and I am desired by Mrs. Brooker to say everything that is kind. I shall not be surprised if I see you in Parliament, and then I shall bother you to get naval matters put on a better footing than they are at present.* In the meantime we must be on the look out for the Lady Turner. It would be a sin for you to enjoy your honours alone in that big house of yours. No news of any importance, the crews of the Channel Squadron are on shore, having their Christmas holidays, after which I believe the ships will assemble at Portland to watch events on the continent, and *that* is all we shall do. Really I don't think we have much to be proud of, but I won't bore you with politics.

"With all good wishes and kindest regards from Mrs. Brooker,

"Believe me,
"Yours sincerely,
"G. A. Brooker.

"Sir L. Turner."

* I was for many years pressed by naval men to go into Parliament, as my views on naval matters coincided with theirs as to reform.

ADMIRAL SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY, C.B., F.R.S.

This grand old sailor comes of a fine naval race of fighting men, and is the son of the late Sir F. Molineux Ommanney, M.P., and grandson of Admiral Sir Courthwaite Ommanney. Sir Erasmus was born in 1814, and entered the Navy at the age of eleven. He served as a midshipman at Lisbon on the landing of the army in 1827, was at Navarino in 1835, and in the Arctic Expedition in 1850 in the search for Sir John Franklin. He commanded the squadron in the White Sea during the war with Russia, and served in the Baltic, Mediterranean, and West Indies.

I have had the misfortune to lose or mislay a very interesting letter from the admiral, but the first of those I publish is full of interest.

"*May* 4, 1875.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—We have been away from home, which accounts for my delay in replying to your kind letter. . . . . I never served with Lord Clarence, and only met him casually; his naval career was highly creditable. His early career was due to his high connections, but he was a man of great ability and much liked. As regards the battle of Navarino we were under similar conditions. He was a midshipman on board the *Asia*, 84 guns, carrying the flag of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, the Commander-in-Chief. I was a midshipman in the *Albion*, 74 guns, under my uncle, Captain J. A. Ommanney. The allied squadron, English, French, and Russian, entered the harbour; the action began at 3 P.M., and they were under an incessant fire for three hours. The English fleet bore the brunt of the action. The destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet continued through the night. Out of eighty ships, not twelve were left seaworthy the next morning. At one time the *Albion* was exposed to the fire of six Turkish ships. We boarded a frigate, and after capturing her she was found to be on fire, so we cut her adrift. She soon blew up, alas! sending 500 people into eternity, about two cables' length from the *Albion*. Altogether it was a very sanguinary affair. My hammock was shot overboard, and

after two days I purchased one which belonged to a messmate who had been killed.

"My uncle, the captain of the *Albion*, received the flag of the Turkish admiral after the action in token of submission, which I have presented to the city of Athens, as the battle of Navarino led to the foundation of the kingdom of Greece. I have in my possession the sword of the captain of the frigate we boarded. He was slain by one of our men, who brought his sword and pistols to my uncle."

"BOURNEMOUTH,
(No date.)

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I received your very kind note just as we were leaving home.

"We greatly esteem your friendly remembrances. You will be pleased to know that we were mutually in each other's thoughts only the day before the receipt of your letter. I was bringing to the recollection of Lady Ommanney the kind attention we had received from you. We are glad to find you are still in the land of the living, and trust you are enjoying good health. Considering our very advanced ages I am thankful to say that we are in wonderfully good preservation of mind and body. . . . I fear we shall not again drop anchor in your pretty country. My days of travel are over, and it is time to coil up my ropes to meet futurity.

"I entered the Navy in 1826, three years after you were born. With our united kind regards, and thanks for your friendly reminiscence,

"I remain,
"Yours very truly,
"ERASMUS OMMANNEY."

"WEYMOUTH, GLOUCESTER HOTEL,
"*August* 26, 1902.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I feel much favoured by your sending the pamphlet. The views of the old Castle are excellent. We are staying for the benefit of sea air, and I am recovering from a violent attack of rheumatism. I

have been invested by the King with the order of K.C.B., on board of the royal yacht lying off Cowes.

"His Majesty was very gracious. . . . I passed through our magnificent fleet of 108 ships. I have no photo of myself, so I can't send you one, but am flattered by your request. I have attained such a very advanced age, which together with my infirmities, compel me to lead a very retired life. I am very poorly, so you will excuse haste.

"Faithfully yours,

"ERAS. OMMANNEY.

"SIR LLEWELYN TURNER."

VICE-ADMIRAL SCHOMBERG.

Having passed through such a number of serious illnesses vast numbers of my notes and papers have been necessarily mislaid, and others lost; and I much regret my inability to do justice to my late friend Admiral Schomberg, who was one of the many naval officers who urged me to go into Parliament. After an active life in the Service of his country he retired with the rank of rear-admiral, and accepted the post of Queen's Harbour Master at Holyhead, where I was always warmly welcomed when I visited it. I had the great pleasure of receiving from him the following kind letter on receiving the honour of knighthood.

"HOLYHEAD,

"*December* 3, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—Among all your kind friends in which I know you abound, and well deserve it, for your uniform kindness and hospitality is as a household word to all around you, no one can wish you more happiness than I do, and I hope I may include my wife and household.

"I daresay that, after the life of zeal for the public, such reward is pleasing to you. With kindest wishes, and hoping to congratulate you in person soon,

"Believe me to be,

"Most sincerely yours,

"W. SCHOMBERG."

ADMIRAL SIR W. KING HALL

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM KING HALL, K.C.B.

Sir William King Hall was a distinguished officer, who had seen considerable service. He was born as far back as the year 1816, and had served in the Carlist War, in the operations in Syria in 1840, in the steam vessel *Styx* in the Kaffir War, and in the *Bull-dog* in the Burmese War. He was flag-captain to Sir Michael Seymour in China from 1856 to 1859; was Captain Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, 1865–2; Rear-Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard 1871-2. I recollect his telling me a droll incident during the Kaffir War (I forget what the exact position of the sleeping man was), but he occupied some official position not far from Capetown, and it was his duty to attend at the disembarkation of a few troops that Captain Hall was to land at a very early hour of the morning. He duly arrived at the appointed place, but there was no sign of preparation for the disembarkation. The official resided in a house below some high rocks, and Captain Hall saw through his glass that the blinds of his house were all down. Disgusted with the man's apathy he fired two or three shotted guns over the house at the rocks above and behind it, and these shots brought down a quantity of the rocks, making a terrific noise. The blinds were soon up, and the disembarkation completed.

The admiral was a careful observer of human nature, and, like the man who writes this slight tribute to his memory, was deeply and painfully impressed by the terrible evils of drunkenness. Fine seamen were disgraced and led into mischief by a foolish habit which he did his best to discourage. He was not a total abstainer, but was a hater of drunkenness, not of drunkards, or he would not have laboured so hard to help them.

When he retired from the Service he devoted his time to endeavouring to impress on those addicted to it the evils of intemperance. A curious piece of carelessness on my part happened several years ago when Sir William and Lady King Hall were staying at Parkia. I had agreed to preside at a Bible Meeting, and Sir William was to speak.

Very stupidly I mistook the hour for eight o'clock, and we both arrived, as we thought, five minutes before the time, when we found that the meeting was half over, the time being seven and not eight o'clock; but as nearly all evening meetings at Carnarvon are commenced (or were at that time) after the closing of the shops, I was deceived by that.

I had the pleasure of sharing many platforms with him in some of the large English cities. Lady King Hall used generally to accompany him, and there is no doubt that he effected a vast amount of good in reclaiming drunkards and preventing others from entering upon the evil habit.

In the neighbourhood of Sutton Bonnington his name was a household word, and his house near that place (the Elms) was a sort of stronghold of temperance, from which emanated advice and support for weak-kneed tumblers into the temptation of taverns. The admiral was no bigot in his advocacy of temperance, which often leads to more harm than good, but his practical advice was of great value. There was one of his neighbours who was a notorious drunkard, whom many well-disposed people would have liked to help, but they feared him. The admiral took him in hand, and managed to convert him into a sober man. Lady Turner and I spent a pleasant time with him and Lady King Hall at the Elms; and I heard a great deal of his excellent work, as I make it a rule wherever I go to hear what the people have to say about things in general. One man, whom the admiral had succeeded in weaning from being apparently a confirmed drunkard, had a knowledge of music, and after King Hall had got him into sober habits he collected and gave money enough to get him a harmonium. The man used to play upon it, and show it to his neighbours saying, "This is King Hall's harmonium." Another reformed drunkard was enabled by him to get a cow, which he called "King Hall's cow." Many were the men, whose lives had been a disgrace to humanity, who were saved by the unselfish labours of a man who realised "that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." The admiral is dead. Will any of the heedless men who scoff at work like this, believe that the consciousness of having

(*E. Mentor & Co., photo, Southampton*)

ADMIRAL SHOLTO DOUGLAS

done his best to save others from destruction was no solace to him at that hour which for ever closed his eyes to all created things? I venture to think it was.

ADMIRAL SHOLTO DOUGLAS, C.B.

Amongst my many old naval friends—alas, I must add, amongst the few of them who survive—is my friend whose name heads this page, whose kind hospitality in her Majesty's ship *Achilles*, an iron-clad of 10,000 tons, it was my lot on different occasions to enjoy. I have special reason to recollect one occasion, as it was from this ship that I went to pay a visit to the house from which I subsequently carried off the lady who has shared my lot for nearly a quarter of a century, and whose love and affection probably did more than all other things combined to lead me through, what I was very far from singular in believing, was the "valley of the shadow of death" on several occasions. I had once piloted her parents through Carnarvon Castle, and made her acquaintance at a bazaar which I had been invited to open in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at which she had a stall.

I had the pleasure of Captain Douglas' company at Parkia on different occasions. The admiral, as he now is, was born in 1833 (very juvenile in comparison to those of whom I have been writing). He joined the Navy in 1847, and was in the Kaffir War in 1853, when he received a medal (extra African-Burmah war 1854 medal); China during part of 1854; Baltic (war with Russia), 1874–5; China, Canton, Patshan, 1857; Pei-ho, 1858 (medal). He commanded the *Espèce* on the west coast of Africa, from 1860 to 1864, engaged in suppressing the slave trade, and liberated over 1200 slaves. Captain Sholto Douglas commanded the troopship *Malabar*, the first ship that took troops to India through the Suez Canal. Subsequently he was captain of the *Aurora*, 50-gun frigate, in the Flying Squadron, and from 1875 to 1878, H.M.S. *Achilles*, and afterwards H.M.S. *Resistance*, iron-clads, with the internal arrangements of both which I was well acquainted. Captain

Douglas passed through the grades of rear- and vice-admiral; he attained that of admiral, and got the C.B., retiring in 1888.

REAR-ADMIRAL HALSTED.

In the year 1846 I was at Portsmouth, and went all over a fine wooden screw frigate, the *Dauntless*, then building in the dockyard. She was of 2457 tons, and belonged to a new order of ships, having the combination of sail and steam. After going all over her from stem to stern, and deck to keel, I arrived at the conclusion that she was a fine, smart vessel, and of an improved class. Little did I think then of the terrible disaster that would overtake her, and of the fearful loss of valuable lives that would ensue, not loss in the honourable defence of country, but from the horrible fever known as "Yellow Jack."

On August 7, 1850, the *Dauntless* was commissioned by Captain E. P. Halsted, and Mr. Biggs, Paymaster, was at the same time appointed. The destination of the ship was the West Indies, where she duly arrived; on November 10, 1852, she sailed from the harbour of St. Thomas, and the same night the yellow fever commenced its terrible ravages, and she put back. I well remember that many naval men, with whom I conversed afterwards, were of opinion that the best thing would have been to steam to the northward into a cooler climate, where "Yellow Jack" does not feel "at home," but the captain felt that the responsibility was great, that he might lose his own surgeon and assistant-surgeon, and he decided to return to the island, where there were naval and military surgeons and doctors, nurses, and appliances. The fever was terrible and all hands were landed and placed in tents. Paymaster Biggs, who was a friend of mine for many years, one day lit a cigar and went aboard the ship, and had the dire misfortune to trip on a hatchway and fall on his head to the deck below; he sustained great injury to the skull, but escaped the "yellow fever," as did the captain. He recovered, and lived to be paymaster in one of the pleasant ships on which I had the very great happiness of being a frequent guest

with my good friend Sir William Mends, and later on, Mr. Biggs enjoyed his pension in London, and gave me some very good dinners at the Junior United Service Club. After a loss of eighty-four officers and men, the ship, having been cleaned out and ventilated, sailed for England with the survivors on March 21, about four months after the breaking out of the fever.

Not long after her arrival I again went all over her, finding it difficult to realise that the well-ordered ship, which I had visited when she was ready to launch, and which then and on this second visit looked so fresh, had been the scene of so much sorrow. Captain Halsted and Paymaster Biggs worked hard on their return to raise the necessary funds to send out a fitting monument to the memory of their lamented companions in arms, and the latter sent me a case containing the views of the church and sepulchres of his dead companions. Captain Halsted, as he then was, was an agreeable genial person, and I had the gratification on different occasions of enjoying pleasant, and to me, profitable discussions with him on naval and general nautical matters, and the changes then taking place in the Navy. Captain Halsted attained the rank of rear-admiral in 1865, vice-admiral in 1871, and died in the latter end of 1874.

The graves of the various officers and seamen are all separately given on the various tombstones in the churchyard, a photograph of which I possess. My friend Mr. Biggs, who gave me the memorials of the terrible disaster, has followed those who were gone before; and the *Dauntless*, like the ill-fated *Eclair*, which was the victim of the African coast of a similar disaster, has long been superseded by ships of a later and far different kind. Thank God modern discovery has prevented the recurrence of preventible evils of this terrible kind.

WEST PANEL.

AROUND THIS TOMB,
REST THE REMAINS OF
FIFTEEN OFFICERS
AND THE CAPTAIN'S STEWARD
OF H.M. SCREW FRIGATE "DAUNTLESS,"
WHO, TOGETHER WITH THIRTY-EIGHT SEAMEN,
TEN MARINES, AND TEN BOYS,
BURIED IN THIS GARRISON,
AND ONE OFFICER, THREE SEAMEN,
SIX MARINES, AND ONE BOY,
COMMITTED TO THE DEEP;
ALL PERISHED BY YELLOW FEVER,
WHICH BROKE OUT AT SEA,
ON LEAVING THE HARBOUR OF ST. THOMAS,
ON THE 10TH OF NOVEMBER, 1852.

SOUTH PANEL.

AT THIS ISLAND
A GENEROUS REFUGE WAS AT ONCE AFFORDED,
AND BY THE UNCEASING CARE OF ITS CIVIL, MILITARY AND MEDICAL
AUTHORITIES,
THE SHIP WITH HER SURVIVING CREW, RESTORED TO HEALTH,
WAS ENABLED TO SAIL HOMEWARDS ON
THE 21st. MARCH, 1853.
viz.:
COL. SIR WILLIAM N. G. COLEBROOKE, C.B., K.H., GOVERNOR IN CHIEF,
LIEUT.-GEN. WILLIAM WOOD, C.B., COMMANDING THE TROOPS.
THE THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.
THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.
WILLIAM MUNRO, ESQ., INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF HOSPITALS.
REV. WILLIAM W. JACKSON. M.A., CHAPLAIN OF THE FORCES.
WILLIAM DENNY, ESQ., SURGEON, 34th REGIMENT.
ALEXANDER B. CLELAND, ESQ., M.D., SURGEON, 69th REGIMENT.

EAST PANEL.

THIS HALLOWED SPOT
WAS PURCHASED AND ENCLOSED,
AND THIS MONUMENT INSCRIBED
IN HONOURED MEMORY TO ALL,
BY THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY,
THE CAPTAIN,
AND SURVIVING OFFICERS
OF THE SHIP,
AND BY THE SORROWING RELATIVES AND FRIENDS
OF THOSE WHO REST BELOW,
THAT THEIR
SACRED AND BELOVED REMAINS
SHOULD AWAIT IN UNDISTURBED REPOSE
FOR THE COMING OF THAT GREAT DAY,
WHEN ALL GRAVES SHALL BE SUMMONED
TO GIVE UP THEIR DEAD.

NORTH PANEL.

		Æt.	*Obit.*
Ross Moore Floud . .	First Lieut.	37	Nov. 28, 1852
Charles Kent . . .	Second Lieut.	28	Dec. 2 ,,
Alfred Neale . . .	Third Lieut.	25	Nov. 22 ,,
William Simpson . .	Lieutenant	23	Nov. 17 ,,
Alexander Langlands .	Chief Engineer	32	Nov. 22 ,,
Arthur C. Couper . . (Buried off the Port)	Mate	21	Nov. 17 ,,
Henry I. Nuttall . .	Second Master	28	Nov. 23 ,,
Edwin Death . . .	Captain's Clerk	27	Dec. 6 ,,
George Gordon Bushby .	Midshipman	20	Dec. 14 ,,
Joseph Crispin . . .	Midshipman	15	Dec. 1 ,,
Fleetwood Pellew Haswell	Master's Assist.	18	Dec. 14 ,,
Charles Martin . .	Assist. Engineer	28	Nov. 25 ,,
St. George G. S. Davis .	Assist. Engineer	25	Dec. 2 ,,
James T. Henwood . .	Assist. Engineer	21	Nov. 18 ,,
Walter W. H. Richards .	Assist. Engineer	21	Nov. 24 ,,
William Welman . .	Carpenter	40	Dec. 15 ,,
James Venables . .	Captain's Steward	23	Dec. 12 ,,

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD."

Appended are some naval odds and ends which cannot fail to be of interest.

THE ILL-FATED "ECLAIR."

As previously mentioned, the use of iron was condemned by a committee as not adaptable for ships of war, but the tables were turned in a few years, and the wooden walls, that were so long our great bulwarks of offence and defence at sea, gradually gave way to iron ships, which later on were clothed with iron, and then with steel plates of great strength. Amongst the early iron-built vessels of war (long prior to ironclads) was H.M.S. *Lucifer*, a paddle-wheeler. For some reason or other her name was changed to *Eclair*. She was not a post ship, but under a commander, and in August 1844, she was commissioned by Commander Estcourt. She was for some time on the coast of Africa, and the crew was attacked by yellow fever, the fearful mortality that took place earning for her the title of "the ill-fated *Eclair*."

After her return I could not help paying her a visit, knowing the fearful mortality of the crew, but it is so very long ago that I reccollect little about her beyond the fact that, being an iron paddle-wheeler, she was as totally different from the grand old ships to which I was accustomed, as a bicycle is from a state coach, and as different from an ironclad as a tin box is from an iron safe. I have quite forgotten the full extent of the mortality, but it was absolutely appalling, and I well recollect a creeping sort of feeling, which I did not experience when going over the larger and more roomy *Dauntless*, after her awful loss of life. I was not acquainted with anybody connected with the *Eclair*. Her name was subsequently changed to the *Rosamond*, and she was again commissioned under that name in November 1846, by Commander Foot, but I do not think the Admiralty ventured to send her to the coast of Africa, and not long afterwards her class disappeared from the service altogether.

ADMIRAL GOUGH, C.B.

Served in the Kaffir war in 1846 in command of a party of seamen from H.M.S. *President*, and was specially thanked by General Sir George Maitland, K.C.B. Captured a slaver on the Mozambique Channel, when a lieutenant in H.M. *Cleopatra*. Served on the *London* (90 guns), at the bombardment of Sebastopol in 1854, and subsequently commanded batteries for nine months in the trenches (slightly wounded). Was decorated with the Legion of Honour and Order of Medjidie, Sardinian, South African, Crimean, and Turkish war medals. I hope we may live to meet again at Parkia.

ADMIRAL EVANS.

Admiral Evans after various sea services was appointed Conservator of the Mersey, and I frequently met him at the Town Hall of Liverpool banquets, and had the pleasure of entertaining him at Parkia. He illustrated the *enormous* advantage of competent conservators to prevent the ruin of our ports, leaving them in charge of people who, however fit they may be for things they are acquainted with, are necessarily unfit for a subject they never mastered by either study or experience.

ADMIRAL EVANS.

(*Hydrographer of the Navy.*)

Must not be confounded with Admiral Evans previously mentioned. My only acquaintance with him was during the period of his holding the important office of Hydrographer of the Navy, and I had the greatest possible pleasure in all my interviews with him, and always found a sympathetic listener to any conversation connected with sea matters.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Having written to the *Standard* to contradict a statement in a letter as to the old *Foudroyant* in 1896, I received several communications, amongst others the following:

"35 Warwick Road,
"Earlscourt, S.W.,
"*November* 2, 1891.

"Dear Sir Llewelyn Turner,—I thank you very much for your taking the trouble to reply to my request for particulars as to the capture of the French ship *Rivoli*, of 74 guns, off Venice in 1810, which I have been trying in vain to obtain since 1835.

"Of course the *Weasel*, of 18 guns, must have been the small vessel referred to. I have also to return my best thanks for all your information. In fact, I was at Venice on Carlist business in 1835, having gone there to give up my passport, and take command of the Carlist army. I afterwards served during the campaigns of 1836–7 and 8, and in Catalonia in 1837 when Queen Victoria came to her throne. Again thanking you for your kind attention to my questions,

"Yours very truly,
"George J. T. Merry.

"Sir Llewelyn Turner,
"Parkia, Carnarvon."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE RUSSIAN COUNT.

The following curious anecdote was related to me by a great friend of mine, a British Admiral. The nephew of an admiral who was also well known to me, called upon his uncle, who occupied an important post in the Admiralty at the time, and related to him the following facts. The young man's sister was for some time at Boulogne, and had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a Russian Count, who behaved in the most infamous manner towards

her, and the young man requested his uncle to advise him what to do. The admiral was a man of action and determination, and at once gave directions to his nephew, telling him first to go and purchase a good stout ash-plant, such as he described to him. On the return of his nephew with it, he said, "You must go over to Boulogne, and thrash him to the utmost of your ability," and he even described accurately to him where the blows were to be struck—first over the shins to disarm him from defending his upper works. He told him that he would accompany him to Boulogne, to see the business out. The young man described the usual haunts of the intended victim, and the admiral decided on the most public place, correctly calculating, as the scoundrel was well known in Boulogne, that he would not have much sympathy. Uncle and nephew took up their station, and when the Russian arrived the young man set upon him, and inflicted a tremendous thrashing upon him. Nobody offered to interfere, it being evidently considered a case of "serve him right." The French police behaved splendidly in the matter; no doubt knowing the Count was a scamp, they did not interfere and managed to look the other way and quietly advised the assailants to be off by the first steamer and thus put the Channel between them. Fortunately nothing was ever publicly heard of the matter, or it would have been a most serious thing for the admiral, occupying as he did a high position at the Admiralty. Strange as the story may appear, it is perfectly true. The admiral (the uncle of the young man) was well known to me, and the admiral who first informed me was a very old friend of mine, while another admiral, from whom also I got the story, was an old acquaintance.

A DESCENDANT OF THE GREATEST SEA OFFICER THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

Not till sirty years after do da find him loss,
Den his daughter da forget, and build him up in Charing Cross.
Italian Song.

Students of the life of Lord Nelson are aware that he first went to sea under the auspices of his uncle, Captain Suckling, his mother's brother, who was a distinguished naval officer. In the year 1879 I received a letter from my friend, Captain Suckling, R.N., one of the family, informing me that Horatia Nelson Ward, the Horatia of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton association, and widow of a clergyman of that name, had a grandson who was born in the island of Madeira, christened in the *Retribution* steam frigate, and specially educated for the Royal Navy; that several titled ladies whom he named had applied on his behalf for a nomination for the Navy without success; that he had ventured to tell them that the only man he knew with any naval influence was Sir Llewelyn Turner, and that he (Captain Suckling) knew him to be so great an admirer of Lord Nelson that he would no doubt exert it if asked. I replied that the latter part of the letter was quite correct, but that I feared that any very little influence I had once possessed had disappeared, but that I would willingly do my best. I at once wrote to some, and personally visited other naval friends, whom I thought could or would help. Sir W. Mends replied that he had given away a cadetship a fortnight before to one who had no claim on him, concluding his letter with these words, "I had rather a *thousand* times sooner have given it to you, and *ten thousand times* sooner to one with Nelson's blood in his veins." Captain Suckling informed me that young Ward would be too old before long, to enter the service, and that there were only two more examinations for which he would be eligible. I received a great number of letters from the boy's father and mother and others from time to time on the subject. On November 11, no success so far having attended my

(*Fall, photo, London, W.*)

HORATIA NELSON THOMPSON WARD

exertions, I received the following letter from Mrs. Ward, the mother of the youth :

"RADSTOCK RECTORY, BATH.

"MY DEAR SIR,—We are most thankful to you for all you are doing for our boy, and if you do not succeed in getting him a nomination I shall believe it to be for the best. It seems hard that his grandmother's petition should not have been attended to, but I imagine that the First Lord is overwhelmed with cases. We are so glad that you like Captain Suckling. We think most highly of him, and only wish Philip may be like him some day. My husband joins me in kind wishes to Lady Turner and yourself, and with earnest thanks,

"I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"E. M. WARD."

The following interesting letter reached me from the old lady, who was the daughter of England's great sea warrior :

"MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the carte you so kindly wished of myself. Thank you much for all your kindness to my grandson Philip. It will be a great thing for him if your efforts are successful. Alas that the feeling of the present day should not be willing to bestow a nomination on one descended from him. I hope you will be able to read this, but I have such great difficulty in holding my pen, and it is so painful to me, that I fear your being unable to decipher it. Again let me tell you how much I feel your great kindness. I have Lord Nelson's hair, which I will be pleased to give you a small piece of, and some relics of his, which I will be glad to show you, should you come this way, and let me have a line the day before.

"I am, dear Sir,

"HORATIA M. WARD."

I wrote to one of the Civil officials at the Admiralty who was a personal friend of mine, and said that I had a mind to send a copy to the Admiralty of the public letter of

thanks I had received from their lordships years before; but his advice in reply was, "No, keep that for a last shot."

Mrs. Ward was very delicate and feeble at that time, and, like many other subjects of regret, I am excessively grieved that I never availed myself of her kind invitation. She sent me the lock of hair, which I regard as a great treasure. The last time I saw Sir William Mends he said, "My dear old Turner, there are plenty of admirals, but there was only *one Nelson*." After the death of the great warrior, all his hair was cut off, and came into the possession of Mrs. Ward after the death of Lady Hamilton. With the exception of the lock given to me, she bequeathed it to Greenwich Hospital.

In January 1879, I had the great gratification of receiving the cordial thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, with the announcement that their son had passed his examination and got his nomination. Captain Suckling wrote me as follows:

"QUEENSTOWN, *January* 23, 1879.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—Young Ward has just got a nomination. I make no doubt it is through your very kind exertions, so I hasten to write and thank you, which we all do from the bottom of our hearts. I am sure we would never have got it had it not been for you. He goes up in June, and is of that age that he must pass or fail entirely."

Then follow some replies to my anxious wishes that Captain Suckling should not retire (as he contemplated) from the Service in which so large a number of his family had been such distinguished ornaments.

"With kind regards to Lady Turner, and many, many thanks for your kind exertions for young Ward,

"Believe me,

"Yours most sincerely,

"T. SUCKLING."

The days of Mrs. Ward were not of long duration after her grandson's success, and the *Times* of March 12, 1881, contains the following reference to her death:

"Our obituary column on Tuesday contained the name of a lady who ought not to be allowed to pass out of life without some lines of remembrance. In this lady, Mrs. Horatia Nelson Ward, who died on Sunday, at Beaufort Villas, Woodrising, in the eighty-first year of her age, many of our readers will recognise Lady Hamilton's little daughter, Horatia, the same whom Lord Nelson bequeathed with his dying breath to the care of his country. Born in 1799, she spent her infancy at Merton. In the garden of Lady Hamilton's villa there was a little streamlet (which she called the Nile), and a pond dammed up and crossed by a rustic bridge. The banks of this pond were the child's playing-grounds, and Nelson writes from the *Victory* thus to her mother, 'I would not have you lay out more than necessary at Merton. . . . I beg that as my dear little Horatia is to be at Merton for three years, that a strong netting about three feet high be placed round the "Nile," that the little thing may not tumble in.' Horatia in the course of time married the Rev. Philip Ward, sometime Vicar of Tenterden, in Kent, but was left a widow about twenty years ago."

A curious incident happened to Lady Turner and myself in reference to this matter a few years afterwards. We went to inspect the ruins of the beautiful and historic castle of Raglan, in which the unfortunate and misguided King Charles I. was besieged. We left the castle by a path across the fields to a single-line railway. When the train arrived we got into a compartment, and soon entered into conversation with two ladies, who proved to be aunt and niece. I was delighted to find that the younger lady, with whom I conversed, had a much greater knowledge of Raglan Castle than the author of the so-called guide-book, which I had found to be ridiculously misleading, and she was in short exceedingly "well up" in the matter. I asked if she had ever seen Carnarvon Castle, and she said no, but that she had often heard what a magnificent building it was. Taking out of my pocket a photo of it I said, "Here it is, I carry it about with me." She said she would be so glad to see the

castle itself. I replied that if they ever went to Carnarvon, if they presented my card (which I gave her) the sergeant-in-charge would send for me, and I would go down and give them a full description of it. She kept the card in her hand, and the train stopped at a crossing, where the ladies got out. A liveried servant came forward and took their traps to a handsome carriage in waiting about thirty yards away on a level with the railway and in full view. The elder lady got in, and I saw the younger, as she was about to follow, open her hand to look at my card. She instantly ran back to the train and addressing me said, "I never looked at the card until I was just going to step into the carriage. I had no idea whom I had been conversing with in the train, and I would not have missed seeing you for anything. I am Philip Ward's sister." Fortunately the rail, being a single line, the train was detained a very long time, and the lady remained until it started (and a very charming lady she was). We had a most interesting conversation as to the Nelsons and Sucklings. Then came another coincidence; sitting on the other side of the carriage was an elderly clergyman, who was there before we got in, and directly the train started he addressed me, saying, "Excuse me, Sir, but I assure you, while you and that lady were talking of the Nelsons and Sucklings my hair felt as if it was full of electricity. I am the clergyman of the next parish to Burnam Thorp, where Nelson was born, and I can hardly tell you the interest I could not help feeling in the conversation."

Not long ago I received a letter from one of the family—a brother of Philip Ward, asking—as all Nelson's hair cut off after death, excepting the lock given to me, had been bequeathed by Horatia Nelson Ward with other Nelson relics to Greenwich Hospital—if he might venture to hope that this lock of hair might some day go back to the family. I replied that I could not of course part with it in my lifetime, and that Lady Turner would not do so in hers; but that I was willing to add a codicil to my will, leaving it to the family after her decease, for which they were thankful.

(*From an oil painting*)

FANNY VISCOUNTESS NELSON

TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL.

I chanced to be at Portsmouth some years ago. I forget the year, probably 40 years ago, and saw that the court-martial flag was flying aboard the *Victory*, the grand old flag-ship of the immortal Nelson, in whose cabin the Portsmouth court-martials are held. As a friend of mine was in command of one of the large ironclads then in harbour, I had no doubt he would be sitting as a member of the Court, and there he was. The president and all the members of the Court are always in full uniform, swords and all.

Seeing that my friend was there I went to the opposite side of the table, and when he saw me he tore a piece off the foolscap paper supplied to each member and wrote, "We have a house at No. —— terrace, Southsea. Dine at seven. At whatever hour you feel disposed to go you will find Mrs. —— and the children," or words to that effect. He gave the note to a lieutenant on duty at the court-martial to give it to me, and I wrote back, "Will turn up at seven o'clock," which I did. The court-martial was for a most serious offence, that would have been unquestionably punished with death in earlier years; it was that of a marine striking the captain of his ship—an offence, fortunately, of singular rarity. The prisoner was found guilty, but I have forgotten the sentence, which would necessarily be severe.

At dinner the captain told his wife of his sending the note to me at the court-martial by Lieutenant ——, and we had great fun over it, she humorously telling her husband how dreadful it was of him to turn an old beau of hers into a twopenny postman, the lieutenant having proposed to her before her marriage. Alas! she and her husband are amongst the past. She was an exceedingly pretty and agreeable person, and she and her husband were a loving couple. I had the pleasure of their company on more than one occasion as my guests for some days at Parkia.

MOCK TRIAL OF THE WRITER.

It is said that "an honest confession is good for the soul," and so I may as well confess that I was arraigned and tried by court-martial, not in the cabin of Nelson, but in one of H.M.'s ironclads. As I believe I have a few friends left who can sympathise with any misfortune of mine, I trust they will exercise their kind feelings even to so great a criminal, and they will, I feel sure, commend the leniency of the Court towards me. I was a guest in one of the large ships, and the master-at-arms delivered to me a large and formidable looking letter with a very big seal. On opening it, I found myself commanded to appear in the cabin of H.M.S. ——, to answer to certain serious charges, etc. etc., and I the more readily obeyed the summons on recognising the handwiriting. In the arm-chair at the upper end of the table sat the president of the Court, my excellent friend Mrs. —— , the wife of Vice-Admiral ——, and by her side sat the other members of the Court, the wife of the then Captain ——, afterwards retired Rear - Admiral, the lady already mentioned whose husband sat on the court-martial in the *Victory*. The charge against me was that I was not married. I pleaded guilty to the charge, and could make no plea in extenuation, and offered none, but admitted the heinousness of my offence, and was ordered by the Court to lose no opportunity in making some lady happy. The second question before the Court was the age of the lady; and although I fear I was about forty at the time, the Court unanimously ordered that the age of the lady was to be eighteen, which I felt to be a compliment that I did not deserve. I had delayed writing my brief memoir of Vice-Admiral ——, and had lost sight of his widow for some years, and I wrote to the Admiralty to inquire for her whereabouts, and received the following prompt and polite reply:

"ADMIRALTY, *June* 19, 1902.

"SIR,—Having laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letter of the 12th instant, I am com-

manded by their Lordships to acquaint you that Mrs.——, the widow of Vice-Admiral ——, is recorded as having died on September 15, 1896.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"EVAN MACGREGOR.

"SIR LLEWELYN TURNER, D.L., etc. etc.
"Parkia, Carnarvon."

I need hardly say how much I regretted the intelligence of the death of a lady for whom and for her husband I had always a deep respect, and by whom I had always been treated with the utmost kindness, especially when she had let me off so leniently at the court-martial.

CHAPTER VII

SHIPWRECKS AND LIFE-BOAT EXPERIENCES

Early familiarity with wrecks—Admiral Crawley's lifeboat —Neglected at Llanddwyn—Loss of the *Staff of Life*—Good work later—Early catastrophes at Carnarvon—The *Atlantic* —A Spanish wreck—Tailor, wrecker, and drunkard—Emigrant ship wrecked—Bodies stripped by waves and sand— —Sir Llewelyn boards a wreck—How the Highlander came to Parkia—The inscription near him—The *Jane* of New Orleans—The Southerner and his butler—The s.s. *Monk*— Channels at Carnarvon Bar—Variation and causes—The *Vine* of Nevin—Light in ballast—An unfortunate exchange —Possible improvements at the Bar—Lighting already improved—Wrecks reduced—Examination of masters and mates—Value of tugs—Llanddwyn a good lifeboat station —Clynnog useless—List of wrecks—Lifeboat must have seafaring crew—Wanted rocket apparatus—A sleepy watcher— Wreck at Mallbraeth—Sir Llewelyn and the *Erin o' Bragh* to the rescue—An ungrateful master—Carnarvon lifeboat beaten back—To the wreck by land—Llanddwyn lifeboat upset—One man only lost—Half oars broken—Sir Llewelyn's signal—The Yankees' smart appreciation—A barrel and a line—Sir Llewelyn's brave attempt and failure —A new signal—Jonathan cute again—A coward in his lifeboat—Return to shore—Vessel beached down wind—All saved—Next day Sir Llewelyn takes command—The captain's caution and Sir Llewelyn's opportunity—Inexperienced meddling with tides—A new sandbank—The *Meteor Flag*—A perilous wade—National Lifeboat Institution—Its jubilee meeting—Address by Sir Llewelyn Turner

PARKIA commands beautiful views of Carnarvon Bar and a large portion of the Menai Straits, and many were the sad shipwrecks I witnessed in my early boyhood. Many of these happened in the night, some few not having gone entirely to pieces before the morning. I used to know nearly all the names of the wrecks, but, alas, my recollec-

tion is somewhat impaired. One of the early shipwrecks was that of a ship called the *Sally*. Vast crowds at Carnarvon witnessed from Twthill and the promenade the loss of the schooner *Staff of Life* with all hands, which I well remember. To the eternal discredit of those who filled the post of Trustees of Carnarvon Harbour, although there was a lifeboat at Llanddwyn, she might just as well have been in Constantinople. The late Admiral Crawley (after whom was named the Rev. James Crawley Vincent, who is honourably mentioned in these reminiscences), being aware of the terrible wrecks of constant occurrence in Carnarvon Bay in those days, had presented to the Trust, or rather "*Mis*trust," a lifeboat—one of the best of those early days—and she was kept at Llanddwyn with a few mats over her, winter and summer. I have often seen her when I was a small boy, with the mats blown off, and a lot of sand lying in her. There were four pilots at Llanddwyn as now, and no provision made for any more men to man the boat, and she was so far from the water that four men, unless gifted with the strength of Samson, could not possibly have launched her, as there was no rail or cradle, and as it required nine men to man her launching would have been useless. After being exposed for so long to wind and rain, she was dried, and leaked like a sieve when taken to Carnarvon to be put in order, as she was after this sad wreck. This boat, going as she would have done rapidly before a howling north-west wind, might have saved the crew, as the wreck took place in broad daylight, and those responsible for this wanton carelessness were as morally guilty of manslaughter as the unfortunate signalman who fails to warn the approaching train.

It was not long after this that the Harbour Trust of that day erected that stone pier which Telford saw, and at once he denounced. Well was it for the crews of four vessels one Saturday which I remember, that the *Staff of Life* had been lost, as the lifeboat, having been put in order as the result of the scandal created by such neglect, went out from Carnarvon, saved the lives of the four crews, under the management of Captain John Richards, of the brig *Jane* of

Carnarvon, a vessel mentioned in another place. One of the four vessels was the brig *Fame* of Bridgwater, which did not break up, as I think all the others did. The *Fame* was brought in, and lay for a long time where the offices of Messrs. Owen and Son now are, with her bowsprit over the road leading from Northgate Street and Bank Quay to Vinegar Hill. What is now the road from St. Mary's Church to the archway of Northgate was a part of the old promenade, reaching from the Eagle Tower of the Castle to the Guildhall, when the space between the site of the present patent slip to the promenade was a pretty little bay, with vessels anchoring nearly opposite to what is now Lloyd's Bank.

I saw the lifeboat return on that Saturday twice with the crews of two of the four vessels, which were landed at the stone jetty below the Eagle Tower and the Anglesey Arms Inn (then the Custom House). I will only say—"Well done, Captain John Richards; you deserved well of your country, and here is one man alive who blesses your memory for your gallant exploit, not forgetting the equally gallant crew." Had the boat been stationed at Llanddwyn more could have been done, as she would have gone with and not against the wind, but the gale not being so severe as many it was managed.

I ought perhaps to have commenced this chapter by an earlier record of wreck and loss of life at sea, but I began with my personal recollections. Prior to that, and in the year 17—, the ship *Atlantic*, of Boston, was at anchor opposite the town of Carnarvon, and one boisterous night the captain attempted to go on board and was drowned. He was buried close under the east windows of Llanbeblig Church, and his tombstone is engraved as follows:

SACRED IN THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN DELANO, OF THE SHIP "ATLANTIC" OF BOSTON, IN NEW ENGLAND, WHO WAS DROWNED.

Many years before (I am not sure whether I was born or not), a full-rigged Spanish ship was wrecked near Dinas Dinlle, opposite a hedge that runs down towards the sea, a little on the Belan side of the modern Bungalow Hotel.

There was great loss of life and treasure; I have often heard my father and mother speak of it. They drove down to see the place, and witnessed the sad spectacle of numerous bodies, many of which, having been washed ashore near Clynnog, were laid on the churchyard green awaiting coffins. A curious circumstance occurred soon after; money being often obtained at very low water, a tailor with a drab top-coat went down on an unusually low spring-tide and filled his coat and breeches pockets with so many coins that it was with the greatest difficulty he climbed the bank. Then comes the old story "too much liquor." Some years later he died in the old poor-house, the coins having gone down his throat in a liquid state. This was related to me by an old clergyman, long ago dead, who saw the wreck and knew the tailor.

There is an old cannon at Belan Fort, pock-marked (if I may use the term) with indentations from rust, which came from this wreck. Another was recovered in my time, long after the wreck. The men who got it sold it to Lord Newborough, who had some horses yoked to it, and so towed it to Glynllifon where it was loaded with much powder and ramming to test its safety, but being too near the house, it broke a great number of windows and hot-houses, though it stood the test.

The emigrant ship *Abeona*, of Newry, was lost near the Rivals, on a Saturday night, and several emigrants drowned, and the rest walked to Carnarvon; some orphans who were saved were charitably provided for. I recalled one Anne Macalister, who had a small pension, took on service for years and then got married. This wreck was about seventy years ago.

The name of the wrecks that took place in Carnarvon Bar when I was a boy was legion, for they were many, and for years after there were great numbers. I well remember a great loss of life on the bar, and the curious error that people at that time laboured under. Numerous bodies were washed ashore in the Straits along the Coedhelen shore naked. These bodies had beyond all doubt been buried by the breakers on the banks of the bar and exhumed by the same

powerful operation; but the idea prevailed amongst the public that they had been cruelly stripped and robbed, and so strongly did this idea prevail, that some young gentlemen including two of my brothers undertook to patrol the shore to protect the bodies from plunder. I have seen a man who was drowned by the capsizing of the Llanddwyn lifeboat, in which I subsequently succeeded in boarding the ship, buried in a sandbank, his feet and knees projecting out of the sand, his body being entirely buried in it, and what was visible was quite naked. There is one thing that the breakers fail to rob from a corpse, and that is a pair of sea boots. Bodies otherwise entirely naked have been cast ashore, the clothes being torn off in the working which buries and unburies the bodies, a process that ought to open the eyes of people having no experience in such matters, to the way in which sand is driven about by wave force. To my mind it is lamentable that sea matters are so often entrusted to those as ignorant of the subject as man can be.

The first ship which I boarded in a lifeboat was the *Mountaineer*, of Liverpool, a full-rigged ship commanded by Captain Williams, and bound from the Spanish Main in South America to Liverpool with a cargo of dye-nuts called "divi-divi."

The crew were all saved except a poor boy who got entangled in the rigging. This may seem a curious place to be drowned in, but a laden ship pounded into a sandbank has the sea breaking through her lower rigging causing great confusion and entanglement. The ship went to pieces the following tide, and the shore between Abermenai and Llanddwyn was strewed with her remains. The figure-head went ashore abreast of where the ship broke up, and was given to me by the captain. I saw the figure well washed with salt water before the ship went to atoms. He is a fine Highlander, and stands about six feet high with his plume, and has just had a new nose, feet, and ankles, these latter being the second he has had in the sixty odd years he has been a visitor at Parkia, as he was for some time carelessly left to stand in a damp place. He now looks much younger than the writer, who has been his host for so many years.

FIGUREHEAD OF THE SHIP *MOUNTAINEER* OF LIVERPOOL

Wrecked on Carnarvon Bar, 1840

The figure-head has been fresh painted, and is now in first-rate order in the side hall at Parkia, the following inscription being placed near it : " *This gallant officer* filled a prominent position in the van in the good ship *Mountaineer*, of Liverpool. After plowing the ocean for several years, he shared the fate of the ship and was wrecked on Carnarvon Bar, sixty years ago when I had the honour of making his acquaintance. He was alternately submerged and standing high in the air, far above water. As he did not avail himself of the services of the lifeboat David Jones threw him into his locker, and with the vast wreckage of the ship he was landed by 'David' on the sand. His companions (with the exception of one boy who was drowned in the lower rigging while trying to board the lifeboat) were safely landed, and this peaceable, well-behaved gentleman has resided at Parkia ever since, and during this long period has never tasted a drop of grog, or spoken an unkind word either to his host or to any one else.

" Llewelyn Turner,
" Parkia,
" *September* 30, 1901."

By the side of the figure is a model of the old lifeboat presented by Admiral Crawley, in which on the above and numerous subsequent occasions I had my face well washed.

Forty years after the wreck of this ship I received a letter from the mate as follows :

" *June* 10th.

" Sir,—I made your acquaintance on Carnarvon Bar forty years ago when I was mate of the ship *Mountaineer*, of Liverpool (Captain Williams). I am an old ship-master, seventy-eight years of age, with a bad knee and incapable of further service, and am now going to ask you to get me once more into a haven of safety, if you will be so kind as to use your influence to get me into one of the Trinity houses.

" I am, Sir,
" Your obedient servant,
" Benjamin Llewelyn."

I replied that I did not remember him, but had a lively recollection of Captain Williams, and if he would send me his discharges from the latter, I would willingly do my utmost. He sent them and I did all I could, but failed to get him into one of the Trinity houses, succeeding, however, in obtaining for him a small grant. The next year some of his Liverpool friends got him into a Trinity house. As confessed before, I am unable to give precise dates, or to be certain that the events I chronicle are quite consecutive, and the mate's letter omitted the year.

"JANE" OF NEW ORLEANS.

Some time after this, a fine American ship, the *Jane* of New Orleans (Captain Cook), ran upon the south bank of the bar in the night, not from stress of weather, but in consequence of a mistake in her course, by keeping too far to the S.E. She grounded about half-way between the red buoy channel and the land between Belan and Dinas Dinlle. The crew were landed there, and encamped amongst the sandhills. As she had grounded at high water, she could not be got off, being as she was heavily laden with cotton. She gradually swung round with her head towards the shore I have mentioned facing S.W., and her stern towards the sea—N.W. A very large hole was cut in her port side which with the prevailing wind was her lee side, and the bales of cotton were transhipped into small vessels, while the weather was fine, which it often was, as she stranded in the summer. I often visited her, as she did not break up for some time. The captain was a nice, gentlemanly man, being a Virginian gentleman, and was upon his mettle. Lord Newborough's butler, who was in his lordship's service for many years, was a very well-mannered man, and went down to the tents and invited the captain to go up and see him, a proposition that the captain was not slow to resent, as he was used to higher game than a butler to visit. After settling the affairs of the ship and cargo, he stayed a long time at Carnarvon, and visited it in after years, not having

gone to sea after the wreck. He was a good singer and a very smart man.

THE "MONK" STEAMER.

The melancholy wreck of this craft has often stirred a curious, and to me, most interesting problem. She used to carry pigs from Porthdenllaen to Liverpool, and one fine day I was on that disgraceful excrescence, called the Victoria pier, at Carnarvon, which was answerable for so much injury to the Menai Straits, and the outer end of which I cut off. Standing above the vessel's deck, I asked the master when he would be returning, being half-inclined to go with her, but reflecting that a pig-vessel would not be a pleasant craft, and not knowing what sort of night quarters there would be at Porthdenllaen, I decided not to go. When the *Monk* started on her return voyage with her decks covered with pigs, it was blowing hard from the southward. She had no pilot, but trusted to the knowledge derived from former passages. Had she hugged the bank, S.E., close to the red buoy, the chances were that she would have got in, but keeping too far to leeward, and not having great horse-power, she could not steam to windward, and went to pieces on the north bank under her lee. Now my feeling was this; knowing the bar as I most thoroughly did, had I been in her, I would under the circumstances have strongly urged keeping to windward, as close to the red buoy as possible, as I often did before, and after, in sailing-craft; but there was the chance that the captain might have been a positive fellow like the master of Commodore Littledale's yacht mentioned at a later page, and the engines might not have proved sufficiently powerful to carry her in even with the windward vantage, although I believed they would; anyhow, the chances, I should say, would have been enormously in her favour had she kept sufficiently to windward, and I have often wondered whether if I had gone and returned on board of her I should have saved her, or been drowned with the rest of the crew. I have forgotten what the number was of the crew who were

drowned, but if my memory serves me properly they all perished, and the mortality of pigs was enormous. Pig was plentiful all about the shore inside and outside of the Straits. *Apropos* of this, I have always felt that there is a great advantage in the Channel through the south bank being nearer the Carnarvonshire shore than more seaward S.W. When the Channel breaks through nearer the south-east, it is, I am now satisfied, as for the last thirty or forty years I have believed, that it is due to a long spell of strong north-east winds. This we had in the winter and spring of 1901, and I was anxious to know the result, which as I expected was a breaking out in that more inshore direction. As south-west winds are always in the ascendant, the north-west end of the bank has the Channel most often, and for longer periods through it. With a south-east gale it is most difficult to beat up from the red buoy to Belan, when the Channel through the south bank is far to the north-west, especially with a vessel light in ballast, as for instance the case of the schooner

"VINE" OF NEVIN.

This vessel was very light in ballast, and was off the bar in company with a schooner-yacht one evening. It blew very hard from the south-east, and the yacht was too well handled to run to *leeward* to Llanddwyn for a pilot, and never having been in these parts before, could not venture the bar without one. They accordingly changed a hand with the *Vine*, receiving one of her crew instead. It will be observed that this transfer was a less difficult operation with a south-east wind, which is over the Carnarvonshire shore, than it would have been with a westerly or north-westerly wind, the sea being smoother for the passage, and repassage of a boat from vessel to vessel. I was on the Custom House wall, looking with a good deal of apprehension at the two vessels, but seeing the schooner-yacht well inside of the Perch beacon, and not imagining that the merchant schooner was so very light in ballast, as it turned out that she was, I came home satisfied, but learned the next morning that the merchant schooner was the *Vine* of Nevin

and had missed stays and gone ashore on the north bank. The next afternoon, in fine weather, I went down to the vessel, with Mr. Jackson, and found the *Vine* with her starboard side embedded in a pool of water she had made for herself in the sand, her keel facing towards Llanddwyn, and her two lower masts and topmasts pointing towards Abermenai, so that one was able to sit on the masts and topmasts or recline over them. There we met Lord Newborough, who had crossed over from Belan Fort. A melancholy sight presented itself; under the *Vine* in the pool could be seen the *flattened* skull of a poor fellow, and his father digging a little trench from the pool towards the sea to let the water off, which could only be done to a very small degree. When he had let off a little water, he ran back, and with a boat-hook lifted, as far as he could, the flattened skull, which was as flat as a plate, but as the poor sailor's body was under the vessel, it was impossible to identify him. The anxious seeker was the steward of the yacht, whose son had been lent to the *Vine* in exchange for one of her crew who knew the bar. I have quite forgotten what the mortality of the crew of the *Vine* was. It being summer or autumn time, the weather became fine and the *Vine* was righted and brought in and repaired. On what apparently small events our lives depend. The sailor who left the *Vine* in exchange for one of the yacht's men, probably owed his life to that circumstance, and the poor fellow who went from the yacht to the *Vine* clearly lost his life through having gone. The advantage of a dredge for preserving the channel, as now it has worked out nearer to the south-west, would be inestimable, as the distance to beat in against the south-west squalls which blow with exceeding violence through the mountain passes, would not be great, and had the passage through the south bank been nearer in, and if more to the S.E., as it is after long spells of east wind, it is probable that neither the *Monk* nor the *Vine* would have been wrecked. It may naturally and fairly be asked whether the maintenance of the more inshore passage would have no disadvantage with a north-westerly or westerly gale. I reply "yes" and "no." Running to leeward to Llanddwyn for a pilot would be

answered "yes," but in all other respects, "no." In these days so much more is done by steam and less by sailing-vessels, that few of the latter are to be seen crossing the bar now. It may be well asked why shipwrecks were more numerous in former times than now, and for the last twenty or thirty years. The change is easily accounted for. The light-ships in Cardigan and Carnarvon Bays, and the red light at Llanddwyn form one cause. The compulsory examination of masters and mates is another. Tug-boats play the most prominent part in the reduction of shipwrecks. It was formerly a common thing for an outward-bound ship for India, America, or other distant lands, to leave Liverpool, and be kept a month perhaps in the Irish Channel beating through fogs and gales, and in many instances wrecked without even getting out of the Channel. Now such a thing is rarely heard of; the owner of a vessel outward bound hires a powerful tug, which tows her right out of the Channel into the broad Atlantic, where she is free to tack without fear of rocks or shoals. Inward-bound vessels that used continually to get out of their course and become embayed in Cardigan and Carnarvon Bays, are now met at the entrance of the Channel south of Ireland, and towed up to Liverpool. In former times I have often counted from Parkia from twenty to thirty ships, barques, and brigs, in Carnarvon Bay, bound for Liverpool. With an east wind they would beat in within a few miles of Llanddwyn, and as the flood-tide sweeps round the bay, they carried a side-wind and a strong flood, which took them past Holyhead. *Now* a large ship in Carnarvon Bay is a *rara avis*, as the tug tows her straight up the Irish Sea (from the south of Ireland) to Liverpool. Many of the old wrecks in Carnarvon Bay were due to vessels becoming embayed in it, and their failure to beat out against strong north-westerly winds.

As the north-westerly gales blow straight into the bay it is very hard to beat out, and the same observation applies to the difficulty of a lifeboat getting out from Carnarvon against it. On the other hand, Llanddwyn, being dead to windward in a north west gale, the boat goes with a fair wind to vessels on the bar, and to any stranded between Llanael-

haiarn and Belan. I often went out towards wrecks, but having to face the gale was anticipated by the Llanddwyn boat, which of course with a fair wind got to the ship before us. About sixty years ago, or perhaps a little less, a motion was made and carried at the Carnarvon Harbour Trust that they should place a lifeboat at Clynnog. I was not a Trustee then, or would have strongly opposed it. Several years later, I, being then a Trustee, proposed its abolition, which I carried after more than one attempt. It was a perfectly useless expense, and would never have been proposed or carried by any one acquainted with the possibilities and necessities of the case. During the whole six or seven years it was there it did nothing; and had it remained to this day there would have been nothing to show but the cost of its purchase and maintenance for more than half a century. The gales that drive ships ashore there are, as already shown, fair winds from Llanddwyn, and the boat from there can go down very quickly. There is no nautical population about Clynnog to man a lifeboat, and unpractised hands would be as useless as a country carter would be to drive a cab in the crowded streets of London. Of the vessels stranded on the Carnarvonshire shore between Belan and Llanaelhairn were the Spanish ship, of which earlier mention has been made; the *Swallow* brig, near Dinas Dinlle, purchased and got into port by the late Mr. Humphrey Owen; the brig *Annie*, nearer to Belan than to Dinas Dinlle, got in without loss of life, the old (Crawley) lifeboat having previously landed the crew; the *Scotia*, not far from Clynnog, without loss of life; the *Hawk* brigantine, and *Heron* brig, close together near Afonhen; no loss of life. These two vessels were got into Carnarvon; the *Heron*, a handsome Maltese brig, being much strained, was pulled to pieces, and a brigantine called the *St. Helen*, built with her material; but the original was a very good-looking bird, which her successor hardly was. The *Hawk* had not suffered much damage, and was soon repaired. I went down to these two birds when they were ashore, but incurred no risk and rendered no service, as the weather had moderated and the vessels had gone

far enough ashore for the crew to drop off the bowsprits when the tide fell.

It may be well for an old hand to point out to future generations that the difficulty of launching a boat on such a lee shore as that, where the useless lifeboat I have named was placed, between Belan and Llanaelhairn (where the bottom for the greater part of the way is as hard as stones brought down by a river and pounded to the hardness of rock can make it), is enormous. A lifeboat manned by an undisciplined crew of landsmen would be far worse than useless, their position being as absurd as that of a man not brought up to law or medicine would be to administer either. As to drilling a crew not accustomed to the sea, the thing is too ridiculous. As before stated, the Llanddwyn lifeboat would get there with a fair wind from the quarter causing the wreck; but it would be most difficult and often impossible to get her back to Llanddwyn in time to relieve any other vessel in distress. The safest and best protection therefore for vessels stranding on the Carnarvonshire shore would be the rocket apparatus for firing a line from the shore over the ship, the crew of which could be landed, as often done in similar places. I applied for one many years ago, but wrecks are so diminished on this coast that the Board of Trade did not see their way to grant one, and I am bound to admit that no wreck has taken place for several years there. I forgot to mention a small barque, the name of which I do not remember, that went ashore near Dinas Dinlle about fifty years ago, but was got off and taken into Carnarvon, where she lay alongside the quay for some time. The captain and crew were paid off, and a ship-keeper appointed, who slept in the cabin, which was a deck-house. He had a brace of loaded pistols on the cabin table; but a thief, or thieves, broke quietly in, and stole what was valuable, including the pistols, without waking the sleepy guardian. I visited the barque when head on to the beach, but my visit was in fine weather.

A ship laden with tea, bound from China to Liverpool, the name of which, like too many others, I have now forgotten, ran ashore in Malltraeth Creek, in Carnarvon Bay, near

Bodorgan,. Tugs in those days were scarce, and I drove to Menai Bridge and arranged with the agent of the City of Dublin Company to send the *Erin o' Bragh*, the steamer plying between Liverpool and Menai Bridge, to try and get the ship off. It had to be done at night, as the *Erin o' Bragh* had to go to Liverpool in the morning. This steamer was commanded by Captain Warren, who had been a master's mate (now called a sub-lieutenant) in the Navy, and an exceedingly nice gentlemanlike man he was. We went down to the place at night, having got a light placed in a craft anchored on the bar, and when we reached the ship sent hawsers aboard, and commenced towing, or rather for some time trying to tow. Any one who has tried to tow a grounded craft by one afloat knows the contortions of the tow-er, how she is drawn backwards right and left during her struggles. This was the case in this instance, and the captain of the tea ship set to to swear at us, as if we were pirates. Captain Warren ordered the engines to be stopped, and told the ruffian that if he dared to repeat his outrageous behaviour he would abandon the ship. Steam was again put on, and the ship came off, and was saved.

On one occasion the lifeboat guns were fired at Llanddwyn, and I made an attempt with as brave a crew as ever manned a lifeboat; but although the rowers did their best, the heavy boat, which was rather high out of the water, could not be propelled against the seas that met her; and seeing a large ship on the north bank of the bar at anchor, with her three masts cut away, and bumping heavily, and a large crowd from Newborough and the surrounding country on the beach to leeward of her, I decided to land at Abermenai, and leave our lifeboat there. We all marched to the scene of action, swallowing a lot of sand if we opened our mouths, as we faced a howling gale of wind, which covered us with it. An American full-rigged ship was riding at anchor on the bank with both cables out at full scope (a ship's cable is 120 fathoms or 720 feet long). The three masts had, of course, been cut away to prevent the ship dragging her anchors. The ship's stern was towards the shore, from which she was distant about

one or two cables' lengths. The Llanddwyn lifeboat was high and dry on the beach opposite the ship. She had gone down to the vessel with a fair wind from Landdwyn, and in boarding had upset. Strange to say, she had drifted ashore on her side, breaking all the oars on that side; and it was highly to the credit of the people on shore, of whom there were about a hundred or more, that they got her out of the water without damage or further loss of life than that of one of the crew, who was missing, having been washed out of her, and drowned. How any one of the lifeboat crew escaped is astonishing, as the boat was for some time entirely under water, but I presume that the hollows of the breaking seas gave them breathing time, and the distance to the shore was soon passed with the wind blowing towards it.

My first consideration was how to get her out to the ship with only sufficient oars to man one side; and as the ship was so near I unlashed a bucket from the lifeboat (everything is lashed in a lifeboat, or it would be washed out of her in heavy seas) and fastening a rope to it, held it up as high as I could and threw it inland, the object being to get something thrown from the ship with a line attached to it, by which we could haul a hawser ashore, so that the crew of the ship could tow us out to her. The smart Yankees understood this at once, and threw out a cork-fender with a line attached; but the eddy formed astern by the big ship and her masts at each side took it under her counter, where it remained playing about. They then hauled it in, and attached a large cask to the line. This cleared the ship and came provokingly near the shore, but was each time carried backwards and forwards by the backsend of the sea. I now did a very foolish thing—attaching a line to my waist, the other end being held by men ashore, I went into the sea to meet the cask, and when I saw it above my head on the top of a big wave I realised the folly of the act. Imagine a moving cave with an overhanging entrance advancing with a large barrel on the top, and an unwise man in the hollow below it. Looking up at the barrel several feet higher than my head, I at once saw the folly and danger of the position; had I

been able to touch it, my shoulders would have been dislocated in an instant, or had it touched my head it would have flattened it like a pancake. The barrel came close to me in this fashion for a time, advancing and retreating as before, but never reached the land, as the weight of the water was heavy on the line, and there was a strong backsend of sea also.

Being hauled in, I now did what I ought to have done at first—held up a broken oar and dropped it, and then a whole oar, and threw it towards the lifeboat on the strand. Brother Jonathan understood me at once, and threw overboard twice as many oars as we required. They all came ashore, and I arranged to launch the Llanddwyn boat and wanted all my crew with me to man her, but one of the crew of the Llanddwyn boat, who was in her when she capsized, insisted on coming, and I had no right to prevent him. With the aid of the mass of people on the beach, who ran great risk in launching us in such a sea, we got away. The waves were excessively wicked, and the noise of them exceedingly great; we had not got far seaward before I saw that the man who had forced himself on us was looking the picture of abject fear, holding on with one hand to the thwart on which he sat, and dragging his oar in the water with the other, in short carrying out the well-known hindrance of "catching crabs." Threats and entreaties were all in vain, and the boat could make no progress without all hands doing their utmost, and this man's oar impeding us. Never in my life did I witness such signs of consternation in any man's face. I felt that I would be disgraced by turning back without any apparent cause to those on the ship and the shore, about 20 men on the stern of the ship, who felt that their lives were in our hands, and 100 or 200 spectators on the shore; but there was nothing else for it but to get rid of the frightened man and to beat an ignominious retreat. Added to this there was the natural disinclination to turn a boat in a heavy sea, which had already upset in turning before. I therefore turned for the shore with painful feelings of humiliation, stationing a man in the bow ready to throw a rope to the people when we got near the dry bank. We steered her straight for

it, and the rope was skilfully thrown and hauled by willing hands. Acting on the orders I had given we all jumped overboard when we got into shallow water, and helped to keep the boat head on by running up with her, as a very few minutes on her side would have dashed her to pieces, but she was out of the water in no time without exposing the lifeboat for a moment side on to the sea.

There was a lifeboat truck kept at Talyford in the Menai Straits opposite Carnarvon, and I had requested Mr. Humphry Owen, who was on the beach, to send horses for it, but fearing delay we had gone out as stated. On our return the truck arrived with three horses. With the aid of the crews on the beach we soon got the boat on the truck, and went to Llanddwyn. Launching the boat from the place she had started from in the morning we were soon with a fair wind down by the ship. There was the broaching to to be guarded against, as the boat had upset in the morning on doing it.

Here we were met with a serious difficulty; the masts alongside were like battering-rams, and I wondered why the crew had not cut them away, but I fancy the reason was that if the ship went to pieces before aid from the shore came the floating masts might then be cut loose and some of the crew saved on them. Having seen the lifeboat upset once, and put back afterwards (to land the funky man), they were perhaps right from their point of view. On getting inside the battering-rams (masts) the greatest nicety of steering was required. The fore- and main-masts were on the lee side, and that was the best side for boarding the ship; as the boat might be staved in on the weather side; we got safely inside of a mast which, luckily for us, kept away at a tolerable distance, and after five or six hours' work that day we ventured to board the ship. For the benefit of any of my readers if he should ever be placed in such a position, I advise him to take good care if he boards a ship to get into her while the boat is high up on the ship's side, as she is one moment level with the ship's bulwarks, and in a very few more seconds down by her keel. If you are on the ladder as the boat goes up with a big sea, she will squeeze

you to death. The ship was thumping heavily, her stern striking the ground first. As, for instance, if a man places his elbow on a table, his fist being in the air, and then working his arm up and down with the hand hammering the table under it. When the ship's bow rose it was a beautiful sight to see the water falling from so great a length of the cables as the bows of the ship lifted them with it. (The vessel proved to be the brand new full-rigged ship *Soane*, of Boston, U.S.A., in ballast.) The tide had fallen a good deal and the sea began to do so. I told the captain that we were all as hollow as empty casks, or I would not have ventured out of the boat alongside, and asked him to lower some food and drink into the lifeboat for the men. He said, "We are a teetotal ship, and I guess with a sea like this breaking over us we could not cook anything to-day." A keg of water and a bucket of biscuits were lowered for the men into the boat. "Well," I said, "let me have anything you have got to stow my lower hold, that really has nothing in it but sand and salt water." We then went into the cabin in a deck-house, and I set to, like a cannibal, eating from a rib of cold roast beef cooked the day before, and a glass of water. I recollect just as I was pouring the water into the tumbler that the ship's stern gave one of those heavy bumps with the "elbow" as I have described, and the big jug cut the tumbler in two. The tide had fallen and the sea got less, and I got a hawser to the shore, which got nearer as the tide fell. The men were safely landed at Llanddwyn, and we tramped back to Abermenai, and got safely back to Carnarvon in the lifeboat, which we had been obliged to leave in the morning at the former place. I slept at Carnarvon that night, and was awakened in the morning by some of my brave companions of the former day, who said that there was another vessel on the bar—a brig on the south bank, and that it was a beautiful morning, and that the Llanddwyn lifeboat was with her. I asked if the *Soane* had gone to pieces, and they said she had not, so I told them to get a four-oared boat without any further delay, and that we would go and see how matters stood. This they soon did, and we started. The brig got off, and we met her in

the Gap with the Llanddwyn lifeboat alongside, boarded her and changed boats, we taking the Llanddwyn lifeboat. We rowed to the *Soane*, the object of so much successful labour the day before. I never remember being more impatient; the sea was easy, but the boat horribly heavy and slow. We boarded the ship and sounded the well, and found that she had only four feet of water in the hold, but five men might as well have attempted to attack a regiment of soldiers as get in two cables of 720 feet each. We therefore pulled away for Llanddwyn to get the ship's crew. It was a lovely morning, and we left the slow lifeboat at Llanddwyn, returning to the ship in a lighter and quicker boat, my object being no longer to save life but property. It was not strictly right to use the lifeboat for that purpose. The captain required great persuasion to induce him to go with us, but he and his crew finally consented, and we went in the pilot's light rowing boat, they following in another. On reaching the ship I told the captain that as the tide would turn before the long scope of cables could be got in, it would be useless to attempt to go towards the Menai Straits, and advised him to kedge her under the lee of Llanddwyn. He then said that he would not in any way interfere in the matter. His position was this : the vessel, which was insured, was a partial wreck, dismasted, and otherwise damaged. The bar, tides, and sandbanks, were unknown to him ; the ship was at anchor, and if any mishap occurred through his interference the insurance company would repudiate all responsibility. I told him that it was a pity to leave the ship there, as a recurrence of the gale would probably break her up. As it was a fine day, I thought it would be practicable to kedge her under shelter under the lee of Llanddwyn. His reply was a positive refusal to interfere. I then asked him if he would raise any objection to my kedging the ship into shelter, telling him that I had been to many wrecks, and asking if he would allow the mates and crew to obey my orders. He replied, " You can take your own course, and do what you please, and I will not interfere with the men or with you." There was no time to be lost, so I set to work.

COMMANDING A LARGE AMERICAN SHIP.

Having ascertained the mate's name I desired him to order the windlass to be manned, which was done promptly and cheerfully. With the Americans and my people we were about twenty-five men, and I sent some men into the hold to bring up a kedge anchor and a hawser, which were got ready with a boat to take the kedge. The port cable was soon got in, and the anchor got out of the water. The starboard cable was got " up and down," and the boat sent away with the kedge in the direction of the deepest water, while we got the starboard anchor up, and by alternately dropping one anchor and sending off the kedge we at last got the ship well under the lee shelter of Llanddwyn. I then gave orders to let go both anchors, and the ship soon after took the ground very quietly. As we had the three masts and sails in the water to tow and had frequently to drop anchor while sending the kedge away, the operation took many hours, during which nothing could exceed the readiness and willingness of all hands. When the work was over I sought out the captain, whom I may call my predecessor, and reminded him of what I had said the day before—that I disliked working on an empty stomach; and suggested that although he had declined in any way to interfere in the management of the ship he might feel at liberty to give an order as to the stores. To this he raised no objection, and we had some coffee and molasses and plenty of biscuits. Night was approaching and it became suddenly very dark, and while the captain and I were yarning in the cabin (deck-house) after our very meagre feast, I was amazed to see the heads of two of my men protruding into the cabin. They said, " It has come on to blow hard, Sir, with sleet. It is so dark that we can't see to the bow of the ship, and the sea is rising rapidly." " What does it matter ? " I said. " The ship is fast aground in the shelter of the rocks, and no vessel has ever gone to pieces in this shelter." " We will not stay any longer, Sir," said one of them. " What ! " I said, " men like you, who acted like lions yesterday, are not going to act like sheep now ? " " We had a lifeboat yesterday," they said, " and we have

only two common rowing-boats now, and they may be staved alongside. So away we go." The fact is that the ship being aground and perfectly stationary, the Yankee skipper and I felt no motion; but there was danger of the boats being staved alongside as the men said, although the ship was safe; so away we went, and my command of the *Soane* was ended. I never saw darkness come on so quickly or a sea rise more rapidly. We got ashore in the boat we had very much sooner than the other boat, as to which I may say that I never liked the round bottoms of American boats. A letter had been sent to Liverpool, and two tugs arrived and towed the ship to Bangor. She had taken grain from America to Galway, and while on her passage to Bangor to load slates was driven into Carnarvon Bay in a gale of extraordinary fury. "Losing way" on each tack she finally anchored, and cut away her masts as already stated. She was thoroughly repaired at Bangor, and came back to Carnarvon on her way back to America; and here was another surprise for me. She grounded with an experienced Carnarvon pilot on board; and to his and my astonishment, and that of Mr. Jackson, the Harbour Surveyor, we saw her aground in ten feet of water, where plenty of ships of her size had floated before. That bank in a few years was ten feet out of the water, the whole being the result of the mischievous interference by men entirely ignorant of the subject, who ran a stone wall across the tide at Carnarvon, and deflected the flood and ebb, with the result of sending into dead water, where it sunk, the whole of the sand in suspension from a gutter through a sand-bank called the Foel gutter. That sand in suspension, which was previously carried to sea, was thus kept in the Straits.

It was suggested to me that I ought to claim heavy salvage for saving the ship. I could only say that my lifeboat experiences were some of the pleasantest recollections of my life, and had I been acting as a mercenary that pleasure would have been lost. I have mentioned that the *Soane* was a new ship, and in ballast. She had a great advantage over ships I have often seen; heavily laden ships ground sooner, and, being worked into the sand, are soon broken up.

There is a great difference too between boarding a deeply laden vessel burrowing in the sand and a light vessel in ballast high out of the water. In the first, the lifeboat may be thrown against the ship's rigging or even on board a ship very deep in the water, in which case dropping an anchor in a good position ahead of the ship may prove useful, as I have found. In a flying light ship very high out of the water it is necessary to take care not to ascend or descend when the lifeboat is falling into the trough of a sea.

After the lifeboat given to the Harbour Trust by Admiral Crawley finished her career of usefulness, her departure from old age being to me that of an old friend, whose face had been washed in her on so many occasions, the Trustees of the Harbour purchased a small harbour lifeboat. I made several trips in her, but, as already stated, we were always going against a gale, and the Llanddwyn boat, starting from the windward, necessarily got to the ship first, and when we saw that the crews were safe we did not go further. My last adventure in this boat was a curious one. There was a brigantine on the west angle of the South Bank, and I started to go to her in this boat, which had only four oars, and those working in ordinary rowlocks, and not on iron pins with grummets, as on proper lifeboats. The oars were incessantly pitched out of the rowlocks. When we got about midway abreast of the South Bank I saw the Llanddwyn lifeboat at anchor on the outside south-west of the South Bank. I felt no moral doubt that the crew of the vessel (which she must have passed to get to where she was) were safe in her, but as we could only see two men in her I did not feel justified in assuming that she had got the crew. Having so large and so long an experience of the bar, I felt satisfied that if the ship had meant going to pieces that tide, she would have already done so, as the ebbing tide gave her some protection by lessening the depth of water outside of her, but I had no doubt that if the gale continued her doom would be sealed with the flood tide. I therefore determined, as the water had shoaled over the South Bank which dries at low water, to anchor our boat close to the bank, and wade across to the other lifeboat. I rightly guessed

that the depth at that time of tide would not average more than about four feet. This distance and the gale of course prevented communication by the voice, but when the people in the other boat saw me start I wonder it did not occur to them to stand up and show that they were saved. It was a curious sort of undertaking, and after a long struggle I found myself leaning on the gunwale of the Llanddwyn lifeboat with her own crew and that of the *Meteor Flag*, all but two, on the watch, lying down for shelter out of the cold, and I heartily wished some one amongst them had possessed sufficient imagination to guess why a man should in cold weather take such a rash step, excepting to ascertain whether the crew were safe, as there are necessarily indentations on bar and sandbanks, and some wreckage that a man may tumble over. They might have thought of saving a man the journey by showing themselves. The return was easier, the water being shallow, and I got back to the other boat, which was backed from her anchor to get me in. On arrival back at Carnarvon I was asked what we had been having guns fired from Belan Fort for ? It seems that Lord Newborough, I suppose to stir us all up, had fired his guns from Belan ; but as we were a mile and a half to windward when the guns were fired we never heard them, whereas Carnarvon being to leeward the sound was carried there, and people were naturally afraid the lifeboats had met with disaster, as I never doubted would be the case. The *Meteor Flag* flew it no more, as she totally disappeared with the flood tide, having gone to atoms. As I had passed the meridian of life, and for the reasons I have assigned for the diminution of wrecks, which in this bay are becoming as rare as the Dodo, this was my last adventure in lifeboats ; and if I had my life to begin over again, with the choice of two days' real satisfaction, I would choose the two days' work on the American ship *Soane* of Boston.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

On a date now forgotten, the Jubilee meeting of the friends and supporters of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street; his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, P.C., D.C.L., President of the Institution, occupied the chair.

"His Grace, in opening the proceedings, gave an interesting account of the operations of the Society since its establishment. The Secretary then read the Report, which was adopted; and a motion, proposed by Admiral Sir J. W. Tarleton, and seconded by Mr. George Lyall, a vote of thanks to the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the officers and men of the Coastguard service for their assistance to the Society, was moved by Mr. Hubbard, M.P., and seconded by Sir Llewelyn Turner, who said:

"My Lord Duke, my Lords and Gentlemen,—I rise with a peculiar pleasure to respond to the call of your Grace, to second the resolution which has just been read. We live in days when charitable and other societies must stand or fall according to their ability to pass the ordeal of public criticism and inquiry. As a member of that valuable institution, the Charity Organisation Society, I rejoice that it is so. The *Times* of this morning contains a most useful article on the subject of charity, and the duty of those who attempt to guide public opinion to endeavour to lead it to a just appreciation of the great difference between those appeals which address themselves to our immediate sympathies only and those more deserving ones which will stand the strict test of examination. It is to me matter of intense satisfaction that this great Institution requires no eloquence either to recommend or to justify it. The wreck chart which hangs from that gallery before us appeals to us in language more forcible, with argument more convincing, than any that my feeble tongue can utter—a language that addresses itself at once to the heart and the understanding; and however much the heart may be affected by a tale of woe, I maintain that before the purse-strings are opened, the impressions of the heart should be confirmed by the judg-

ment; and I feel that I shall carry the meeting with me when I say that, abounding as the world does with real objects of commiseration, it is the duty of all narrowly to inquire before they bestow on unworthy or doubtful objects that charity that may be of inestimable value when judiciously and sensibly applied. The professed and possibly the real objects of a charity may be good, and yet every farthing bestowed upon it may be simply wasted. It behoves us, therefore, to examine not simply the object, but also the administration and management of a charity. Here is one that will pass through the ordeal of both tests—that stands on the most solid basis. There is not under the sun any other nation that owes so much to the sailor, or depends so much upon him. With a commerce the largest, a colonial empire the most stupendous, the sailor is at once our great carrier and our first line of defence; and going as he does to sea at an early age, he cannot be expected to enter into those things that concern his own interests and protection as those whose lives are spent in constant contact with their fellows; indeed, we continually find that the man who, geographically speaking, has seen an enormous range of the universe, knows actually less of what we understand and mean by the term world than the dwellers of great cities who rarely pass their bounds. His occupation, too, is hazardous beyond that of ordinary callings, and, like a traveller who has escaped the dangers of the forest, or the footpad, and is garrotted at his own door, the sailor, after escaping the dangers of the ocean, is too often dashed upon the shoals and rocks of his own coast. Hitherto I have been speaking of the dangers that called, and called loudly, for such a Society as this. It may now be permitted me to speak as to the practical working of it, of the good sense that is displayed in its management. As chairman of the local lifeboat committee, I have ever felt that we were dealing with an Institution carefully and judiciously governed. Yesterday I had the opportunity of going over the headquarters with Mr. Lewis, the able and indefatigable secretary, whose name is so well and so honourably known in connection with it; and subsequently I

had the pleasure of accompanying its admirable first inspector, Captain Ward, R.N., over the yard of Messrs. Forrest, where the boats are so well built and repaired, and of seeing a lifeboat tested by capsizing with a crane and being loaded with men, prior to being sent to a dangerous part of the coast. As an old lifeboat volunteer myself, I believe I have a practical acquaintance with the subject, and I affirm that nothing can be more perfect and—like many perfect things—less pretentious than the whole arrangements. In seconding the vote of thanks to the Admiralty and Coastguard, it seems to me that there is an appropriateness in the combination as it were of those great branches of the public service with the affairs of this national undertaking, and I am glad to see my friend Admiral Sir Walter Tarleton, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, taking part in the proceedings of the day. The effect of discipline, whether upon individuals or communities, when properly exercised, is necessarily beneficial, and the example of discipline around our coasts cannot fail to be most advantageous. I happen to reside near a Coastguard station where numbers of merchant seamen in the naval reserves are drilled by the Coastguard, the effect being of great value, as I can fully testify. The result of discipline of another kind is visible in the working of this Society. Your Grace described to us the loss of four valuable lives, caused by the disaster to the lifeboat near Aberdeen; I inspected the boat carefully yesterday, and I do not hesitate to say that had the building of Mr. Forrest been less careful, the inspection of Captain Ward and his brethren less accurate and real, we should have had to mourn the loss of the whole crew. So faithfully, however, has the boat been put together that with so many holes battered in her bottom by the rocks, she would land a crew from a ship to-day, her air cases being intact. It is a great satisfaction to all around the coast who have to ask men to risk their lives in these 'forlorn hopes' to know that the boats are so faithfully inspected and built. I have great pleasure in joining in this jubilee, and in seconding the vote of thanks to the Admiralty and Coastguard department; and in doing so I

hope I may not be out of place in suggesting, as the Commodore of a Royal Yacht Club myself, that in return for the privilege we enjoy of having the Admiralty warrant, the various yacht clubs should ally themselves more closely and give more personal aid to the great work of this Institution ; there are many yachtsmen who would make valuable volunteers for lifeboats.

"The motion was put and carried, and the proceedings closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman."

CHAPTER VIII

CLEANSING THE AUGEAN STABLE

Thy task may well seem over hard
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed with no reward,
Save that which duty gives to toil.

WHITTIER.

Municipal apathy—Local Board established at Carnarvon —Foul and insanitary courts—Difficulty of obtaining building sites—Hotbeds of fever—Apathy in London— The cholera—An early victim—Health Committee—Services of the Rev. J. C. Vincent—Dr. Seaton's opinion of Carnarvon—Sir Llewelyn's vigorous actions—Threats of violence—Interested opposition—Struggle with pig-keepers —"Hearing a smell"—Builders on Sanitary Boards an evil—Pig-styes and fever at Bontnewydd—Complaints of poor-law officials—Wanted gentlemen of position—Denbighshire an example—Carnarvon as residence for retired officers—Nuisances round the Castle—Carnarvon as it might have been—Sympathy of Sir R. Bulkeley, Lord Newborough,and Colonel Williams—A narrow gauge railway to Gaerwen—The useless bridge

BEFORE I reached the period commonly regarded as the "years of discretion" and those of manhood I was strongly impressed by the beauties of Carnarvon Castle, and the grand old town walls, described by Speed as "a town within a castle, and a castle within a town;" and it always appeared to me that nature and Edward I. had created vast possibilities that it was sinful to ignore, and I felt the strongest wish to see the place restored to its pristine state. In very early manhood I joined the old Highway Board of Carnarvon, and took a very great interest in the improvement of the roads and streets, though resident in another parish out of the borough. At that time the Corporation did

absolutely nothing, and any one who has the curiosity to examine the entries in the minute-book of the Corporation during some years may be surprised to read such entries as—"there being no business the meeting was adjourned." I felt the deepest anxiety to see the place rescued from the lethargy that prevailed, and placed in that position to which its natural advantages seemed to point. No other course seemed to me open but to establish a Local Board, and having explained the matter to many of the leading merchants and traders I obtained their signatures to the necessary documents towards getting it done.

A Local Board was established, and very considerable improvements in the town were carried out. The Corporation, which had been asleep for a very long time, woke up, and the business was done by them. Owing to the shameful neglect of the authorities that allowed courts to be erected in what had been, and ought always to have continued to be, the back yards of houses, men and women in large numbers were housed in places totally unfit for the occupation of human beings. These courts, surrounded in all cases by houses and approached from the streets by covered ways taken from the street houses, were not fit for dogs. None of the courts possessed a convenience, and there was no drainage nor water-supply. The ground in front of the wretched dwellings was paved with small cobbles, and the filthy condition of them was necessarily abominable. It goes without saying that people reared amid such surroundings were degraded in the extreme, and it was not the fault of the people themselves that there was much crime and sickness amongst them. It was remarked by some one whose business took him continually to Carnarvon, that it was the only finished town in the kingdom; and when asked to explain, he said that they had done building and that a new house had not been erected for many years, all building being at an end. Neither he nor any one else passing along the streets would dream that openings cut through street houses led by passages into these vile abominations, the courts being built round the back yards, the street houses being reduced by the passage cut off. To my mind it was and is absolutely astonishing

that owners of green fields, on which people were ready to build houses, refused either to lease or sell them for building purposes, although the rent they would receive would be twentyfold greater for streets of houses than for agricultural purposes.

"Of all the doctrines of devils none seems to me so earthly so sensual, so devilish, as that which teaches that a man can do just as he wills with his own, and live as best pleases himself in this present world."—BISHOP FRASER.

Some of the back slums of the town, but especially the courts, were almost always nests of fever, and to add to the evil pigs in large numbers and in some instances cows were kept in such places, the animals being in many cases passed into the backyards through the houses.

The exertions I made to reduce the mortality of the town led to my being requested by two parties in the Corporation to accept the post of Mayor of the town, though not living in it; and having accepted it, I was able to carry on the work for some years of partially cleansing the Augean stable. We have high and ancient authority for the statement, and experience proves, that habit becomes second nature, and that people who have been born and bred in filthy surroundings become so used to them that they look upon those who endeavour to improve their lot by pulling down and clearing away houses unfit for human habitation, and removing filthy surroundings as their enemies. I was actuated by a strong and ardent desire to lower the high mortality of the town, and to lead people into a higher and better life, a desire impossible of accomplishment within any short compass, and the difficulties of which I had hardly anticipated. The owners of small houses regarded me as a sort of emissary of the Evil One, and, like the followers of Diana of the Ephesians, felt that "their craft was in danger." Passing over the long and weary times I spent as a public scavenger—for that was really my occupation, although in politeness I was called "Mayor"—I endeavoured in vain to obtain larger powers from Government. There was a street in the district of the town called Smithfield, which ended in a *cul de sac*, with a wall across the upper end, behind

which was a slaughter-house, from which blood and filth of all sorts flowed through cracks into the street and down into the houses, which were not free from fever for three entire years. Armed with this strong argument, I applied to the proper department to put the Diseases Prevention Act into force; and my experience of the "how not to do it" of the public offices, so well described by Dickens, not being so great as it soon afterwards became, I was amazed to receive a reply that "I had not made out a sufficient case," and the fever was allowed to run its course. The task of Hercules, we are told, was made easy by diverting a great river which swept away the filth, but his humble imitator who is here recording his difficulties had no such assistance. Many owners of dwellings unfit for human habitation were members of the governing bodies of the town, and the task of reconciling public duty with private interests was Augean. A people so long used to unwholesome surroundings were most difficult to move, until nature resented the conditions of things, and an outbreak of cholera afforded me the aid which the river Alpheus or the Pineus gave to Hercules. My *grave* assistant had not been unforeseen by me, for many weeks before the cholera broke out in Carnarvon, I had bills posted all over the place pointing out its existence in Europe, and the necessity for cleanliness, warnings which were renewed on the appearance of the pestilence in England. It was a somewhat curious circumstance that one of the *early deaths* from this scourge was a man who, to the discredit of the parochial authorities, was, and had been for years, in receipt of parish relief. He was always well dressed, and was a high authority amongst the frequenters of taverns, and kept a pleasure boat. This unfortunate man was one day reading one of the notices calling upon all persons to avoid fostering filth, and informing all poor persons that lime would be given to them gratis, and brushes lent to them at the police office. Constituting himself a guardian of the public rates, which aided in keeping him in idleness, he pointed out to a sympathetic audience of idlers, what a waste it was to tax people for printing such nonsense, the effect of which was, he said, most injurious

to the town by deterring people from coming into it. A far geater deterrent was at hand, and a very brief space elapsed ere the enemy entered the ancient town and commenced the rapid slaughter which the greed and short-sighted policy of property-owners inside and outside of the town had prepared for the conqueror. The tongue of the poor man who had denounced my preparations for resistance, with that of so many others, was silent for ever, and nothing remained but to increase those precautions which the practice of greed and false economy had too long delayed. A Health Committee was at once elected, with daily sittings in the Guildhall every morning at nine o'clock, Sundays inclusive. I am afraid that I was considered a very strict chairman, for if any one was five minutes behind the hour of nine, he was decidedly reminded of it; and my dog-cart arrived a quarter of an hour before nine for consultation with the Surveyor and officials. Punctuality was highly necessary, as the scavengers had to be at their posts at ten o'clock to clear the courts of the human filth thrown out of the windows by that time; there being no "accommodation" the poor people had no other means of getting rid of it. At the hour named the floors of the courts were cleared, and were made white with lime and disinfectants. I have seen them as white as snow after the cleansing, and on visiting the same place at three or four o'clock in the afternoon they were dark with a mass of disgusting filth, so much so that I never entered this house (Parkia) after such visits without changing my shoes outside the door, and that after dipping them in the pond and rubbing them in the grass. "Dirty beasts" was the epithet applied to these poor degraded people by folks who heard for the first time of these courts and their inhabitants.

Were the poor wretches who occupied these places human beings? Were they considered to be so? If they were who was responsible for their being worse housed than if they were the beasts that perish? Emphatically I say *not* the poor people themselves. I ask again who was responsible? Churches and chapels abound; we sit in our comfortable pews, we return to bask in the sunshine of our

pleasant homes. My position was a most unenviable one; many friends or supposed friends blamed me for *wasting my time*, as they said, on a thankless public. The owners of small houses wished me to Jericho and regarded me as a dangerous foe, and the poor degraded victims of dirt could not quarrel with a state of things which being normal was regarded as reasonable. The Rev. J. C. Vincent, the Vicar of Carnarvon, and I visited all the haunts of filth on the breaking out of the disease, but the time had been allowed to pass by in which prevention was possible. Nobly he acted in attending the bedsides of the dying at all hours of the night—death-beds that were the result of neglect, selfishness, and filth. Few if any left this world without the consolation of Mr. Vincent's religious ministrations; and it would be sinful on my part to omit the noble behaviour of Mr. David Thomas, the brave and devoted relieving-officer.

I wrote to all owners of property adjoining the town, pointing out the evils of over-crowding, and the utter impossibility of abating them without land to build upon, and in some instances was not replied to with common courtesy. The suggestions I had long before made for obtaining a pure and sufficient water-supply and efficient drainage had been strongly opposed by members of the Corporation and others, but the cholera proved an efficient ally, and the order was made for both; but the immediate want of allaying the disease could not be met by operations requiring long periods to carry them out, and temporary measures were difficult. Dr. Seaton, the able inspector sent down by Government, dined with me at Parkia, and he assured me that he had *never in all his experience witnessed anything so bad as the undrained portions of the town, more especially the crowded courts, which were indescribably abominable sinks of disease.* I told him that I was perfectly at one with him on the subject of the fearful condition of the place, of which I had long before apprised the authorities in London, a subject on which he could not in the circumstances say much. He gave us full credit for what was being done, but very properly pointed out that

temporary measures were quite inadequate to do more than temporarily reduce the mortality from all causes, and that nothing but good water and drainage, and *an extension of the town with the destruction of the courts*, could prevent such outbreaks of cholera, fever, etc. This doctrine I had preached in vain, but coming from the public inspector it was listened to and acted upon with the very best results, so far as the water-supply and drainage were concerned. Lord Newborough and Mr. Bulkeley Hughes were the trustees of the Coedhelen estate, in which there was then a minority, and I pointed out to them the advantage to all parties that would arise from opening a very large field at Twthill for building. They readily agreed to lease it, and it was soon after covered with streets, and back lanes for the removal of refuse and taking in coals, etc. etc., to the great relief of the over-crowded slums; but this is anticipating, as it of course followed the cholera. "It goes without saying" that the value of the field was enormously enhanced; and yet it required this example to induce other owners to follow suit.

During the raid I made on places unfit for human occupation I received some letters of warning, one of which was rather amusing. The writer, who I had no doubt was an owner of small houses, wrote strongly, urging me not to interfere with the dwellings of the poor, and advising me on no account to be out after dark, as there were many who had suffered by my action who had determined to take my life. I had visited some houses a few days before, and given the owners fair warning that unless they were put into proper order in forty-eight hours it would be done and charged to him. He was no doubt afraid that a direct threat would betray him, so he laid the intention to the charge of the unfortunate victims of greed. A relation of this man, who was also a gross offender, actually drove up to Parkia one day and endeavoured in a way that highly amused me to prevent my interference by an indirect attempt at bribery. They were both very ignorant men, as may be imagined (though they were large owners of small houses), or they would have never adopted such silly methods. Neither I nor the

Inspector of Nuisances had any doubt as to the writer of the letter.

There were two houses in an out-of-the-way part of the town the only approach to which was a space of about ten feet between the ends of two houses, in an adjacent street. These houses were in an exceedingly dilapidated state and entirely concealed from the street, all portable things, including about half the slates of the roof and the doors, having been stolen; the police and Nuisance Inspector reported that they were nightly occupied by the very lowest class of prostitutes and others, and that as soon as the backs of the police were turned after ejecting them, they returned. I visited the place, and caused a wall ten feet high to be built across the narrow approach and to be completed in a day, which was done. The next morning it was reported as having been entirely pulled down in the night. As nobody could ascertain who owned the houses, I took the responsibility of ordering them to be pulled down, which was at once done, and from that day to this I never heard who were the owners. Had this nest of filth and wickedness been allowed to remain it would probably have become an additional cholera trap.

One court rejoiced in the unsavoury title of "*Court y baw iar*," the dirt of fowls, the over-crowding of human creatures being supplemented by quantities of hens. This vile place was in a sad state of filth, and the inmates of one house were amazed when I told them that they were paying more than £8 a year rent. The shocking place they occupied was let to them at 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, and it was some time before they realised the fact that fifty-two times 3*s.* 6*d.* came to more than £8 in a year. A poor wretch died in the house, which had a window opening to a lane. It was reported to me that a dog had rushed out of the place with his back covered with human filth, the poor animal having been under the bed of the cholera patient, and I therefore made a dead set at all dogs kept in such places, and ordered their destruction. It was an exceptional thing that a court had a window to a lane; and passing the place soon after the cholera death, I saw the feather-bed on which the patient had died actu-

ally exposed at the window to dry, and ordered it to be destroyed; feather beds in confined places like these, where there could not be sufficient space for them, must be unwholesome and most objectionable, and I remember wondering how they could have stowed it. I fear I was a dreadful invader of *the liberty of the subject* at this time, but it was some reward to find the *Lancet* recognising my humble exertions, and they gave special prominence in one of their articles in which they applauded a statement in a public speech that "*I would recognise no property in dirt.*" It is difficult to realise the extent to which the cholera would have continued its destruction if the most vigorous attacks on dirt had not been made, and it had to be borne in mind that to disturb the vast accumulations of filth which had accumulated in many places would have extended and increased the mortality; therefore it was decided to disinfect and cover them to the utmost with layers of lime and sand until better times. At one time it appeared to me that nothing short of tents or huts on the upper and dry ground of the Marsh (now the public park) would save the dwellers of courts and other vile places from destruction, and I proposed it to the Sanitary Committee, who were of the same opinion; but the vigorous use of lime and disinfectants, and the forcible closing of courts and other dens, prevailed over the disease. One great source of disease was the large number of swine kept in the town, which were forcibly expelled. I was told that an elderly man was living, or rather existing, in a court at the back of Mountain Street, on the south-west side, and that he had long been suffering from typhus or typhoid fever, I forget which. I went to the court, which was fortunately open to the south-west wind, and not shut out from sun and wind like almost all the rest; being to windward with a south-west gale blowing I ventured to open the door, and told the old man that I was sorry to hear he had been so long ailing, and the reply I got was that he was suffering very much, "and would have died long ago but for the smell of the pig!" The aforesaid animal was outside the house, and like myself to windward of the house and man.

The ruthless sanitary officers removed the pig, and the old man recovered, notwithstanding the deprivation of the scent. Daily evidence was afforded of the fact that poor uneducated people considered dirt and such odours as those of pigs to be exceedingly wholesome, and regarded sanitary action as a sad attack upon their rights. Thank God that the schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust cleanliness is one of the creeds that he teaches. It goes without saying that many of the owners of these dens of human degradation and destruction fostered this belief, and it would hardly be believed what curious attempts were made by some of them to divert the devil (as they regarded me) from his evil doings and undoings. The strong opposition to my proposals for an efficient water-supply and drainage which had preceded the cholera was closed by its ravages; it enabled me to carry the point, which, as I think I have already said, could not have been done without its aid.

> When the devil was ill, the devil a saint would be,
> But when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he;

and so it was with some members of the Corporation, who had opposed the water and drainage for two or three years prior to the cholera; their pluck failed when the hand of death was busy, and little was seen of them while the plague lasted; but as soon as the funk was over, it was again "the devil a saint was he," and the opposition was renewed; but it was too late. I had not been quite "so green" as to let the opportunity pass, and the poor man lived to realise that he was a considerable gainer by the fine supply of water that followed. The folly and forgetfulness of the ignorant and uneducated are certainly most difficult to deal with; one hundred people had, by death from cholera, paid the penalty of living amid filthy surroundings, but it was nothing to the general decay and death due to dirt which had been going on for years. The abolition of the filth had been met by an immense amount of opposition, which was for some time partially deadened by cholera mortality; but no sooner did the scourge cease than a combination of pig owners took place, and nearly the whole of the swine that had been forcibly

removed out of the town were brought back again. I at once directed that summonses should be taken out against the offenders; oddly enough, I had been spending Sunday in Anglesey, and travelled from Treborth Station in the train to Carnarvon, and on taking my seat in the Guildhall found it literally *crammed* with defendants and sympathisers, and I found that I had been travelling with the learned gentleman who had been imported for the defence, whose presence was made known by the usual polite bow in court. Amongst the witnesses called for one defendant was a member of the Corporation, whose replies were a decided relief to the monotony of the proceedings. The questions asked by the defendant's counsel were: "Mr. ——, I believe you are a member of the Corporation of Carnarvon?"

"I am, Sir."

"You reside, I believe, next door to the defendant, Mr. ——?"

"I do, Sir."

"I believe your bedroom window faces the yard in which Mr. —— keeps his pigs?"

"Yes, Sir, it does."

"Now, have you ever been annoyed by any smell from the pigs?"

"I never *heard* any smell." (Laughter.) "I—that is, I never saw any smell."

From the Bench: "You are positively certain that you never *heard* nor *saw* a smell?"

"No, Sir, I did not." (Loud laughter.)

The defendants were all convicted and fined to the full amount with costs. A case was applied for and peremptorily refused, and the pigs were again ejected.

The town was drained, and an excellent supply of water obtained. Can any reasonable man doubt that had these and the other precautions not been taken, many of those now alive, and many who lived for years after the cholera, would have paid the penalty of thus living in a filthy town, and would have joined the majority long before their time? Yet many of these people were loud in the abuse of one whose aim was their good.

Parkia is in another parish, and well away from the town and the haunts of cholera, but until incapacitated for a few days by a serious attack of English cholera I was at my post at the Guildhall every morning before nine o'clock. *It is a pity that no law can be devised by which the owners of filthy dwellings could be kept out of public bodies which are supposed and intended to be the guardians of the public health;* but so far is this from being possible, that those who recklessly build are reckless in their representations to ignorant men whose suffrages they obtain. It is to be hoped that with the spread of education people may be found to inquire into questions of this kind. A jerry builder or a jerry contractor with a voice in the management of a town is a curse to the locality. A man builds, or contracts to erect, perhaps a row of houses; the law very righteously says that he must drain; he is perhaps a member of the body which is to see to its being properly done, and often takes care to be on the Board (I know of many such cases); there may be a bit of rock or a large stone in the way of the drain, the ends of two pipes meet at the top of the stone or piece of rock, and the odour of perhaps hundreds of yards of drains comes up into the house through the aperture. "Oh," you will perhaps say, "but there is the Surveyor." My dear sir, the builder and perhaps the owner, is a member of the governing body, and as such the *master of the Surveyor*, and instances have not been rare in which the latter was neither a sober nor an independent person. Until the public is sufficiently educated and informed upon such matters, and *no man is elected upon public Boards who has an interest in risking the public health*, that cannot be assured. Take the town of Carnarvon, the upper portion of which is very high and far above sea level; let the sewers of a house half a mile above the sea have a drain with the ends of two pipes open as described, the odour of the drainage from half a mile of sewage has a vent in that house, where, if the vent exists, fever must generate, and soon spreads into the adjacent dwellings.

I recollect the time when the village of Bontnewydd, near Carnarvon, which ought to be as healthy a place as

can be found, was always subject to fever in a row of houses at the top of the hill; each house had a pig-stye at the back, the only drain from which was under the floor of the house, discharging into the open gutter in the road. The only cover of the drain of each house was the slate flag forming part of the floor, which was all slate. I was Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and being aware of the condition of these houses and the frequent fevers in them I availed myself of the provisions of an Act of Parliament, and the owners were compelled to make a drain behind down to the valley below, and so prevent the drain passing under the houses.

I trust the day is not far distant when the public will learn that men who are interested in avoiding the prevention of these things which are prejudicial to health may be excluded from public Boards. When I was a Guardian of the poor there were two notoriously drunken women, who begged from door to door, who each received 5*s*. a week parochial relief. These women derived a considerable revenue from begging for house-leavings, which they sold for pigs' meat, and spent in liquor. These were well backed by relations who were Guardians. I once knew a case where Lord Newborough and other magistrates sitting with him most properly fined a well-to-do man for not maintaining his parents, with a term of imprisonment in default. Yet that man was in later years elected a Guardian of the poor.

Such cases as these, by which the public so largely suffer, might advantageously be explained to the unwary, who by their votes afford the opportunity for indirect plunder. When I was Chairman of the Guardians a most serious charge of iniquitous plunder was brought against a parochial officer by a poor widow belonging to a distant parish, whose allowance was paid to the relieving-officer where she lived. I suggested that a day should be appointed to hear evidence and examine into the charges. A Guardian at once came to the rescue and objected "that the character of a respectable man should be taken away by a pauper." I replied that it was our business to protect paupers as well as others, and that if innocent of the charge no one was so much

interested in having an investigation as the person against whom the allegation was made, and that if I was the only Guardian to do it I would hold an inquiry. I named a day when I would attend at the workhouse. In the meantime on my return home one day from Liverpool, I was informed by my housekeeper at Parkia that a man had sent me a present of four woodcocks. I asked who they came from, and it turned out to be the parochial officer in question, upon which I at once sent a man over to this man's parish with the game, and a note to say that if he dared to send me any present again I would report him to the Poor Law Board. The inquiry was held, and I had no moral doubt that evidence was withheld, and had to acquit the man of the charge. Some of the Guardians (who, for reasons I could quite understand would not attend the inquiry) privately expressed to me their belief in the guilt of the accused, saying, "*nid hwn yn unig.*" * I am not casting blame upon people who make bad selections; in the then, and I fear now, state of things it is not easy for people to avoid mistakes in the selection of persons to serve on public bodies, or for them to select the best men to carry out the work; but I earnestly hope that if party spirit does not cause the downfall of Great Britain, a system of education better adapted to enlighten the understanding of the people may lead to better selections. I am no believer in selecting men simply because they have broad acres or much money; but I am a firm believer, and experience of all sorts of public offices has convinced me, that a man of some recognised status, who has a character and a position to lose, and has sufficient education to enable him to discount facts and construe acts, is a far safer guide than the interested person who has nothing to lose, but too *often something to gain*, by taking office.

I venture to submit the case of a Board of Guardians in Denbighshire, which has for very many years been presided over by Mr. Boscawen, one of the very ablest and best Chairmen in the Kingdom, as results in that part show. So far as I can remember I never saw him but on two occa-

* "And not the only offence."

sions, both at Poor Law Conferences, and those many years ago, and therefore I am unbiased; but I have no doubt that if such men occupied the chair all over the kingdom, the paupers would be infinitely fewer and far better cared for, the rates correspondingly smaller, and the pauper population gradually reduced.

Returning to the cleansing of the Augean stable, amongst the many schemes which I was anxious to carry out, if the impatience of small minds had left it possible, was the development of the beautiful sites around Carnarvon. I remember it when a considerable number of good Irish and English families lived in and around it. There was a pitiful jealousy in those days amongst some of the minor gentry, whose ignorance and silly pride led them sadly astray, and their narrow prejudices prevented that cordiality and association which makes a place pleasant to reside in. Many of the old officers who had fought at Waterloo were amongst the number. It may be said, what has this to do with the cleaning of the Augean stable? I reply much, very much. The majestic Castle was surrounded with nuisances. The manure of a hotel was enclosed on one side of the King's gate and a coalyard on the other, resting on the slated moat. The once pretty valley of the Carnart was built on both sides, with wretched houses, on sites admirably adapted for gentlemen's houses, with hanging gardens that might have led to fine parks by damming the brook. The sea formerly flowed in to the Guildhall from the north, and, as shown in old prints the Promenade still existing from the Eagle Tower of the Castle to St. Mary's Church formerly reached round to the Guildhall, washed by the sea in a pretty bay. Instead of dredging out this bay and the second bay to the gasworks and further up if required by trade, men on the Harbour Trust, as ignorant of tidal matters as I am of surgery, meddled and muddled with what it is ruinous to entrust to any but skilled hands, and they projected a thousand feet of walling across the tide, diverting both flow and ebb from their proper course, under the foolish and ignorant notion that a violation of nature's laws would give them a deep-water pier. The money this abominable measure cost would have

dredged out the two estuaries of the Seiont and the other river, and ships would have been sheltered from all winds, and the nuisance of the sandbank opposite the Promenade avoided. Between fifty and sixty years ago a valuable committee, under the chairmanship of Admiral Bowles, sat; and had the evidence given been acted upon the bulk of the harbours would have been rescued from the hands of men who, while able to manage their own businesses, were as ignorant of tidal matters as an equal number of cattle; and Carnarvon, like many others, was ruined, as Mr. Telford said it would be, when he saw the commencement of the great wall they called a pier. I cut a large piece off it, and would have cut sixty feet more but for sinister and dishonest interference.

The perfect shelter that the two estuaries would have afforded to vessels would have largely encouraged trade, enticed numerous yachts, and been excellent sanitary agents. The vastness and grandeur of the Castle, the wood, and river down along the Seiont, and the beautiful views above it, of the Castle, the mountains, and Carnarvon, where Highseiont, occupied by Mr. Darbyshire, stands, shows what possibilities there were. That a proper use of the possibilities of the place would have enormously increased the value of Carnarvon and its outskirts cannot be doubted by any one who has well considered the subject.

There were three individuals, who, after a time, sympathised with my humble exertions to make the place what it ought to be, viz., Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, Lord Newborough, and Colonel Williams of Craigydon, and they recognised the folly of opposing public improvement; but the public scavenger was unable to stem the tide of ignorant opposition, and had to lay down his broom before he had done sweeping.

A narrow gauge railway from Gaerwen Voel, and across the sand on a pile pier, which Lord Clarence Paget heartily joined the scavenger in promoting, serving as it would to deaden and gradually close the injurious back channel on the Anglesey side, and thereby enormously increase the water and scour of the proper channel, was treated with

indifference. The pier would have saved passengers from having to go round for miles, at low water would have formed an admirable promenade, the steam ferry-boat would have occupied about five minutes in crossing, and passengers for all parts of Anglesey would have entered covered carriages direct from the steamer. Of course, men who have never had experience of dealing with tides and coast-lines knew far more about such questions than all the admirals, naval engineers, and others who have viewed the shoals from this house, commanding a fine view of them and the bar.

The late Lord Newborough spoke and with bitter scorn of the opposition offered to proposed public improvements when the scavenger laid down his broom, and was commanded by the Queen to appear at Windsor in December, 1870, to receive the honour of knighthood for raising men for the Navy, and various other sins he had committed; and he received the following letters from Lord Newborough:

"GLYN, *Dec.* 17, 1870.

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I am glad to find that your accumulating honours do not prevent your bestowing a thought upon the Castle and its neighbour the County Hall. . . . I hear that more honours are awaiting your arrival at home, and that, like Belisarius and Agricola and many other historical gentlemen, it would now appear that the turbid element over which you presided so successfully for so long begins, now that you are gone, to discover their loss.

"Very truly yours,

"NEWBOROUGH."

On the 24th his lordship writes:

"DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—Enclosed I send a cheque for my subscription, and hear the tower is nearly roofed in. I am going to London on Tuesday or should have been glad to have witnessed the repentance of sins committed, and the turning from their evil ways of the Corporation, on Thursday. The ovation would have come with a better

grace if it had been on the day of your retirement from office, instead of waiting for honours to be showered upon you from other quarters; still, 'better late than never,' and I wish you many a long day to enjoy them.

"Truly yours,

"NEWBOROUGH."

The enormous increase of trade that would arise from the formation of a narrow gauge railway from Gaerwen in Anglesey and a pier across the sand, thus uniting all Anglesey with Carnarvon and gradually closing an injurious channel, were unworthy the consideration of those whom it would benefit; but since that time the discovery has been made that a bridge leading from nowhere to nothing and preventing the possibility of large steamers ever going up to the foundry, where so many were formerly supplied with engines the manufacture of which gave employment to a large body of men, is in every respect more useful than a connection with *all Anglesey* would now have been, and the gradual extinction of a second channel.

The advantage of the opinions of the many scientific officers who have discussed these subjects with me from so commanding a platform as the front of Parkia is not to be compared with that of Trustees innocent of all nautical knowledge. So satisfied was Mr. Richards, a retired engineer, who was resident in Carnarvon, with the value of the scheme that he surveyed the line from Gaerwen to the ferry without charging the poor scavenger a farthing.

CHAPTER IX

YACHTING REMINISCENCES

Owner must be independent of master—Value of early seafaring training—Sir Llewelyn's first boat the *Nautilus*—Her iron cut-water severs a hawser—"Dick the Devil" and "Will Summerhouse"—The *Gleam*—Early regattas—The germ of the R.W.Y.C.—Harwich Regatta, 1846—Mr. Parker Smith—Bad harbour management—Deep channel diverted—A race won cleverly——Selecting courses—Convivial affray at the "Three Cups"—Rough customers—Yarmouth—*Ino*, *Prima Donna*, and *Seiont*—Their peculiarities—A practical joke abandoned—Yarmouth in mourning—The *Circe*—"Man overboard"—A narrow escape—Nearly wrecked—General Turner Jones overboard—Smart handling—Foundation of the R.W.Y.C.—Commodore the Marquis of Anglesey—Vice-Commodore Robert Stephenson—Rear Commodore Llewelyn Turner—Commodore Assheton Smith—The regatta balls—Colonel Williams as Vice-Commodore—Lord Penrhyn as Commodore—The late Lord Anglesey—Sir Llewelyn's modesty—Sausage breakfasts—Commodores Grindrod, Graves, and Littledale—Littledale no pothunter—The *Queen of the Ocean*—A bad racing course—Unscrupulous masters and racing—"Win, tie, or wrangle"—Ladies in peril—Ungrateful wretches—Banquet at Poulton—A delayed landing and too warm a welcome—An obstinate master—Imprisoned by wasps—Merry visitors from the *Ariel*—Colonel Birchall of the *Vision*—Her successes—A banquet at Preston and a duel averted—Mr. Trevor Roper—The *Wyvern*—Neaped at Carnarvon—Colonel Piers Williams—The *Hussar*—Best as schooner—Sir Harry and Lady Oglander—Accident to Lady Oglander—A foot lost through carelessness—Llanddwyn pilots wrongly accused—Wreck of the *Hornby*—Letter from Colonel Williams—Mr. French—A deaf and dumb yachtsman—Colonel Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart., C.B.—The fighting Hamiltons—The *Hermione* and Miss Hermione Hamilton—Commodore Sir David Gamble—The *North Star*—Sir David's yachts—Mr. Stopford—Mr. Darcus of the *Viola*—Mr. Poole of the *Mervinia*—Sir Llewelyn's eyesight saves a catastrophe

—Mr. Williamson Tilley—The *Ranger* beats the *Daring* by time allowance—The *Surprise*—The *Cecilia*—*Extravaganza* beats *Marian*—Commodore Brideson—Jokes on the *Nimrod* —Mr. Leader—Mr. Grinnell.

THERE is no better plan of learning any business than commencing with the A B C of the matter, and the man who is used from his boyhood to boats, and even earlier to sailing little model craft, has a great advantage over others. Many a man with no previous experience purchases a yacht, and becomes at once the slave of the captain. Ludicrous beyond measure has been the lot of many an owner of a fine craft who is no more " monarch of all he surveys " in his yacht, and can no more go and come when he pleases, than the child in its nurse's arms. " Captain, we will go to Weymouth to-day," says one of the uninitiated. " Impossible, Sir, it is blowing great guns down there, and heaven knows when we could get back if we attempted it." The grossly libelled weather is in no sense responsible for the loss of a pleasant trip, prevented by the axe-grinding business which the master preferred attending to for himself.

I have sometimes seen men who would not be fooled in matters they understood, become mere catspaws in the hands of lazy and selfish skippers, who took advantage of their employers' ignorance of seafaring matters.

Thousands of pounds are sometimes expended on purchasing a yacht which is a source of misery to its owner, who is often a mere slave. I found there was nothing better than this early training. Before I was six years old I had tumbled out of a boat and had a narrow escape of drowning, the same year that I had previously been blown up and cut up by the bursting of a copper powder flask, losing all my hair and being stone blind for more than a fortnight. It seems strange that a boy who suffered frequently from sea sickness should be so fond of the sea—but it was the lot of a greater, no less a person than the immortal Nelson being a martyr to it.

Afterwards my being supposed to study under a scion of nobility who took pupils and kept a pleasure boat gave me

an additional love of the sea and everything connected with it; and if, as I admit, I got but a meagre share of learning then from books, I was admitted to be his best hand at steering, rowing, and general handling of a boat.

After I left school my father gave me a remarkably fine boat called the *Nautilus*, built at Bangor by Mr. John Hughes, pilot, one of the most respectable men of his calling on the Menai Straits. He had a peculiar arrangement before he sold the boat to Lieutenant Boultby, R.N., of Carnarvon, from whom my father bought her, but the appendage I allude to I never saw. It was a sharp arrangement of iron, which could be fastened in the bow, cutting the water much finer than the boat's stem. John Hughes told me that he was once sailing in the *Nautilus* at Bangor, and a vessel at anchor a little way from the land to which the vessel had a warp; the wind was off the shore and the *Nautilus* was passing rapidly between the vessel and shore, and as he was approaching he called out to the captain of the craft requesting him kindly to slack down the warp for a minute. The master of the vessel sung out that he would see him d——d first; Hughes then held his course, and the sharp iron projection severed the warp, and the boat was soon out of reach of the captain's oaths. This is one of the many proofs that one loses nothing by a little civility, which would have saved the hawser without loss to the vessel.

I had several fast open sailing-boats in succession. A man I had of the name of Harry Hughes could steer the *Nautilus* by standing in the stern sheets and slightly inclining his body forward or aft. He was the handiest boatman I knew. He had ballasted the boat so correctly that her way was hardly even stopped by the usual shifts of the helm which he thus evaded.

I suppose all mankind make the acquaintance of the devil in one form or other, and in very early life I made his acquaintance on the sea. "Dick the Devil," so far from being as bad as the devil is painted, was a hard-working decent pilot and fisherman. He was not, it is true, averse to a glass of rum, and if it was occasionally

in the plural number, and made a rum fellow of him, he did no harm to any one else. Dick was a pilot for Carnarvon bar; some of them are stationed at Llanddwyn outside the bar, and some at Carnarvon, the former to take vessels in, and the latter to pilot them out. Two especial friends of mine in early seagoing life were "Dick the Devil" and Will Summerhouse, and I have nothing but good words to write of them both, so far as my experience went.

As my readers will perceive they were both titled personages. Experience tells us that titles are too often awarded without being won by good service. The former owed his title to meeting the Bishop of Bangor (Majendie) on a day when he (Dick, not the Bishop) had too much rum aboard, and insisting on shaking hands, was told that the gentleman was the Bishop of Bangor, upon which Dick, instigated by the devil in the form of rum, replied to the information, "Well, I am the Devil of Carnarvon." The other pilot of whom I have spoken owed his title to his birth in a summer-house, which still exists as a small narrow brick house in Pool Street, but stood originally alone in what was then a garden. It is recorded of the two pilots that his satanic majesty once boarded a ship in the bay, and on his return to the boat was asked by his brother pilots if he had had any rum, and when he answered in the affirmative, Will said, "For mercy sake, give me a kiss," another way of saying how he would have then liked the liquor had it been his lot to board the vessel. Will Summerhouse had the misfortune to have had his nasal organ knocked inwards by the boom of a sloop, which interfered with the melody of his voice; but Will notwithstanding the defect was a hearty, pleasant, good fellow, an excellent sailor and pilot, a capital shot and a good all-round sportsman. I was often and often as boy and man out sailing and boating with him, and I do not hesitate to say that I knew and respected plenty of good and able fellows in the humbler ranks of life, and these were two of them.

My friend Summerhouse had some peculiar notions as to the life- and courage-giving properties of grog. Like the present recorder of the man, he had a profound respect for Nelson and Wellington; and one day when out sailing with

me, alluding to the two warriors, he said, "I am sure them two great fellows must have taken a stiff glass of brandy before they fought those big battles;" and great was his surprise when I told him that they were both singularly temperate men, Lord Nelson when he dined out taking one glass of wine at dinner and one after to drink the King's health, and that he was for two years afloat without tasting any, and that the Duke of Wellington was also most temperate and was a great tea-drinker.

The first whole-decked craft I had was a small yawl yacht called *The Gleam*, which I sold to, and purchased back from, an Irish relative. Many delightful cruises I had in her with numerous now long departed friends. I once had a narrow escape of losing her. She had an iron tiller with a round turn to clear the mizen mast; and on a lovely day with a charming gentle breeze we were going at about eight knots an hour along the coast of Llanddwyn by the small tower when, where the water is deep close to the rocks, the tiller broke at the turn. I at once gave the orders, "Let go the mizen and main sheets, haul the jib and foresheets to windward, get a pole out forward to stave her off the rocks;" and we just managed to save her, there being, luckily, plenty of people on board. Poor *Gleam!* I sold her to a gentleman, and she was soon after wrecked on the Cheshire coast, becoming a total loss. Shortly before this period we had some rowing matches with foar-oared boats not of the racing kind; and after some quiet matches, I had the cheek to send circulars to various people for funds, and we got up a small regatta which soon developed into a very large affair, first of one day, and then two days, with a fifty-guinea cup for the first prize of each day. We soon had racers from Dublin, Cork, the north of Ireland, Liverpool, and many other parts, and the fame of these regattas became great. I was the sailing steward, and managed that department, and at the Harwich Regatta, an account of which follows with numerous curious incidents, my friend, Mr. Knight, the Rear-Commodore of that club, who was a London barrister, suggested to me to establish here a Royal Welsh Yacht Club, by applying for the Admiralty warrant and

Royal patronage, I obtained the Admiralty's warrant and the patronage of her Majesty Queen Adelaide, the Queen Dowager of King William IV., as we were able to show how large our regattas had become.

THE HARWICH REGATTA OF 1846.

My friend the late Mr. Wynn Roberts, of London, the owner of a fast racing yacht, *The Ranger*, being seriously ill, asked me and another friend of his, Michael Parker Smith, a young barrister of Lincoln's Inn, the descendant of a former Irish Judge of that name, to sail his vessel at the Regattas of Harwich and Yarmouth, at each of which she took a cup. We joined the yacht at Gravesend late in the evening, and at once set sail for Harwich, where we arrived next morning after a rapid run. A more agreeable and satisfactory companion than Smith I could not have desired, and we both agreed that we felt as if we had known each other for years. Soon after our arrival we took up our quarters at the Three Cups Hotel, as the cabin would be required for the spare top-sails and jibs to be ready for shifting canvas in the race.

There was a fine display of racing yachts and others whose owners came to enjoy the sport. Several of them had come over from the Ostend Regatta, one of them bringing an enormous silver cup, by far the largest I ever saw in the numerous regattas in which I was a participator. Most of the yachts' cabins were given up for the sails to be ready for shifting, and the Three Cups Hotel was crammed with yachtsmen. Taking it all together, it was one of the pleasantest yachting proceedings I ever enjoyed. Like too many harbours on our coast, Harwich had been a terrible sufferer by the lamentable interference with tidal laws by men entirely ignorant of the science, and interested workers. The harbour is, or rather was, entered in a straight line, and then diverges inside up the bed of the River Stour to the left, and to the right of that river the tide ascends the River Orwell to Ipswich. Above the right bank of the Orwell is the residence of the man whose memory every lover of his

country should adore—*Philip Bowes Vere Broke*—the gallant captain of the *Shannon*, who, in less than fifteen minutes captured by boarding a frigate of superior force. There were on the Orwell two schooner yachts belonging to Sir Hyde Parker, whose ancestor commanded the *Tenedos* frigate which was sent away by Broke that he might fight the *Chesapeake* on equal terms.

Dredging for personal gain was permitted to the westward outside the harbour, with the result that the deep-water channel was diverted no less than 2000 feet from the east to the west side, a large sandbank forming on the east side below Landguard Fort, and a corresponding destruction of Beacon's Cliff ensued on the opposite side. Four yachts in our class started from a point on the harbour between the town and Walton Marsh. We had a soldier's wind (side). A brand new yacht, the name of which I forget, was on our weather side, and the two others to leeward; and we three leeward-most vessels headed rather towards the projecting bank before Landguard Point the weathermost yacht pressing us to leeward as much as possible; I kept my eye most of the time on the weather yacht, the master of which kept his eye on us, taking advantage of every opportunity of pressing us to leeward. So near was he that I could see his eyes most distinctly, but he outwitted himself. as he got the whole four yachts so far to leeward that unless we could cross the bank a tack would be inevitable.

I asked the pilot if we could venture to cross the bank, the limits of which were plainly seen by the broken water. "If you don't mind two or three bumps I will guarantee her crossing," and Smith agreeing to my proposal, I said, "We are an iron vessel, let her go." We passed safely over with about three bumps, and our weather companion having gone too far to leeward in pressing us down, and drawing more water, had to tack. The two others to leeward funked the bank, and tacked also; we were then safe out of the harbour into the "rolling ground" outside, and spanking before a very strong wind towards the Cork lightships some miles dead to leeward. My plan of crossing the bank, which we were not prohibited from doing, gave us an enormous

advantage, as in tacking with a side wind the three yachts had a smooth dead beat to get to windward of the bank. When we rounded the Cork lightships the other three were, I fancy, about a mile or more astern of us. We had then to beat up to windward, passed the mouth of Harwich Harbour, and up to a flag-vessel under the lee of Walton-on-the-Naze, a long low promontory which gave us the full force of the wind, but lessened what would have been, I fancy, too heavy a sea for us. When we had got about half a mile to windward of the Cork lightships, some one called out "Look at the ——" (name forgotten). And there, far astern of us, was our weathermost competitor (at starting) dismasted, with the water rolling in and out of her scuppers. The lower mast had broken about ten or twelve feet above the decks, as far as we could judge, and we had the satisfaction of seeing her taken in tow of a large sailing-yacht that was not racing. In a few minutes we saw another of our competitors in the same state, her lower mast having gone apparently about the same distance from the deck. This left us with only one to compete with, the dead beat up against a very strong breeze, but, as stated, the sea was mitigated by the Walton projection, and the more so as we approached it. We rounded that mark, and after a long run before the wind round the flagship in the harbour whence we had started, and as our single competitor was good four miles astern, the Rear Commordore hailed that he would not trouble us any further, and he stopped the race; the course was twice round, with power to shorten, which we were glad was done. I was less surprised to see the first yacht dismantled, as, being a new vessel, her rigging probably stretched, and left the strain of the sails upon the mast, but in the other case it was rather odd. I have been at vast numbers of regattas and have seen many topmasts carried away in races, and in one case a lower mast *head* with the topmast, but two lower masts out of four in a class was a unique experience. The four topmasts I saw carried away at one regatta many years after were in gibeing.

MORAL FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANAGERS OF REGATTAS.

Try to avoid giving a course requiring gibeing. I managed sailing-matches for very many years, and generally was able to avoid it. I was pressed to give the courses the night before, but always refused, avoiding it until close on the time of starting. Ascertain the state of the bearing and weather probabilities, and then, having the courses filled up by several hands, send them aboard the respective yachts. Of course, a change of wind might spoil your calculations, but in summer changes are much more often in light than stormy weather, and a gibe in light weather is harmless, while in strong breezes it may be (as in these cases) most injurious, as all the canvas that the vessel will bear is used in racing.

THE BATTLE OF HARWICH.

There was a fine show of yachts at Harwich at this time, and there was a great assemblage of yachtsmen in the prime of life, many, like myself, young fellows of about twenty-three. As there was time before the next port we were to visit, Yarmouth, we had an idle day at Harwich, and, as Dr. Watts says, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." As the yachts' cabins had the sails, etc., in them ready for changing jibs, topsails, etc., we were almost all living ashore at the Three Cups Hotel, and there this memorable battle was fought under these circumstances. My pleasant companion, Michael Parker Smith, and I went for a long walk up country, and on our return were met in front of the hotel by some of our brother yachtsmen, who said they had been in search of us to see if we would join and make a party of eleven, and they had ordered dinner for that number, calculating that we would join, which we gladly did. Another lot of nine had just sat down to dinner in an adjoining room, and the windows of both rooms, which were upstairs, looked over a lower part of the hotel, so that any one going out of the window of one room could go along the roof of the lower building to the window of the

other room. It was somewhat curious that not only were we numerically superior, but we were all the biggest men. While we were at dinner, one of the nine going out of their window crept under ours, and threw a squib right along our table. He was a man with a curious head of hair, and was known amongst us as "Old Frizzlewig," *alias* "Door-mat." Frizzlewig beat a retreat after delivering his shot, two of us lay in wait for him on each side of our window, and while he was launching another squib we got hold of him; a detachment of the other army got out on the lower roof, and it was soon a case of "pull devil, pull baker." We had his upper half inside the room, and his party the lower end outside. As the other side were being reinforced, the cry on our side was, "Shut the window," the result being that to avoid the guillotining of poor Frizzlewig in the centre, the other side had to let go his legs. We took him prisoner, and fastened the window, and the other army going back through their room came to the rescue through our door. Then arose the din of this memorable engagement, recorded in humorous lines soon after, but now lost by me. My chum Smith was very neatly dressed, so much so that I had a light suit made afterwards like it for myself. When the battle commenced the puddings and pies were on the table. The blood was apparently pouring down the neat shirt front, pretty waistcoat and white trousers with the blue stripes of Smith, the ball with which he was struck in the chest and which caused the scarlet overflow being nothing less in size than a thirty-two pounder. This ball had a minute before graced the head of our table in the form of a fine red-currant pudding, which one of the attacking force had seized with both hands, and hurled into Smith's bosom, and the red-currant juice gave Smith the bloody look that crimsoned his attire. In a few minutes the crockeryware and glass had all left the table for the floor, or been smashed, excepting one big jug. Not to harrow the minds of the readers by a further account of so sanguinary an engagement, I conclude by saying that the mortality was *nil*, and the whole of the enemy had to surrender, the eleven being too much for the nine. Our principal prisoner was Rear-Commodore Knight, who was

not very big, one of the smallest of his army. We treated our captives with all consideration and humanity, and did not hang any of them. We then rang the bell for the landlord, and told him to estimate the damage, and as luckily the crockery, etc., was not of a costly kind, the whole cost of this great battle only came to 3*s.* 8*d.* or 3*s.* 10*d.* per head. As far as I saw, the whole thing was conducted with the greatest good humour, and I heard not a cross word; but my friend Smith told me afterwards, when I spoke of everybody's good humour, that he and a namesake of his very nearly got to blows. Those were days when rough jokes were practised more, I fancy, than now. Every one of us had squibs and crackers *ad lib.*; but a better-humoured lot I never met, the great battle notwithstanding.

AFTER THE RACING

the yachtsmen all dined pleasantly together at the Three Cups, after a hard day's racing, and some one said there was

A BALL

to which we could go, and off we went, finding to our amazement that we had got into a low-class place, where there were a lot of most disreputable men and women, and on our attempting to beat a retreat we found the door we had entered by was barricaded. We then burst open another, and going down stairs found the bottom of that barricaded. Sir Richard Marion Wilson, Bart., who was with his yacht at Harwich, but not racing, vaulted over the banisters into the middle of a lot of fellows who vowed we should not go out without paying our footing as they called it. I immediately vaulted over, and stood by Sir Richard Wilson, and was followed by the adjutant of the Flintshire Militia. Sir R. Wilson ordered the ruffians to open the door, saying, "Any man who touches me will have reason to repent it." There was little room for reinforcements from our side as the place we had jumped into was small, but as there were a lot more yachtsmen on the stairs, the bargees showed some

desire for a compromise, and said if we would order some liquor the door should be opened. Sir R. Wilson said, "Not one drop of anything will we give you, or do anything else, excepting on our own torms. Bring a flat wash tub, if there is one at hand," and they at once found a large shallow wooden one, the place being, it seems, used for washing. He then told them to bring him a gallon of beer, which they quickly did. "Now," he said, "pour it into the tub." He paid for the ale, and the door was opened, and he said, "Now let the pigs drink;" and while they were all struggling for the liquor we all walked into the street, having been completely sold by whoever gave out that there was a ball. I never was in such another blackguard assembly in my life.

Sir Richard Wilson had a massive diamond ring on his little finger, and he told me afterwards that loth as he would have been to use such a weapon in ordinary circumstances, it should have left its mark on some ruffian's head if we had been driven to extremities to fight our way out, and he looked like a man who would not be cowed by any one. About forty years after the event his daughter was at Parkia and much interested in my recital of the event. I never exactly understood how the enticement to such an infernal region came about. I fear in like circumstances I should hardly be as formidable an opponent in this year of grace 1903 as I might have proved in 1846.

TO YARMOUTH.

We sailed from Harwich to Yarmouth in company with two of the fastest 25-tonners afloat, viz., the *Ino*, and the *Prima Donna;* the third, the *Seiont*, though she went to Yarmouth, did not sail in our company. I have seen every one of the three beat the others at East Coast regattas, and I fancy yachting men will appreciate the following curious statement.

The *Seiont* and *Ino* were singularly well matched in beating to windward, and up to the turning-point of a race they were always close together, but the *Seiont* had an ugly trick in

running before a strong breeze of cocking up her stern, and the *Ino* would pass and leave her far behind in a long run.

The *Prima Donna* was not nearly equal on the wind to either of the two others, but if (which is not often the case) she had a long run without being close-hauled she beat both, and thus I saw each of the three successful over the others.

Our trip from Harwich to Yarmouth was delightful; the land is so low that farm-carts in the fields looked as if we were higher than they, the gentle wind was on the land, and the sea was as smooth as a pond with only the gentlest ripple. We laid a plot to seize the *Ino* and navigate her into Yarmouth, we being the largest party; and we thought if we could get aboard when they were at lunch, and the bulk of the crew at dinner, we could do it. The wind fell to a dead calm two or three times; but luckily for us—as will be seen—before we could get our boat ready to board a gentle breeze arose, and we were all soon doing seven or eight knots. I often think our beating up the narrow entrance of the river at Yarmouth at low water against a dead head wind was a masterpiece in sailing, the space being exceedingly confined to tack in. All the yachtsmen had agreed at Harwich to dine together at the Star Hotel at Yarmouth, where dinner had been ordered by letter beforehand, and a most pleasant evening we had. Now my readers will learn why it was lucky for us that we could not board the *Ino*. I told them at dinner of our piratical design at sea that day, and they soon had the laugh against us: they had a powerful machine for wetting the sails at regattas, that would send water up to the topsail; and the owner said, "Do you think after the experience we had of you fellows at Harwich that we would have let a lot of you aboard of us? We had a careful watch kept upon you, and whenever you were seen to be getting a boat ready the machine was ready for you, and we would have filled your boat with water in a short time." What a pickle we should have been in! We were again successful at Yarmouth, coming in first and winning a cup.

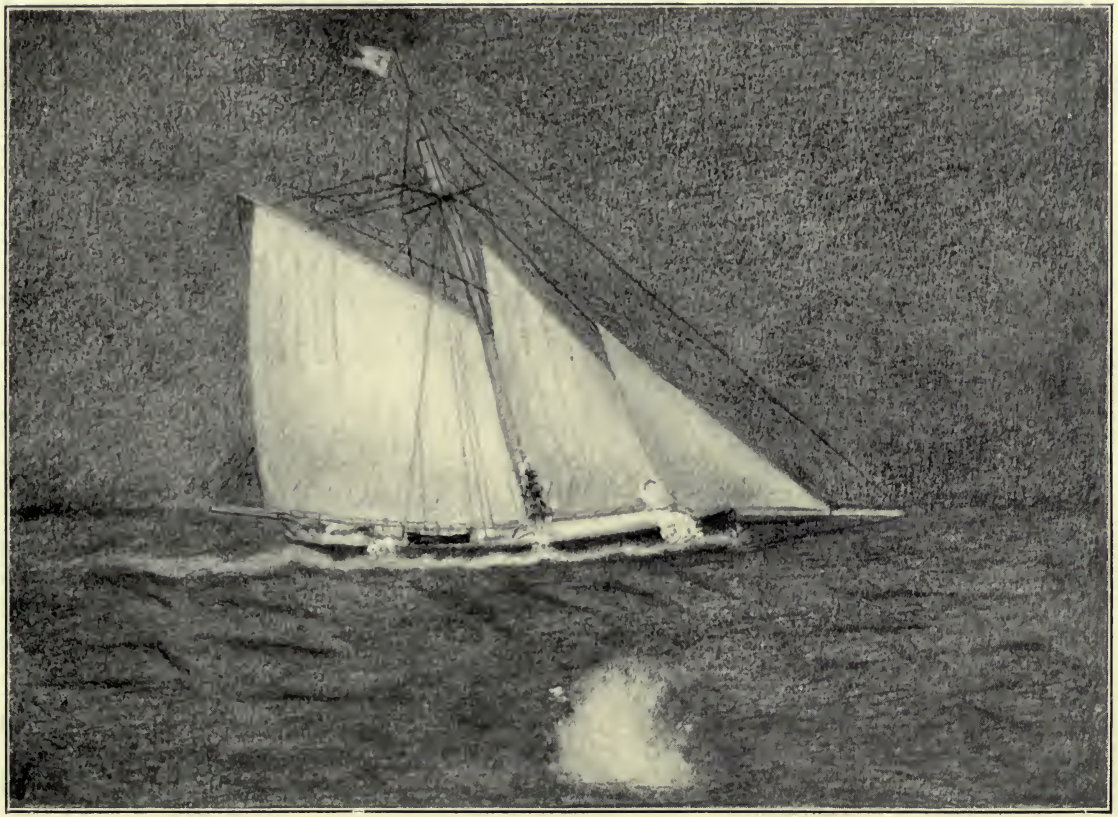
It was painful to wi ness the large number of people in deep mourning at this curious old town, with its quaint narrow lanes the names of which I forget ("wynds," I think). The

cause of all this mourning was a most extraordinary one. A short time previous to our advent some large travelling show had visited the town, and the clown gave out that at a particular hour on a day named he would go down the River Yare (a fresh-water river running from Norwich) in a tub drawn by two geese. A very large concourse of people assembled on both banks of the river, which is very narrow, and was spanned by a light iron suspension bridge. I do not think that the river is any wider than the Seiont at Carnarvon, or the Ogwen near Bangor, but it is deeper. The bridge collapsed, and more than seventy lives were lost. I looked at the place in absolute amazement, and wondered had anything like a tithe of the loss have taken place, one lot must have suffocated the others. There is a monument to the glorious Nelson at Yarmouth 144 feet high, and I was gratified to find the honour in which he was held in his native county.

MAN OVERBOARD.

I had for many years a small cutter yacht, called the *Circe*, in which I and many friends had much enjoyment. She was an admirable "sea-boat," and proved so in many a rough sea, notably in the Irish Channel off St. David's Head, as I think is somewhere else recorded.

On one occasion in going to Llanddwyn with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, all about the deck, when in stays near the Perch Beacon, Dr. Morgan (late Royal Artillery) stood up and was knocked overboard by the boom. He fell feet downwards. I was at the helm, and at once ported the helm; we were in the act of turning from the starboard to the port tack; there was a fine breeze, and the hard-a-port helm brought the top of the bulwarks level with the water, and the doctor was able to grasp them, and I got a grab of his collar, and we soon had him aboard. There was a four-oar gig towing astern, which would have given him a slight chance; but he had a narrow escape, as there was a fresh breeze.



"DOWN HELM, 'BOUT SHIP, EASE OFF JIB SHEETS"

The Commodore on the look-out spots the rocks (A)

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

One night when bound for Holyhead, we found the north-east gale off the South Head too much for us, and put back, intending to anchor for the night in Llanddwyn Bay, as the wind was over the land. I had been at the helm a long while, the master looking out forward. I changed places with him, and stood on the winch forward of the mast, with a rope's end round my body to steady me; we were on the look-out for the land on our weather quarter, and had advanced further than we thought. I chanced to look seaward, and to my horror I saw the foam of a sea breaking outside of us. I roared out, "Down helm, 'bout ship;" the order was at once obeyed, and being a very handy craft the yacht was on the other tack with her head exactly the reverse way of what we had been going; we had got too near the Anglesey shore, along which we had been sailing, but the weather was so thick that we could not see it, and had got *inside* the half-tide rock off Aberfraw, which is covered at high water, which it then was. It is an enormous flat rock with a passage through the centre, with deep water through it. I once sounded all through it at *low* water, which could not be done at high water without fearful risk, as the channel would not be discernible.

MAN OVERBOARD.

My nephew, General Turner Jones, being on furlough from India many years ago, purchased a cutter of about 15 tons, and fell overboard as we were going into the bite at Belan, having got her head to wind to anchor, and the jib not lowered.

I was at the helm, one of the two men was stupid from drink, and the other was as deaf as a post (a temporary hand come instead of a regular hand who was said to be ill). It was most fortunate that the *head sheets led aft.* I never, if I could help it, would let go the anchor until I gave the vessel I was handling "stern" way, and was just waiting for it in this case. I had ordered the fore-sail to be lowered,

thank God, not the jib. A gust of wind put the main-sail in motion, and the boom knocked the General overboard on the starboard side. We were only a few yards from the turn into the Channel where the ebb runs like a millstream. I at once fastened the jib-sheet on the port side, and the tiller being in the cockpit where I was, I was able to press the helm hard a port with my body while I fastened the jib-sheet, then fastened the helm, it was hard a-port, let go the main-sheet, and I got the starboard quarter close to where the General was, receiving no assistance whatever from the two idiots forward. How to account for the "man overboard" not being sunk to the bottom I know not. I worked the vessel as I have shown down to him, and he had all the appearances of a man sitting quietly on a chair in the sea with some feet of water over him. I could see his large eyes distinctly through the clear water, and grabbed his clothes with a boat-hook, and got him to the side until I could catch his collar, and roaring to the men at last got their slow-coach aid to haul him inboard; and he took the matter as coolly as if he had fallen into a shallow pond instead of some three fathoms of water. It was as narrow an escape as I ever saw. Had he been a thin bony man I fancy he must have gone to the bottom while I was working the vessel towards him, as we had gone ahead some yards after he fell into the water before the headway could be stopped, the jib to windward loosed main-sheet, and hard-a-port helm, brought her down on him.

Returning to the formation of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, the first Marquis of Anglesey, of cavalry fame, was elected Commodore; Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who built the Britannia Bridge, was elected Vice-Commodore; and the then young man, the humble servant of the public, who in his old age writes these pages, was converted from Sailing Steward into Rear Commodore. Hunt's "Yacht List," in one of its early numbers, contained a pretty print of the Marquis's beautiful cutter, *Pearl*, sailing off Carnarvon. On the death of the Marquis of Anglesey, the late Mr. Assheton Smith, of fox-hunting fame, was elected

Commodore, and he never missed attending a regatta in one of the fine steam yachts which he from time to time had built for him on the Clyde. He was always accompanied by Mrs. Assheton Smith; and Penrhyn, Vaynol, and Glynllifon for some years brought large house-parties to the Yacht Club Balls, which were so well supported that the old Guildhall became too small, and the late Lady Newborough suggested to me she should ask Lord Newborough and Mr. Assheton Smith to join to erect a large public room, which I of course urged her ladyship to do. Lord Newborough at once assented, and asked Mr. Assheton Smith to join him; the latter said that he would consult his agent, and the latter strongly advised him to build one himself at his own hotel—the "Sportsman"—and the very fine room, with orchestra, &c., was erected. It was ready in time for the next year's regatta, and Mrs. Assheton Smith sent to desire me to meet her and the Commodore to view it beforehand. When I met them in the room, I said, "We have to thank you, Sir, for a splendid ball-room." "Yes," was the reply, "better suited to the city of Dublin than the town of Carnarvon;" but it proved not at all too large. Mr. and Mrs. Assheton Smith, notwithstanding advancing years, always opened the ball, which had generally a large contingent of yachtsmen in the uniforms of their respective clubs.* In those days silver plate was always given as prizes, and as the Commodore (Mr. Assheton Smith) preferred my making the presentations, I always did so. On one occasion, I was rather hoarse, and in my speech accounted for it by stating in fun that I had caught cold by shouting through a damp speaking-trumpet. A lady mistaking the word damp for an oath of similar sound, said to those near her, "How strange for the Rear Commodore to swear in a ball-room!" I used often to greet her after with the words, "How strange for the Rear Commodore to swear in a ball-room." She was a friend of mine and enjoyed the chaff.

* The Regatta Balls in later years were not so successful. On one occasion Mr. Charles Jones, of Carnarvon, and I were the only two men present until a pressing invitation had been sent to the yachts.
J. E. V.

On the death of Mr. Stephenson, Colonel Williams, of Craigydon, the father of the present Dowager Duchess of Wellington, was elected Vice-Commodore, and on the death of Mr. Assheton Smith, the late Lord Penrhyn was elected Commodore. On the resignation of Colonel Piers Williams, the late Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley was elected Vice-Commodore. On his resignation, I was promoted from Rear Commodore to the vacant office, and on the resignation of Lord Penrhyn was elected Commodore. I would have preferred remaining in one of my previous stages, considering as I did the supreme post was better suited to an owner of a big estate with its possibilities, than the youngest of eleven children. Captain Pennant Lloyd was appointed Vice-Commodore.

When the late Marquis of Anglesey, the grandson of the first Commodore of the club, took up his residence at Plas Newydd, the fine family seat in Anglesey, he brought with him a fine steam yacht called the *Santa Cecilia*, and a smaller one besides. His lordship was, of course, elected a member of the Yacht Club, of which his grandfather had been the first Commodore, and he attended the first annual general meeting of the club. The post of Rear Commodore was at that time vacant, and I had endeavoured to persuade the gentleman who had succeeded me as Vice-Commodore to go down a step and fill the post of Rear Commodore, to enable me to go lower in rank and propose Lord Anglesey to fill my post, but he did not see his way to it at first.

The annual general meeting was largely attended by members, one of whom drew attention to the fact that the post of Rear Commodore had been for some time vacant, and moved that the Marquis of Anglesey should be elected to the post, which was seconded, the Vice-Commodore having consented to lose a step. Then I stated that the proposition which had been moved and seconded was that Lord Anglesey should fill the post of Rear Commodore, but that I hoped they would bear with me for a few minutes while I made a suggestion, which they would, perhaps, if approved, turn into a motion, reminding them that the

first Lord Anglesey had been Constable of the Castle and Mayor of Carnarvon for many years, and Commodore of the club; that he had been a great benefactor to the place. I suggested that with the sanction of the Vice-Commodore I would go down a step and become Vice-Commodore, and that Lord Anglesey should take my place as Commodore, mentioning as a precedent the case of Lord Alfred Paget, who had given up the Commodoreship of the Thames Yacht Club, and become Vice-Commodore, to enable the Prince of Wales to fill the post of Commodore, which was done. At my request the mover and seconder of the previous resolution assented to my suggestion, and made it their motion, and it was carried. I then requested the Marquis to occupy my post, and take the chair; and a very good and liberal supporter of the Club he became until his death, when I was again elected to my former post, in which the then state of my health did not lead me to expect I should long continue. Captain Wynn Griffiths was appointed Rear Commodore.

Some of the members after the meeting strongly dissented from my action, stating that I, as founder and father of the Club, ought not to have placed any man over my head; but I replied that it was the duty of a parent to do what he thought would be best for his children, and reminding them that I had always advocated the appointment of a Commodore who could afford the largest class of yachts.

It seems a long jump from a Commodore to a sausage-maker. There was a most honest and conscientious sausage-maker at Carnarvon in the early stages of the great regattas, and I was in the habit of giving a sausage breakfast to yacht owners on the mornings after the ball, and the institution became most popular. The patentee of these viands has departed this life, and, alas! most of the pleasant fellows who enjoyed the feast have gone.

For some years we used to supply the yachts with fireworks, and the display of twenty-five to thirty lighted yachts at night was a pretty sight. Those were the palmy days when not only well-known racers but numerous fine schooner yachts with large parties attended the Regattas, and as the fame of Carnarvon sausages was great in the fleet of

yachts, they all took away supplies with them. With the death of the sausage-maker the breakfasts ceased, and so did the port of Carnarvon as a great sausage depot.

COMMODORE GRINDROD.

This gentleman was the first of the Commodores of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, and was often in our waters, as was his brother Mr. Jonathan Grindrod, the Rear Commodore of that club of which he was an active member, and they were both frequenters of our early Regattas.

Commodore Grindrod was succeeded by Mr. Graves, who was Mayor of Liverpool, and then M.P. for that important seaport. Mr. Graves was a most energetic man in all he took in hand, and a genial pleasant person. I once had a narrow escape of being blown up with him at the Mersey Regatta. We were both standing in the bow of the flag-ship when the gun was fired as one of the winning yachts came in, and the powder store somehow got fire, and exploded. Commodore Graves was slightly burned, but I entirely escaped.

COMMODORE LITTLEDALE.

Amongst the many pleasant fellows who frequented these waters, and never missed the regattas for many years, was the liberal and kind-hearted Tom Littledale, a favourite with everybody. The hospitalities of his flag-ship, the cutter yacht *Queen of the Ocean*, and afterwards of his schooner yacht *Ariel*, were unbounded, and are not easily forgotten by one who so often partook of them as I did.

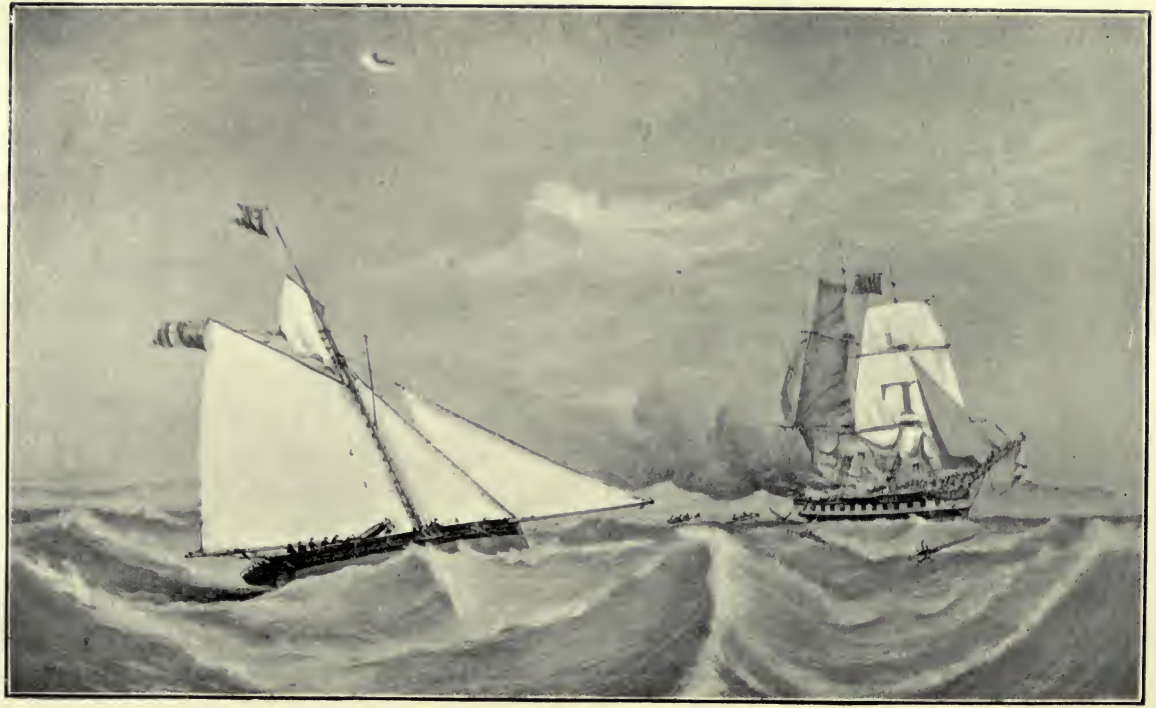
His was not yachting in the mere ordinary sense, for as he did not "sail for the pot" (as some few shore sportsmen are said to shoot for it) he was somewhat indifferent to cup winning. I think it was about the year 1848 that I was a guest of his in the *Queen of the Ocean* at the Morecambe Bay Regatta, previous to which I had been staying with a cousin of mine at Lancaster. We had actually no less than nine ladies aboard in the race, a pretty good proof that the

Commodore thought more of ladies than silver cups, and we sailed the most comical course I ever witnessed in a long yachting career. Three 50-ton cutters, that so often raced at Carnarvon, viz., *Vision*, *Drift*, and *Queen of the Ocean*, were placed at the starting-point, and we were directed to round three flag-boats which, with the starting-boat, formed a large square of some miles. The Secretary came in a boat, and gave us the direction to leave all the flag-boats on the starboard hand, which, owing to the direction of the wind, involved four gibes on each round. Commodore Littledale at once said: "Surely you must mean the *port* hand." "No, leave the mark-boats on the *starboard* hand," was the reply. "Excuse me," said Commodore Littledale again; "but if we round the marks on the *starboard* hand, it will involve gibeing round each mark, and the distance to the first mark is so short that we shall all be rounding at once, which will be very awkward." "That is the course fixed," said the Secretary; and away he went in his boat, as well satisfied as from a long experience I have generally found people who undertake to perform work of which they are profoundly ignorant almost always are. The consequence of this gross error was that, as Commodore Littledale had pointed out, the yachts got into great confusion in rounding the first mark. One of the yachts was that season noted for getting into trouble wherever she went, and people (myself amongst the rest) were very indignant with the owner; but after he had gone through a season of scrapes, it was ascertained that it was entirely the fault of the master, who attempted all sorts of improper devices to gain advantages, and represented to the owner that they were entitled to do the outrageous things that caused the owner to be tabooed. At last it transpired that the owner had never had any experience whatever of yachting, and was entirely at the mercy of a fellow who was totally unfit to have charge of a yacht which had to abide by the rules of the sea, and the laws which regulate fair dealing. This gentleman was the victim of an adverse fate, and was quite unaccountable for that which, for a season at least, put him into Coventry.

I regret to say that I have known a few instances of men (who called themselves gentlemen) who were acquainted with the rules of the sea, but who never hesitated to violate those rules, and the code of honour amongst gentlemen to gain a cup. Are cups or money not somewhat dearly bought at the expense of the winner becoming known at the various yachting stations they frequent as men "who sail for the pot,"—who are always "trying it on," presenting untenable protests, and generally making themselves disagreeable? I repeat with satisfaction that in an experience of more than sixty years I have known *very few* indeed of such men, but those few were very bad.

But to return to the yacht race at Morecambe. The offending yacht I have mentioned nearly caused a most serious accident and probable loss of life. The distance was, as before mentioned, so short to the first mark-boat that there was no time for the yachts to clear each other, and we in the slowest of the three vessels chanced to take the lead. Had we been allowed to leave the mark on the port hand, we should all have stood on far past her on the port tack. No sooner had we gibed to round her than the ill-mannered yacht tried to cut in between us and the mark-vessel, with the result that his bowsprit came right across our deck to the great danger of the nine ladies, and we had to lay them all on their faces, as the bowsprit was far from continuing in the same place, but was swaying across in a most dangerous way with the movements of the yachts. Had it blown harder this reckless fellow must have cut us down; but by good luck, and I may safely add, good management, we got the vessels clear without any serious injury.

Having landed the ladies, we had another curious adventure. We had to anchor in a dead calm with an ebb-tide, the force of which was exceedingly great; the *Vision* was about a cable, or a cable and a half's length from us. The Commodore had not long before saved forty or fifty lives from the burning *Ocean Monarch* in Abergele Bay, as he was on his passage from Carnarvon to Liverpool. The *Ocean Monarch* was an emigrant ship, with a crowd of unfortunate passengers, numbers of whom were burnt to death, and



THE "QUEEN OF THE OCEAN" GOING TO THE RESCUE OF THE "OCEAN MONARCH" ON FIRE

others drowned. It was a curious coincidence that the *Queen of the Ocean* should go to the rescue of the *Ocean Monarch*. The yacht saved between forty and fifty people, and it is pitiable to reflect that some of those saved from fire and water actually entered the sleeping cabin of the man who saved their lives, and stole some of his jewellery. Arrangements had been made at Poulton to entertain the Commodore at a banquet, to commemorate his rescue of those he had saved from the burning ship, and this banquet was to follow the Morecambe Bay Regatta.

The ebb-tide rushing out of the bay was of very great force and rapidity, and we had apparently as little chance of getting to the banquet as we had of reaching the moon. Orders were therefore given that dinner should be prepared on board, but we had hardly attacked our soup when one of the crew entered the cabin to say that there was a boat coming down with the tide, the strength of which brought her to us in an incredibly short time, with a message to say that the banquet would be postponed for two hours to give us time to reach Poulton. We were into the boat in a very short time, and pulled to the *Vision* for her owner, Mr. Birchall. Our progress was necessarily very slow, and it took us several hours to approach Poulton, which we did long after dark, and the night being hazy we could hardly see our way. When we got near the place we found ourselves in a queer predicament; thinking we must be somewhere near, the good people on shore set to to fire a row of cannons which they had placed on the top of the bank, up which we had to go to reach the hotel. Our hospitable entertainers had evidently not calculated that blank cartridges at close quarters were very dangerous, as the wadding would hit; we sang out to them to let them know we were below, but this redoubled the firing, so we had nothing for it but to run up the steep bank as fast as we could between the discharges. Having had to cross a long and very wet beach, we arrived, with wet and dirty shoes, just as the cheers following after the Commodore's health were being given. It was about ten o'clock at night, and as the banquet had had to be disposed of without the hero for whom it was intended, we were

only too glad to sit down in another room to the remains of the feast, which had been carefully kept for us. Then followed an adjournment to the banqueting room, where the Commodore's health was drunk, and he returned thanks; after which we all went to a back kitchen, where the boots and ostlers of the hotel did their best to make our wet shoes presentable, and we then—cutting, I fear, but sorry figures—entered the ball-room, and danced with sundry ladies who had waited for us. It was assuredly the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties.

I believe this was the first regatta held in that bay, and it proved how necessary it is in yacht-racing, as well as in all the affairs of life, that all matters requiring skill should be in the hands of those who understand them; and I know of no other business to which the argument is so applicable as that of seafaring.

Morecambe Bay is a very ticklish place to deal with. The inward tide, like that of the Bristol Channel, often enters with large bores or huge waves, and the receding tide goes out like a mill-stream. Hence, in a place of that description, the tide should be carefully calculated, and a course fixed which would enable the contending vessels to be "to windward" of such a tide when it commenced to ebb, as it would require a very strong breeze for a vessel to stem it. But "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

The many pleasant recollections of my old friend Tom Littledale are saddened by the recollection that he and the numerous pleasant companions he generally brought with him have long left this world. He had at one time an exceedingly satisfactory and civil skipper, who was not "too big for his boots," but owing to his death he got another who was less amenable to reason. During this man's *régime* we were one day with a pleasant party cruising in waters well known to me, and in which from long experience I must have been a man of crass stupidity had I not known how near we might approach a particular bank; the captain was steering the yacht himself, and coming up out of the cabin I saw we were standing too near in to a bank. I therefore told the captain that it would be better to tack at once,

(*Greenish, photo, London*)

COLONEL SIR CHARLES HAMILTON, BART., C.B.

and received the impudent reply : " We know all about it, Sir, ourselves." In less than a minute we were aground, in proof that this positive fellow did "*not know* all about it ;" and if further proof than this grounding were necessary, it was supplied by his excuse that "*he had never sailed there before*, and that we ought to have had a pilot," which I rather demur to, considering my knowledge of Carnarvon Bar. This obstinate impertinence cost the Commodore a considerable sum. Although we were able to dine where we grounded we remained for two or three hours gently rolling from side to side, the effect of which was to loosen the bolts of the keel and damage it so that they had to put on a fresh keel.

Amongst the many pleasant doings in the old *Queen of the Ocean*, Mr. Aspinal Tobin and I were at Beaumaris Regatta in her, and we went to a pleasant ball that followed. We got back aboard from the ball about three or four o'clock in the morning, and went to bed, and to our astonishment when we awoke we found ourselves prisoners. The cabin table had been laid for a good breakfast, with jams, marmalade, and other pleasant viands, which had tempted a great number of wasps, the skylights and door of the companion being, of course, open in the warm weather. I hope I am not a coward generally, but here was an army one dare not face, and the steward, reinforced by some of the crew, had to work hard with towels to drive the dangerous enemy away before we dared to leave the shelter of the bed-clothes.

Our old companion, the *Vision*, was at anchor near us, and her owner, Mr. Birchall, having had his breakfast, boarded us and beat a retreat until the enemy was dispersed, returning soon after with a copy of that week's *Punch*, with the curiously appropriate cartoon of a huge wasp, the description of which was, " Hawful appearance of a wopse, at a picnic party."

Amongst the many amusing things connected with Littledale (he was the nephew of the late Mr. Justice Littledale) was the following :

I had gone to Portmadoc one day, and in the evening there arrived at Parkia in my absence the Commodore, Sir Thomas Edward Moss, Bart., and some other pleasant

fellows. They had come from the *Ariel*—the schooner yacht which had superseded the *Queen of the Ocean*—as the Commodore's flagship of the Mersey—and from two other yachts, which they had left at Beaumaris ; they had come over by land. I was then a bachelor, and they knew how welcome their company would be to me. In reply to the questions of where I was, and when I should return, they were told between eight and nine. The Commodore then told the housekeeper (who knew him well) to get a good supper ready by nine o'clock, and to have my portmanteau packed for three or four days' cruise. I arrived in due time for supper, and Sir Thomas Moss moved with all due solemnity, " That Commodore Littledale take the chair." After supper (which was a very good one) I, with all the usual formality of toasts, proposed the health of the Chairman and the rest of my hospitable hosts, and congratulated them on their happy home and pleasant diggings, acknowledging the debt which I, as a wayfarer, owed to them for such kindness, that the homeliness of their hospitality was most striking, and such was the consideration shown to me that I felt quite unlike a stranger, and almost as if I had been born in the house. Why, even the paper and the pictures on the wall resembled what I had at home, and knowing my intense admiration for the greatest sea officer whom the world had yet produced—the immortal Nelson—his picture was hung on the wall behind the Chairman. Who would not be a wayfaring man, when he could thus, as it were, tumble into such a hospitable abode ?

After a pleasant evening we left for Beaumaris in the vehicle that had brought them to Parkia, and we got to bed in the *Ariel* at one o'clock A.M. expecting to awake in the Mersey, but, like many human expectations, ours were in this case disappointed. It had begun to blow from the north-east after we got to sleep, and we were still at anchor off Beaumaris when we awoke. Had the *Ariel* started for the Mersey, as ordered, at daylight, we should not have got beyond the Orme's Head, and had a less pleasant sensation than lying at anchor off Beaumaris. The wind continued to blow from the north-east, and we got under weigh for Carnarvon with

a fair wind. Alas! the writer of these rough notes is the sole survivor. Poor Littledale died suddenly in London, and I had the sad satisfaction of attending his funeral.

The last time I saw Sir Thomas Moss was in Liverpool, many years ago, at the bottom of Bold Street, and we agreed to spend an hour together on the great landing-stage. There we fought our old battles over again, and a few years later he was "gathered to his fathers."

COLONEL BIRCHALL, OF THE "VISION."

Amidst my very numerous old yachting friends I have occasionally mentioned Mr. Birchall, of the *Vision*. The first time I set eyes on the *Vision* I inadvertently exclaimed: "Why, there is the *Secret!*" I had known the *Secret* well at Harwich, Yarmouth, and the Thames. She was built by Wanhill of Poole, the then most successful yacht-builder. The *Secret* was a crack 25-tonner, and the *Vision* a 50-tonner; the difference of size puzzled me at first, but I soon came to realise that they were both children of the same parents. I never heard what the cost of the *Secret* was, but that of the *Vision* was £1200.

The success of the *Vision* at numerous regattas was very great for some time, until, like our first and subsequent ironclads, her nose was put out of joint. She once carried off two fifty-guinea cups at Carnarvon in two successive days, and one fifty-guinea cup on two or three other occasions. Those were indeed regattas, of *one* of which I recollect Littledale exclaiming that it was the *Apex Culmen* and *Climax* of regattas.

Reverting to Mr. Birchall, he invited me to stay with him at his seat, Ribbleton Hall, some miles from Preston, on the occasion of his giving a great banquet at Preston, the mayoralty of which place he had accepted that year. It was a splendid affair, given upstairs in a very large hotel, and it was enlivened by the uniforms of twenty-nine soldier officers and the band of their regiment. All went smooth as a marriage-bell up to a certain point, when, rather late in the evening, a sudden squall set us all in motion. The Honourable Captain

——, who was one of the guests, suddenly started upon his feet, and addressing our host, said to the amazement of every body, " I am exceedingly sorry, Sir, but I could not help it, and gave him a back hander." Every one was taken aback like a fleet of ships in a squall. This sudden avowal and exclamation took every one by surprise, and our host, with great tact, said: " Gentlemen, we will go downstairs and smoke a cigar." Coming to me he said : " I wish you would keep the receiver of the blow away until we inquire into the matter." This gentleman, who was a barrister on the Northern Circuit, had had too much wine, and, not in the least knowing what he was saying, had told his neighbour that he would like to fraternise with Mrs. —— (the wife of the man who administered the " backhander "). The party broke up and retired to a room downstairs. There chanced to be a large private sitting-room hard by, upstairs, and I got the recipient of the blow in there, and locking the door, refused to let him go downstairs to make matters worse by the excuses of a man who had made too good, or rather bad, use of the bottle. As all the chairs of this room had been taken to the large banqueting-room, and there was no other piece of furniture excepting a sideboard, I found the post of gaoler one of great inconvenience; so, having armed myself with some sort of an apology from a drunken man, I locked him into the room and took the key with me downstairs, and entered the room where the " Council of War " was being held. I said that Mr. —— had authorised me to express his regret if he had unintentionally said anything that was offensive to the Honourable Captain ——, upon which the latter at once said that an apology from a man in a drunken condition could not be accepted. I then pleaded that whatever was said by a man in that state need hardly be taken seriously, and that he probably meant nothing more than that he would like to have the honour of the lady's acquaintance; that I have no doubt that was all he meant, and that I was quite sure that when the morning came the unfortunate sinner would fully apologise. At this juncture, an Irish captain in the regiment quartered in the barracks, addressing me, said : " Now, Sir, look, here is a case in which

one man uses insulting language to another about his wife, and the other retorts with a blow. There is surely nothing but blood that can wipe that out." Mr. Birchall, however, knew a better course than the shedding of blood; and it was settled after a very long sitting that a letter, which I undertook to obtain in the morning from Mr. ——, should be written, expressing his great regret that, having taken too much wine, he had given expression to words offensive to the Honourable Captain ——, and that nothing could be further from his intention than to give offence.

Indeed, before I had left him I had got enough sense out of him to authorise that. The Honourable Captain —— agreed that if that letter were written in the morning, when the offender was sober, he would write another letter, expressing his regret that a blow had been struck. Mr. Birchall thus settled a very unpleasant sequel to a previously pleasant meeting. I went upstairs again, and released my prisoner who by that time had regained sense enough to see the wisdom of our host's sensible arrangement, and Captain ——'s method of settlement by blood-letting was rendered unnecessary. The letters were duly written the next day, and so ended a scene of a little more than half a century ago. The offender and the offended were strangers to me, whom I never saw before or after.

The *Vision* continued her successes for a few years, and the last time I saw her the once great racer was in a dock in Dublin turned into a yawl, which showed that her racing days were as completely over as those of a winner of the Derby when dragging an apple-cart. Of my old friend Birchall it is also the same sad story. He died many years ago.

MR. TREVOR ROPER.

Amongst the many dear old yachting friends whose memories I cherish was Mr. Charles Blany Trevor Roper, the hospitalities of whose fine old house in Flintshire, Plas Teg (the architect of which was no less a person than Inigo Jones), I often enjoyed; but far oftener, pleasant cruises in his yacht the *Wyvern*, where one had to keep " one's weather-

eye lifting" to avoid being sold, as a good many harmless jokes were of frequent occurrence. For my part, I was always fond of the ladies, and preferred a yacht where they were to be found, as in the case of the *Wyvern*. I recollect, after spraining my wrist in cutting branches for a path I had suggested through trees at Lord Clarence Paget's, I had to wear my arm in a sling for a week on my return home, so, being useless as a woodman, I went to lunch in the *Wyvern*, and a very pretty girl who sat next to me was kind enough to mince my meat, on which I protested my readiness to sprain my wrist every week on the same agreeable terms.

I have witnessed some things in the *Wyvern* that might, nay would have, elicited strong language from even so simple a sinner as the writer of these recollections, but I never once saw Mr. Roper out of temper. On one occasion, when he had fitted out for the summer at Carnarvon, his yacht was lying on the graving bank below the Eagle Tower of Carnarvon Castle, a place now disfigured by a bridge, apparently created to bring people to the town of Carnarvon from nowhere. Mr. Roper brought down his family on Saturday, and went with them to St. Mary's Church on Sunday, with orders to haul the yacht off to her moorings at high water, as the spring tides were falling, and the neap tides approaching. On their return from church they found that the order had been neglected, the yacht was neaped, and they were kept there for nearly a fortnight. Probably, had the Welsh Sunday Closing Act been in force, this yacht might have been affording fresh air and enjoyment to her owners, instead of being aground on a mud bank, which was close to a tavern, now pulled down. The men who ought to have hauled the vessel *out* were hoisting the liquor *in*.

Mr. Roper travelled home from the Continent in the same vessel with Sir Walter Scott, when that grand man, to whom we all owe so much, was coming home to pay the last debt of nature. He had some conversations with him; but the spirit of the great novelist was at a low ebb, as it well might be when his end was so near.

My old friend, Mr. Roper, died many years ago, and was buried in Hope churchyard. He was succeeded by his son,

Colonel Roper, for some years the Colonel of the Flintshire Militia, an old yachting friend of mine, and the owner and occupier of dear old Plas Teg; and since the preceding pages were written he also has joined the majority, after many years of painful suffering from rheumatism; and I look back to many pleasant nights and days spent with father and son in yachts, and at the grand old balls at the earlier days of the Yacht Club at Plas Teg, Parkia, and elsewhere; and joyous times they were.

COLONEL PIERS WILLIAMS, OF CRAIGYDON.

Colonel Piers Williams was the father of the Dowager Duchess of Wellington, and for many years was the Colonel of the Anglesey Militia, and at one time the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club. He had a fine establishment of yachts, one being the *Hussar* schooner (afterwards brig-rigged). She was a very handsome vessel, and had originally been a slaver. As a schooner I admired her much, but as a brig even much more, so far as looks were concerned; but I always felt that if I were at sea in her I should feel much more at home, and much more at ease, if schooner-rigged; and I recollect a well-seasoned old yachtsman, the late Sir Harry Oglander, Bart., who lived in the Isle of Wight, telling me that he and Lady Oglander went to Portsmouth with Colonel Williams in the brig, and as it came on to blow from the south, they could not get back to the Isle of Wight. Had she then had her old rig of schooner I fancy she would have beat to windward.

Apropos of Sir Harry and Lady Oglander, I may mention the sad accident that occurred to the latter. I spent a most pleasant evening with them in their fine auxiliary screw yacht one summer; and two or three summers after, when I enjoyed the same pleasure again, I learned for the first time that a dreadful accident had taken place since I had seen them before, namely this: the engineer, or one of his men, had gone into the after cabin to oil the screw shaft, which necessitated the lifting of a piece of the floor kept loose for the purpose. He had unfortunately left the place for the plank

open. Lady Oglander had gone in in the dark—the screw was at work, and the revolving shaft deprived her of one foot. But thanks to science she was provided with a new foot, which fortunately did not appear to affect her movements. Were it possible to compare the number of accidents due to carelessness with those which no foresight could prevent, I fancy the former would be found largely in the ascendant. I have known sailors and others who seemed born with the bump of carefulness (if such a bump there be) and others whose reckless carelessness was almost beyond credence. When one grows old, and, looking back, considers the grave problems of life, a thousand and one ideas become present which were absent in youth. After long experience and study of seafaring matters, I feel no hesitation in asserting that carelessness and neglect of simple duties are infinitely more responsible for perils on the sea, than those of storm and tempest. But I am wandering from Colonel Williams. I have mentioned the *Hussar;* he had also for a great number of years the *Gazelle* cutter of eighty tons; a beautiful little brig, open fore and aft, of ten or twelve tons (an exact model of the *Pandora*, ten-gun man-of-war brig); and another small cutter yacht. He was of course a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

I forget the precise year that I received a letter from Colonel Williams, complaining that the Llanddwyn light was not lit on a particular night named; that in consequence the yacht of the Earl of Aylesford, with the Earl and Countess aboard (the Countess was the Colonel's daughter), had struck on Carnarvon Bar. As Chairman of the Harbour Trust I at once summoned two of the Llanddwyn pilots, the captain of the yacht, and any one who could give information. The result was as I expected; I asked the captain to tell me whether the light was visible as an all-round light, or only within a certain compass or range; he replied that he thought the light was an all-round one, visible from all points of the compass, and the course that he had steered from Bardsey showed that, acting on this erroneous idea, he had expected to see the light from a position to which he had steered his vessel, so far to the southward and eastward of

the range of the light that it was impossible to see it. The light shows purposely within an arc, which is to be kept in sight, to avoid Carnarvon Bar to the southward and eastward, and the Anglesey coast to the north-west. The pilots deposed to the light being fired at the usual hour, and the masters of two vessels, that were in sight of it *when lit*, deposed to seeing it shining from their vessels. I found on examining the master that he had not got the Admiralty directions aboard, and his evidence clearly showed that his yacht was as completely sailing at random towards the bar as if his crew were blindfolded, and had it then been stormy weather all hands would most probably have been drowned. The following interesting letter from Colonel Williams to me related a curious incident of shipwreck and plunder. The letter is in reply to one of mine as to a Lieutenant :

"CRAIGYDON,
"*November* 5 (date not mentioned).

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—I have a perfect recollection of the Lieutenant you mention. He was not, however, what is now called an officer of Coastguard, but a Lieutenant in command of a revenue cutter, and was attached to this station.

"His family resided at Beaumaris, and rumour described him as a very cross-grained, disagreeable man, and not popular in the town. However, be that as it may, when the cutter was paid off, he went to reside in Liverpool, and got the command of a trader called the *Hornby*, and sailed with a valuable general cargo, for the West Indies, I believe ; but having got as far as Point Linas, he met with bad weather and a north-west wind, which prevented his making Holyhead, and was two days struggling between Orme's Head and Linas. On the second night, however, between four and five bells of the middle watch, the mate ineffectually endeavoured to persuade his commander to go into Beaumaris, but he said : 'I had rather be at sea for ever than go there.' Thinking it was time to go about, he sent a man to loose the jib, but the man had no sooner got on the jib-boom than, seeing a rock just below him, he jumped upon it. When

he recovered himself, he saw no more of the ship, and the next morning he clambered up the precipice, and told the story in Conway. There were afterwards nineteen people sent to Carnarvon gaol for plundering the wreck.

"I will not fail to give you notice when Mrs. Williams is inclined for a trip to Carnarvon, and with many thanks remain,

"Very faithfully yours,

"T. P. WILLIAMS."

Amongst the many kind friends who encouraged me in my various attempts to raise the standard of public things in this locality, decrease the mortality, and cleanse the Augean stable of Carnarvon, there was no one whose appreciation I had more occasion to value than Colonel Piers Williams, and the kindness of Mrs. Williams and her husband to me on all occasions I most fully valued. The good feeling displayed by Colonel Williams towards me was expressed in several letters at the time when a public testimonial was presented to me in the County Hall of Carnarvon, and I cannot help recording one of them :

"CRAIGYDON, *December* 28, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR LLEWELYN,—It was my full intention to have attended the ceremony fixed for to-morrow, and at the same time to have personally congratulated you upon the hard-earned and well-deserved compliment it has pleased her Majesty to bestow upon you ; as well as to have taken part in the presentation of a testimonial which, though well intentioned (very inadequately I should hope), represented the feeling of all your friends and neighbours, including the whole of Carnarvon, for your most untiring energy and ability in promoting in every way the interest, trade, and general prosperity of Carnarvon. I regret, however, to find that I am unable to attend on that occasion ; but I beg you will accept my best wishes for your prosperity, and the enjoyment of many years of your newly acquired honours, and believe me, my dear Sir Llewelyn,

"Yours very faithfully,

"T. PIERS WILLIAMS."

Writing to me a few days later on another matter in a letter from Craigydon, January 1, 1872, Colonel Piers Williams repeats the good wishes of his previous letter of December 28, in these words: "Pray let me repeat the good wishes contained in my last letter, with the addition of many happy returns of this day's anniversary."

A sad accident took place at Craigydon some years before the deaths of Colonel and Mrs. Williams. The Colonel's yachts were wintered in a pretty little bay amongst the rocks at Craigydon; and one night the master of the *Gazelle* was going over a rock to pay a visit to the vessel, when he slipped, fell, and was killed.

Alas! one has to end with the old story. The charming seat on the Menai, opposite to which the yachts I have named were moored, has long ceased to be the abode of Colonel and Mrs. Williams, whose kindness I acknowledge, but whose place knows them no more.

MR. FRENCH.

Amongst the yachtsmen who sometimes frequented the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regattas was Mr. French. This gentleman, although he had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb, was an A 1 yachtsman, and a most trustworthy steersman, and performed that duty in his yacht with marked success in racing. Afflicted as he was, I have never met a man who enjoyed a joke more. When he was my guest I amused him to the best of my humble ability after dinner with all the droll stories I could think of, probably some of those which I have inflicted on the readers of these pages. Mr. French had a yachting chum with him, who kept up a rapid interpretation of all the yarns by the use of his fingers with the deaf and dumb alphabet.

COLONEL SIR CHARLES HAMILTON, BART., C.B.

One of my very dear old friends was Sir Charles Hamilton, who was in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and distinguished himself at the battle of Alma, for which he got the C.B. Sir Charles came of a fine old fighting line; the first baronet

was the active Captain Hamilton, of the *Melpomene*, whose admirable conduct at the siege of Quebec under Wolfe in 1759 was of the utmost value, and earned for him the Baronetcy. Another naval Baronetcy was won by Captain *Edward* Hamilton, cousin of Sir Charles's grandfather, for the glorious cutting out of the *Hermione* in 1799, one of the grandest operations of this kind ever performed.

About forty years ago I danced with Hermione, the sister of the then Baronet, who was descended from Sir Edward Hamilton, the gallant captain of the *Hermione*, after whom the lady was called. She married soon after, and died in giving birth to her child. But to return to Sir Charles, who was descended from the brother of the sixth Earl of Abercorn. He did some yachting in these waters, but was not well versed in nautical matters, and was very ill served by the master of his yacht. His town house was for some years 98 Weymouth Street, but he removed early in the seventies to 13 Devonshire Place, where I frequently visited him, and always found a hearty welcome. I had considerable correspondence with him, and have retained many of his kind letters. In 1864, I find a kind letter of condolence on the death of my mother; in August 1878, warm congratulation on my intended marriage; and in October 21, on the warm reception on reaching home on my return with my bride. Not long before his death we took lodgings near him, and he was then in the decline of life and had a nurse. I used to visit him daily, and some lady relations of his were there, and when I got back to Parkia I was shocked to hear of the sudden death of one them, and Sir Charles did not long survive.

COMMODORE SIR DAVID GAMBLE, Bart.

This experienced yachtsman, and kind friend of all yachtsmen who came in contact with him, has had a long and honourable career by sea and land. His yachting life commenced in the year 1857. Hunt's *Yachting Magazine* for that year, page 440, says that the *North Star* raced at the Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta, at Dunoon,

August 26–29, that she was launched ready for sea on August 6, the keel having been laid down only on June 20 of the same year (six and a half weeks). She was built by the Canada Company, of Birkenhead, of which old Mr. Thomas Brassey was the principal partner.

Hunt's magazine for 1858, page 373, states that the *North Star* entered for the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, at Carnarvon, for that year, but had no competitor in her class. Hunt for 1859, page 437, has an account of the *North Star* winning a silver kettle at this regatta, beating the *Isabella* and five other yachts. It came on to blow very hard, and the *Isabella*, which was her most formidable competitor, dreaded going the second round in the race, and the *North Star* was victorious.

Amongst the yachts that Sir David Gamble has possessed are the *North Star*, 27 tons, 1857; *Nora Crena*, 108 tons (auxiliary screw), 1864; *Helen* (steam yacht), 1873; *Chanticleer* (yawl), 1895; *Aline* (steam yacht), 1881. This latter yacht is still in the possession of Sir David, and continues to fill her position as a fine handsome vessel, worthy of her station as the flag-ship of the Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, and I doubt not that all its members will join in the wish of the writer of these pages that she may long continue to fly the flag of him who so worthily fills the post of Commodore. Sir David was appointed Rear Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club in 1870, Vice-Commodore in 1871, and Commodore in 1881. In the year 1887 Her Majesty conferred upon him the Order of the Bath, as a just reward for the vast expense and trouble which, for twenty-seven years, he had incurred when in command of the St. Helens Rifle Volunteers Regiment.

The good people of St. Helens have good reason to remember the benefits he rendered to their town and to the nation. Some years ago he erected and endowed the Gamble Institute, Library, and Technical Schools, at a cost of £30,000, and for his long and faithful services Her Majesty conferred upon him a Baronetcy in 1897.

In the post of Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club Sir David Gamble succeeded the Honourable Mr. Stanley,

now the Earl of Derby, who was the successor in that post of Mr. R. S. Graves, M.P., who came after Mr. Littledale, so long known in these waters. I have personally great reason to thank Commodore Gamble for the courteous granting of his yacht as flag-ship on various occasions, and for the generous hospitality I have so often enjoyed in his various yachts in the Mersey, the Menai Straits, and elsewhere.

In common with all yachtsmen who can appreciate the generous actions of his sea-loving brethren I have always been glad to see the broad pennant of the Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. At one quarterly meeting of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, Sir David Gamble was, on my motion, unanimously elected an honorary member of this club. His generosity has been exemplified by his presentation of the handsome silver kettle won by him, as already stated, at the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta in 1859.

MR. STOPFORD, OF THE "WATER WYVERN."

Amongst the pleasant Irish yachtsmen was Mr. Stopford, as thorough a specimen of a polished and scrupulously honourable yachtsman as I ever met with. He raced at Carnarvon on various occasions, and I recollect one on which he had the misfortune to lose the cup which but for some trifling error he had won. I forget the exact circumstances of the case, but have a perfect recollection of the great regret I felt in having to decide against a man always so distinguished by his kind and gentlemanlike bearing. The *Water Wyvern* was a fifty-ton cutter, and always welcome in my sight for the sake of her owner.

MR. SOLOMON DARCUS.

I have a pleasant recollection of this genial Irishman of the North of Ireland, who frequently raced at our regattas, and had always a pleasant party with him. His yacht, the *Viola*, was often here, and if I mistake not was successful.

MR. POOLE, OF THE "MERVINIA."

Among my old sailing friends was Mr. Poole, whose yacht, the *Mervinia*, often raced at the Regatta, but, I am sorry to say, did not win. My old friend had her built at Carnarvon, where the building of yachts was not of sufficient frequency to make them likely to meet successfully those turned out by Wanhill of Poole, Fife of the Clyde, White of Cowes, or other well-known builders. Many and many a pleasant sail I had on the *Mervinia*, and before her day, in the *Royal Eagle*, which Mr. Poole purchased from my brother-in-law and excellent friend, Walker Jones, who had, when I was young, purchased her from Mr. Talemache. There was always a welcome in the *Mervinia*, and we had some pleasant trips to the Isle of Man and other parts. On one occasion, as we were returning from the Isle of Man, we were becalmed all day, and at night found ourselves off Abergele. I went to bed, but was roused up in the early night to help to reef mainsail and shift jib, as it had come on to blow hard. Having a strong southerly wind we were soon under the lee of Anglesey, and were on the boom reefing the mainsail. The night was very dark, owing to sleet and rain, and chancing to look out I saw a light to windward of us, which Thomas Jones, the master, said was Point Linas light. I said no, it is a ship's light. The master said no, it is Point Linas, looking small through the sleet. I maintained stoutly that it was a ship's light, and that we were approaching each other at a dangerous pace. A large ship passed close to us, going before a strong wind at a rattling pace. Had we been fifteen yards or so further ahead she would have gone clean over us, as alas! so many ships do as the result of a bad look-out, or an obstinate watcher. Mr. Poole's two eldest sons, Richard and William, were contemporaries of mine, and fellow rowers in the races of which the old man-of-war's man, Bob Morris, elsewhere mentioned, was the coxswain. The *Mervinia* was by no means a handsome craft, but I enjoyed many a pleasant cruise in her, and have to lament, as in so many other cases, that these old friends have long disappeared from this life. It is a curious circumstance that

a man who was at one time stone blind, which I was for a fortnight as a boy after being blown up with gunpowder, should have had, and still enjoy, good sight. At sea in yachts, and in ships of war, I never met any one with better sight either by day or night, and the case of the *Mervinia* was very far from being the only one in which good eyesight proved of real service to myself and others.

MR. WILKINSON TETLEY.

This practical yachtsman held a high place in his day amongst those who tried their yachts in various waters. The first he had was an old friend of mine, in which I had sailed and won cups in the Thames, Harwich, and Yarmouth in the year 1846, at each of which places she won a cup for her owner, as elsewhere related.

Mr. Tetley's first race was at the Beaumaris Regatta in 1847 or 1848. As I was an old friend of the yacht, and knew her qualities, I sailed with Mr. Tetley in his first race with her. One of her competitors on the occasion was the beautiful yacht *Daring*, with which I had fallen deeply in love, as she was to my mind and eye one of the handsomest craft of her class afloat.

The *Ranger*, Mr. Tetley's yacht, had been brought round by the same master who was in her with me at Harwich, the previous year, and a very curious circumstance took place towards the latter end of the race. A dispute arose between the master and a Liverpool pilot, who had brought them round from that port, as to the course to be steered, and each got hold of the helm, upon which, seeing how fatally such a state of things, if continued, must end, I took the helm, stating that as I had often sailed into Beaumaris by day and night, I knew which way to go. I forget how many yachts raced in our class, but the *Daring* was the first to pass the flag-ship at the end of the race, we following on, I think, about half a minute or less astern of her. The crew of the *Daring* cheered lustily as though they had won. We sailed close up to them and I told them their "cheers were premature, that the cup was ours," to which the skipper replied: "Ah, sure, sir, how

can that be when we came in first ? " I, of course, reminded him that the *Daring*, being a little larger, had to allow us time, of which we had some to spare. As the cheers were continued, I stepped into a passing boat and went ashore to the secretary, who stated that we were the winners with time to spare. I was soon back to both yachts that were close together, and told them the result of my visit.

Our ship was iron, and the *Daring* wood, and when the captain of the latter heard my statement, he shook his fist at the *Ranger*, saying, " Ah, sure, sir, and is it to be beaten by an ould tin can like that ? " The " ould tin can " however, was the winner, and Mr. Tetley got his prize, a silver cake-basket.

Mr. Tetley made an interesting trip to Canada, the United States, and Cuba, making the acquaintance of Commodore Stephenson, of the New York Yacht Club, who, three years later, brought over the celebrated schooner yacht, *America*, of 310 tons, which beat all our English schooners. Mr. Tetley, while in America, was much interested by the lengthened bows of the fine New York pilot vessels, and when he returned to England altered the bow of his own yacht, the *Surprise*, which won the Challenge Cup of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club in 1885. She also won the Challenge Cup in 1856, beating the new yacht *Cymbal*, built that year by Fife, and then owned by Mr., later Lord, Brassey. The *Surprise* won several cups that year, the last of which was at the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, at Carnarvon, where I had the pleasure of presenting it to him at the ball.

In 1860 he sold the *Surprise* and bought the *Cecilia*, an iron yacht with longitudinal frames, sailed her at the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, at Carnarvon, and won the cup presented by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Prince Consort and the Duke of Edinburgh were expected here from Ireland, but were unfortunately delayed a day.

Mr. Tetley was in that year elected to the post of Rear Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, and sold the *Cecilia* to Mr. David McIver, M.P., and purchased the *Extravaganza*, which had been built for Sir Percy Shelley,

but changed her name to that of *Marion*. Reverting to the *Surprise*, I have a vivid recollection that on one occasion, when she passed the flag-ship at Carnarvon, having won, there was a very fresh breeze from the southward, which came down with considerable violence between the Castle and Coed Helen Hill. When the winner's gun was fired, the man at the helm joining in the cheering kept the vessel too full, with the result that she went clean under. I was talking to Grindrod, the then Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, whose back was to the *Surprise*, and I exclaimed: "Good heavens! the *Surprise* has gone clean under." A man who stood with Grindrod said, "Nonsense." "Nonsense, man!" I said, "look for yourself," taking him by the shoulders, and turning him round. When he saw that her hull had disappeared, he exclaimed: "Good God, so she has!" but the helm being properly starboarded, she rose out of the sea, into which she had gone like a plough into a furrow.

COMMODORE BRIDESON, DART YACHT CLUB.

Harry Brideson, as he was known to his numerous friends in all directions, was as kind and open-hearted a man as ever sailed in salt water, and his wife was a handsome and charming woman. I fancy that any one knowing Brideson and disliking him must have been a churl. From time to time he was the owner of so many yachts that my poor memory does not enable me to enumerate them. He was Commodore of the Dart Yacht Club, and at one time was a great person at the Isle of Man, where, I recollect, he once built a schooner yacht.

"Gaieties and gravities afloat"—Such was the description given of the *Nimrod*, a cutter yacht of forty tons which he had for a long time, and had a lot of humorous fellows with him, amongst others Mr. —— (I forget the name, as everybody called him the Admiral), who had the misfortune to have an injured back that made him short and stumpy, but a nice pleasant man. In the *Nimrod* were many attires, *inter alia* a very large red robe like that of a mayor of a town. One

sailor sitting cross-legged on the shoulders of another, entirely covered by the red robe, represented a huge giant walking about the deck with a boat-hook for a walking-stick, and wearing a huge mask large enough to contain a soda-water bottle, the contents of which might be seen falling into the sea when the giant was sick. The same robe tucked up covered the "Admiral" as a dwarf, who also appeared sick. I once saw the ferry steamer on a market day when full of passengers passing the *Nimrod* when at anchor at Carnarvon, and the passengers all rushed to one side to look at the sick giant.

Many of Brideson's jovial guests carried matters very far, and must have got very nigh some serious scrapes.

The last time he was at the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta he came in a very fine schooner-yacht, the name of which I forget, and brought with him the fine new cutter *Muriel*, the winner of many prizes elsewhere, and she was a winner at Carnarvon on this occasion, which was the last time I saw her kind owner. He went to Madeira and died, and was buried there. A tombstone is placed in the churchyard at Dartmouth, which I visited when there, the only instance I remember of a tombstone so far from the real place of interment.

MR. LEADER.

Mr. Leader was an Irish gentleman who, for a time, resided at Talgarnedd, in Anglesey, opposite Carnarvon. Strange to say, I have forgotten the name of his yacht, with which he won a cup at one of our regattas, Mr. Stopford's yacht, I recollect, having lost it through some mistake, as elsewhere mentioned. I recollect that in presenting the cup I had the delicate task to perform of condoling with Mr. Stopford and congratulating Mr. Leader. I have tried, in vain, to recall the facts beyond the recollection that Mr. Stopford was in one sense the winner, but that Mr. Leader was entitled to the cup by the rules of racing; but this I do remember, that there was no underhand or ungentlemanlike act on either side.

MR. GRINNEL.

Amongst the numerous pleasant people who frequented our regattas in the early days was Mr. Grinnel, the only yachting American I recollect. If all American yachtsmen are of his type I can only say that yacht-racing in America must be a pleasant pastime. Mr. Grinnel made his residence in England, where I know he was justly a favourite with all who came in contact with him.

CHAPTER X

CARNARVON CASTLE

Carnarvon Castle—Marquis of Anglesey as Constable—Whitewashing the Castle—Mr. Morgan as Deputy Constable—Former neglect of Castle—The new gates—Masons trick Mr. Morgan—Letter from Lord Carnarvon—Sir Llewelyn appointed Deputy Constable—Lord Carnarvon presents railings—The moat channel—Sir Llewelyn as antiquarian—Visit of Royal Archæological Institute—Difference with Corporation—Sir John Puleston as Constable—Attempts to use the Castle for frivolous purposes—Visit by Lord Russell of Killowen—Birth of Edward III. in Castle can be proved—Another book

It is pretty generally known that I have been engaged on a labour of love for more than thirty years in the repair and restoration of Carnarvon Castle. Of this noble pile, the first Marquis of Anglesey (of the Battle of Waterloo fame) was for many years the Constable, in which post he succeeded his father, the Earl of Uxbridge, who had held it for many years. During the Constableship of Lord Anglesey the Corporation of Carnarvon, which was composed of a mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses (Lord Anglesey being the mayor) conceived in his absence the great artistic (?) idea of whitewashing the castle and town walls. They commenced operations on the two grand old towers of the West or Golden Gate of the town, which I had the honour of converting into the Royal Welsh Yacht Club House very many years later. Fortunately for the good name of the place, but unfortunately for the lime-dealers, Mr. Saunders, the Marquis' agent, chanced to go to Carnarvon in a boat, and to his surprise saw these fine towers as white as lime could make them. He at once conveyed the intelligence to Lord Anglesey, who, of course, ordered the whitewash to be scrubbed off, thus depriving the authors of that notoriety which they sought, but for their own

credit were fortunately deprived of. On the death of the Deputy Constable, Mr. Roberts, I was led to believe from information I received that the Marquis of Anglesey designed me for the post, but as I was then a very young man, his lordship's agent advised him to appoint my brother-in-law and godfather, Mr. Morgan, who was a very much older man. Up to the appointment of Mr. Morgan nothing was done to the castle, which was rapidly going to destruction. The keepers obtained for themselves all they received, and many a time I as a boy paid a shilling for going in, and a vast quantity of coping and other stones were actually stolen.

On Mr. Morgan's appointment, an arrangement was made by the Constable and himself that the present charge of fourpence was to be made for admission, the money to be spent on the repair of the building, and the payment of 18*s.* per week to the keeper. My dear friend and relative did all the good of a well-intentioned man, and some of the evil incident to an absence of study of mediæval architecture. He put up the truly fine oak doors on the grand entrance, which are an exact copy of the ancient doors of Carlisle, with the exception that being, like his godson, brother-in-law, and successor, an intense admirer of the ladies, he slightly enlarged the wicket-gate in the great doors, so as to freely admit ladies with crinolines, that dress being then in vogue. The gates of Carlisle being in the exact style of the period of Carnarvon Castle, the public enter through doors exactly representing the originals, with the slight variation named.

The masons employed by my excellent relative were guilty of the most outrageous imposition. One man who had the work in hand was guilty of the gross rascality of raising the well tower in the following fraudulent fashion: instead of building the wall to its former original height with *solid* masonry of seven or eight feet in width, he built two thin walls, one wall on the outside and the other wall on the inside of the ramparts, filling in the space between the walls with rubbish and earth. In doing this he filled in the fine chimneys of the rooms below. He built a wall five feet high, on the side of the corridor, which he coped precisely as in a field wall. It has now been replaced by a proper wall

(*Whitlock, photo, Birmingham*)

THE LATE LORD CARNARVON

and the entire corridor restored and covered, 100 feet long. This man was engaged on a contract, and got Mr. Morgan's leave to cut stones on the closed moat opposite the County Hall, and finding that Mr. Morgan was in a state of health that rendered recovery unlikely, he converted the permission to cut stones into possession of the entire space between the Eagle and Well Towers, a space of great length, the curtain wall between the towers forming one side of a large enclosure and a strong palisade cutting it off from the street the other side. Against the outer part of the Well Tower within this erection he placed a coal-yard, and in the side next the curtain he erected a convenience, used by thirty-three men, with a shoot into the Well Tower, where there was about two tons of human excrement.

On the death of Mr. Morgan I received the following letter from Lord Carnarvon, the terms of which will show that the post of Deputy Constable was unsolicited by me, although I was known to have taken great interest in it for years.

"ROYAL HOTEL, VENTNOR, I. OF WIGHT,
"*April* 19, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The death of Mr. Morgan, which I heard with so much regret, imposes on me the task of finding a successor to him as Deputy Constable of the castle. The qualifications for the office are, in my opinion, that its holder should be a gentleman, with a love and knowledge of the local antiquities, and a genuine interest in the castle. I know no one who combines these conditions so fully as yourself, or with whom I personally should have greater pleasure in working, and in whose judgment and good sense I could feel greater confidence. It will, therefore, give me very great satisfaction if you will accept the office, and give me and the castle those services officially which you have already given in so full a measure individually.

"Believe me, my dear sir,
"Yours very faithfully,
"CARNARVON.

"LLEWELYN TURNER, Esquire."

I gladly accepted the post, which I felt would enable me to carry out improvements I had long desired to see made. His lordship made the same arrangements with me as he and his predecessor, the first Marquis of Anglesey, had done with Mr. Morgan, viz., that the sole management of the building should rest with me.

My relations with Lord Carnarvon were of the most cordial character, as will appear from the following letter :

"HIGHCLERE CASTLE,
"*October* 27, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Of the documents you mention *. . . . There are in my mind few public men who have done better public work, or shown more constant activity, than you have, and it would give me very sincere satisfaction to see qualities, unfortunately not so common now as we could desire, distinguished by some honourable recognition from the Crown. When you write again will you let me know the length of the castle on the front next the town, with a view to my iron railings ?

"Believe me,
"Yours truly,
"CARNARVON."

The railings alluded to now surround parts of the castle moat, and were provided by Lord Carnarvon at his own personal cost.

After giving repeated verbal and written notices to the annexer of the space opposite the County Hall, as before described, and on his continuing possession, I employed twenty-five navvies to clear away the excretions and enclosures, having a body of police ready to prevent disturbances. This man did his utmost to revenge himself upon me, making attacks in a newspaper for some years. His powers of composition and calligraphy being restricted, he employed two brothers to write the attacks until they died of liquor. He

* Strange to say I am unable to recall the nature of the documents alluded to.

(*Williams, photo, Carnarvon*)

MR. JOHN JONES OF CARNARVON CASTLE

circulated all sorts of stories, declaring, as I was often told, that he would be revenged upon me, but after years of annoyance death put an end to his hopes, and my friend and honest workman, John Jones (who has now worked for me in the castle for twenty-three years, and was in Lord Clarence Paget's employ for seventeen years previous, during which I knew him), does the work allotted to him with the ability of an excellent mason, and the good work of a conscientious man.

Amongst the kind and appreciative letters I received from Lord Carnarvon was the following :

"EASTNOR CASTLE, LEDBURY,
"*December* 8, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was on the point of writing to add my congratulations to the well-merited honour which you have just received when your letter reached me. Seeing by its address that you are, or were, in London, I am all the more vexed that my own engagements should have taken me away at the moment from home, as I should otherwise have tried to persuade you to pay me a visit at Highclere. I must hope for the satisfaction another time.

"Believe me,
"Yours very sincerely,
"CARNARVON."

Lord Carnarvon paid me two or three visits at Parkia, and one with the Countess for a few days.

In the year —— I got up a subscription amongst a few of the county magnates to restore the Queen's Tower, which was soon after roofed and floored, but as the work of the parties entrusted with the work far exceeded the estimate, I had to find £400 as best I could to finish it. I forgot to say that on my appointment as Deputy Constable, I took a tape and a note-book and made a tour through South Wales, carefully examining nearly all the fine old castles there, observing with sorrow the enormous damage done by trees growing on the walls ; and as I have provided myself with a good library of architectural and archæological books, and

had always made a study of the castle, I feel confident that my work is in full accord with the original building. At any rate, it has passed muster with the Archæological Institute and the Association. In the year —— I entertained the Archæological Association at lunch, and described Conway and Beaumaris Castles to them at each place.

In the year 1887 when I was High Sheriff of the County of Carnarvon, the Royal Archæological Institute met at Chester and I was invited to read a paper there on the castle, and to describe the castles of Conway and Carnarvon to the members the following day. They had a special train from Chester to Conway and Carnarvon and a trumpeter to keep the members together. I described Conway for one hour on the spot, and Carnarvon in a peripatetic lecture for five hours, including half an hour for lunch, when I entertained the two hundred members to luncheon in the restored Queen's tower.

As there are absurd people who object to keeping ancient buildings in order, I venture to report that the two hundred archæologists, embracing eminent architects, presidents of learned societies, under the presidency of Earl Percy, and voiced by those two eminent architects, Mr. Ferguson, F.S.A., and Mr. Pullen, F.S.A., Professor Clarke, unanimously expressed their approbation of the work done, as did the Archæological Association some years later. I was requested by the Association to describe the Castles of Beaumaris and Carnarvon, and did so in peripatetic lectures in both places. I had the pleasure of entertaining the sixty-six members to luncheon at Carnarvon and of being entertained by them at Beaumaris.

Several years ago I cleared out all the rubbish of the towers and the courtyard, the depth of which I carefully ascertained, and re-opened the moat. Having effected this vast improvement to the gratification of all archæologists, I received a letter from the Corporation requesting me to re-close it, which extraordinary request received the following answer :

(*Jones, Son & Harper, photo, Ludlow*)

SIR LLEWELYN TURNER

"SIR,—In reply to your letter I have only to state that I decline to repeat the vandalism and vulgarity of a former generation by closing the moat, and thereby depriving the magnificent castle entrusted to my care of a large portion of its façade.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LLEWELYN TURNER."

After the death of Lord Carnarvon Sir John Puleston, who was then contesting the Carnarvon Boroughs, was appointed to the post of Constable. Sir John called at Parkia, and expressed a hope that I could see my way to continue in office. I stated that whatever business I had in hand I always went straight to the point, that I would be sorry to desert a post I had felt such interest in filling, as I was so well acquainted with its necessities; but that I could only hold office on the clear and distinct understanding *that its management should be entirely under my control; that no one could apply for its use over my head; and that the repairs and structure should rest entirely in my hands.* Sir John replied at once by saying that he could not think of asking me to retain the post on any other conditions. I may mention here that I had often used strong arguments (as I fancy I have stated elsewhere) to persuade people to form a company and erect a large public building at Carnarvon, urging that if they did I would not grant the use of the castle in any way to compete with it. At last my opportunity came. I was Chairman of an Eisteddfod Committee, and proposed that £1000 for its use for four days should be offered to any company that would erect a building to seat 7000 people. The proposal was successful and a company was formed, and the place erected, and proved a blessing to the Castle, as I expected when I suggested it. In accordance with my promise I refused all applications for public meetings to be held in the venerable building, the passages, corridors, and dark places being on such occasions turned into the uses of a lavatory, and visitors were never anxious to venture to visit it for days after a large meeting, when, in addition to

the filth in the corridors, bits of paper, glass bottles, orange peel, and such things degraded the fine old building. People who wish to turn a grand memorial of past times into a place of amusement, or for the holding of public meetings, fail to realise that the town in which it stands would be deprived of a vast number of tourists who are attracted to it, and the serious diminution of the number of visitors would soon stop the great repair that has been going on for years, as there would be no fund to supply it. The beauty of the joke is, that Carnarvon people pay nothing for going in, and the visitors provide the money which enables the repairs to be carried on. Yet there are always silly schemes for turning the Castle into a pandemonium and deterring visitors.

At the Summer Assizes in 1900, Lord Russell, Lord Chief Justice, was the judge, and when in the castle with me I pointed out John Jones, who was working about twenty yards off, and told him how he had worked for my old friend, Lord Clarence Paget, for seventeen years, and on the castle for me for twenty-three years, and that I had therefore known him for forty years; that I never once had to ask why he did this, or why he had not done that, and that he was always faithful in carrying out every order, and doing it intelligently. I then called John to us, and said: "Now, John, you are in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and I have been telling his lordship what a bad man you are!" John replied: "I am not very bad, am I, Sir Llewelyn?" Slapping him on the back I said: "No, John, you are very good"; upon which Lord Russell took him by the hand and shook it warmly. I have told many judges at the Assizes of his faithfulness, and they have shaken hands with him.

On two different occasions I had the honour of describing the castle to his Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales, on the spot, and of showing how groundless was the attack on the tradition of the birth of Edward II. in the Eagle Tower. The fact that the lower portion of the Eagle Tower, including the chamber in question, was first built by Edward I., and the storey above not until a later period, can and will be

plainly shown, if I live to complete the history of the castle. The bills which clearly relate to *the raising of the tower to a greater elevation* have been misapplied to the building itself, all the bills relating to which have been lost. This was clearly explained by me to two hundred members of the Archæological Institute in 1887, and later on to the sixty-six of the Archæological Association, and also to the Cambrian Association. Inasmuch as the whole subject will be well threshed out, with maps and pictures explaining the matter, in a history of the castle, dedicated by permission to the King, I will not further anticipate that which will be given in full detail. I may add that the earliest work I did was to destroy all trees, which it took a few years to do, and I had to salt the roots of many to prevent their coming on again.

For many years I searched in the Record Office for bills and documents relating to the castle, and am the possessor of copies of all that could be found, but a series of dreadful illnesses has prevented my completion of a history of the castle, which his Majesty, when Prince of Wales, kindly allowed to be dedicated to him, and I hope to be able to complete it, but having now lived in four reigns I must make haste, or leave it unfinished.

[NOTE.—Although, as I correct this page, Sir Llewelyn Turner is eighty years of age and ill, I deem it best to leave the concluding passage unaltered.—J. E. V.]

APPENDICES

STANFIELD HALL

A Porch where Mr. Jermy, senr. was shot
B The bridge over the moat
C The side door by which Rush entered
D The moat
E My pleasant bedroom when a guest at Stanfield Hall
F Grass and flower beds

APPENDIX A

STANFIELD HALL AND ITS TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMY ROBSART.

In the year 18— I accepted a kind invitation from my valued friend, connection, and old schoolfellow, Colonel Boileau, to pay him a visit in this interesting old moated house, the scene of fearful murders and bloodshed, viz., the murders of Mr. Isaac Jermy, the Recorder of Norwich, of his son, Mr. Isaac Jermy Jermy, and the shooting of Mrs. Jermy Jermy, the son's wife, and her maid, by probably one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity, James Bloomfield Rush. Some of the incidents connected with this shooting of four people extend back to the very remote period of 1750, when the estate belonged to a family of the name of Jermy, and the reversion of a poor relation of the owner was purchased by a gentleman of the name of Preston, who subsequently became the owner, and resided at Stanfield Hall. Outside the lodge of one of the park gates is the Home Farm, with very large buildings and barns, which was occupied by the villain Rush as tenant. Having ascertained that old Mr. Preston (the father and grandfather of the two gentlemen whom he so cruelly murdered) was going to London on a particular day, Rush took three inside places in the mail coach, so as to have the old gentleman entirely to himself all the way; and being a consummate hypocrite, with that plausible manner that so often imposes on the unwary, he so far ingratiated himself with the old gentleman that he was appointed to be his agent, and thus he obtained the opportunity of stealing some of his title-deeds. Old Mr. Preston was succeeded in the ownership of the estate

by his son, Mr. Isaac Preston, afterwards Jermy,* the Recorder of Norwich, and Rush was still the tenant of the Home Farm. The descendants of the former owners of the Stanfield Hall estate had entered proceedings in Chancery for its recovery from the Preston family, and Rush, with the advantage of possessing the title-deeds he had stolen, was doing all he could to assist them. Stanfield Hall was at this time unoccupied, save by the sister-in-law of Rush, who was employed as housekeeper to look after it. She was a woman of some moderate means of her own, and Rush, with his usual villainy, got hold of all she possessed and left her nothing.

The Recorder was informed that Rush was disposing of the stock of the Home Farm and intended to go to America; and inquired into the matter; on which Rush, with his usual cunning, asked him to go and see what a large stock he had of cows and pigs, which were ample to pay the rent. So large was the quantity of corn threshed that Mr. Preston (the Recorder) was able to walk on to the top of the huge barn from the top of the straw; and when in later years I was staying at Stanfield Hall and went over the fine old buildings of this Home Farm and saw the size of the barn, I was able to realise the magnitude of the quantity of corn threshed. Rush soon sold his stock and went into bankruptcy, and judging from the notes I made in subsequent years at the Hall when hearing all the numerous extraordinary facts connected with the tragedies, I came to the conclusion that if, as I believe, "the law is not a *Hass*," one man who administered it was, and the advantage gained by Rush through the extraordinary credulity of Commissioner Fane was to me painful reading, and afforded ample evidence of the necessity for entrusting none but *strong* Judges with the administration of justice. The suit of the claimants of Stanfield Estate lingered on in Chancery, and the claimants, thinking its delays (which were fearfully tiresome in those

* The reason for this difference of name between father and son will be cleared up as the reader proceeds.

days) far too great, hired a number of men from Norwich and took possession, barricading the windows and the bridge of the moat. Other means of dislodging them failing, the Recorder applied for troops, and a body of dragoons, under the command of a major, was sent to deal with them. Dragoons may appear a curious force to attack a barricaded house, but they were the only available troops at Norwich, which is only nine miles from the Hall. The major called upon them to surrender, which they refused to do. He then gave them five minutes to do it in, with a distinct warning that they would be fired upon, and they surrendered and were marched to Norwich. At the Lent Assizes of that town in April 1839, John Larner, Daniel Wingfield, and eighty other men were indicted for the riot. The prosecutor strongly recommended the men to mercy, as he believed they had, being ignorant men, been actuated by a mistaken idea as to the property, and on this strong recommendation the Judge said that the prisoners ought to be deeply obliged to the prosecutor, and sentenced Larner and Wingfield to three months and others to two months and the rest to one week. At the March Assizes the case of Preston and Rush for breach of covenant took place, and what with this and the bankruptcy proceedings the relations between the parties were very much strained. There can be no doubt that the Recorder, knowing too well the character of the man, who, being in part possession of his title-deeds, left him unable to prove his title, led a life of great discomfort. The Recorder found that by the old settlements of the estate it was necessary that the owner should bear the name of Jermy, and he took and was thereafter known by that name, his Christian name being "Isaac."

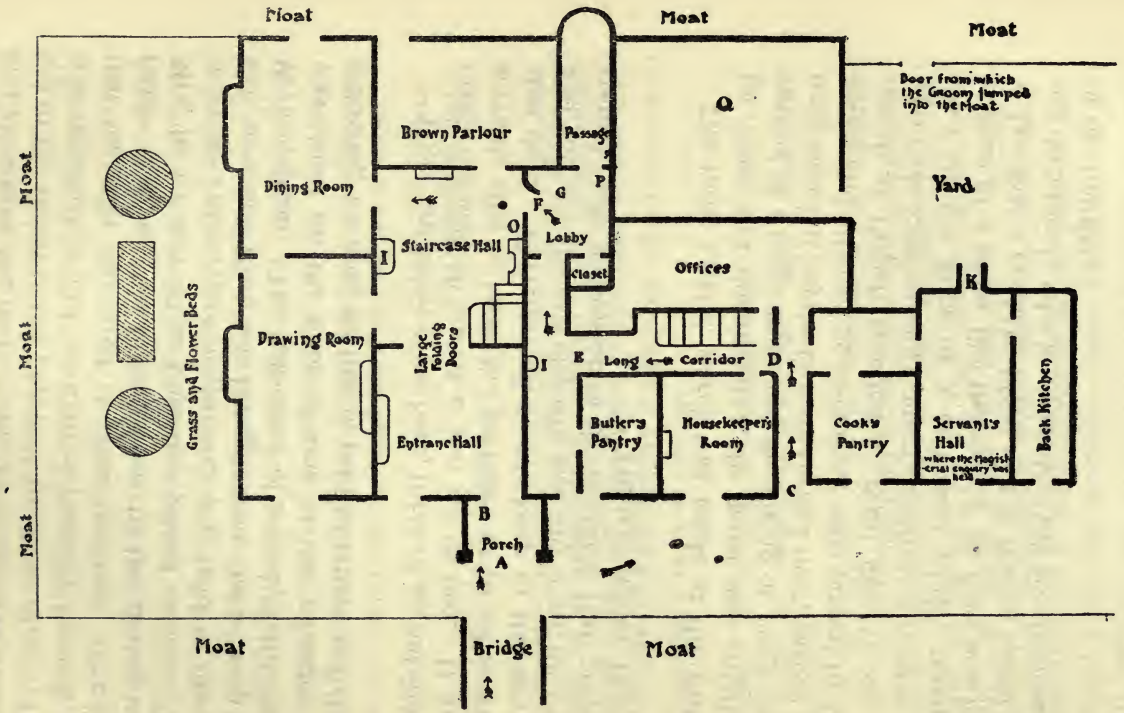
I ought to have mentioned that when the Recorder's father died and the place came into his possession, he made up his mind to pull down the Hall, and he sold it to Rush for £1000 (for the materials). This was an inadequate price, but two years later Rush sold the buildings back again to Mr. Jermy (late Preston) for the sum at which he had purchased it.

Now we approach the dreadful tragedies which ended the career of the Recorder and his son, and that of the arch-villain Rush, who died on the gallows. Ten years previous to the fearful events about to be related, Mr. Jermy had deputed Rush to attend the sale and to bid on his behalf for a farm called the Potash Farm, which adjoins one end of the park of Stanfield Hall. I forget what the amount was at which the farm was sold at the auction, but after the sale Rush went to Mr. Jermy and told him that the biddings exceeded what he had authorised him to bid, and that he had purchased it for himself for a sum exceeding that by £130, and that Mr. Jermy must lend him the money to pay for the farm. Awkwardly as he was situated with Rush, Mr. Jermy lent him £5000 on mortgage, with an agreement giving him ten years to repay the principal. When this term of ten years was rapidly coming to an end Rush applied for further time, which was not granted, and now we are on the threshold of the climax of the catalogue of crimes committed by this arch-hypocrite. He had many years before been indicted for having burnt a hay-stack from motives of revenge, but his old friend and banker, the devil, not having done with him, continued to honour his cheques, and he got out of the trouble. There is scarcely any doubt that his mother and his step-father had died by his hand; that he had set fire to a Wesleyan chapel in London out of revenge against the chapel authorities, who had prevented his seduction of a young girl who attended the Sunday School, and the avarice of the scoundrel was proved by his having carried off his own books from his pew when he entered to fire the chapel. Fortunately the fire was discovered very soon and extinguished, and the discovery that the books of *one pew only* were missing (that of Rush) pointed out the man who had done it, but there was not sufficient proof to accuse him, and no proceedings were taken.

An important factor in the events we are now coming to was Emily Sandford, a young woman whose life was one of the many ruined by this fiend. Rush was a widower with several children, and occupied the Potash Farm, and another

farm which he held under lease from the Recorder at Felmingham, about fourteen miles from Potash and Stanfield Hall. In 1846 Rush had advertised for a governess, and unfortnately for her, Emily Sandford answered it, and was engaged and seduced, and lived with Rush until the end. The 30th of November, at which date the £5000 was payable, was fast approaching, and Rush made various attempts to induce the Recorder to extend the term of ten years he had given him. That valuable and wonderful invention, the electric telegraph, had then been recently discovered and set up in many parts of the kingdom, and on the night of November 28th, 1848, a telegram reached Norwich from Wymondham (which is three miles from the Hall), stating that Mr. Jermy and his son had been murdered and the son's wife and her maid dangerously wounded. The Chief Constable at once gave orders for several men to be armed and follow with Norwich policemen to Stanfield Hall. Although Rush's name had not been mentioned, his description was telegraphed to all places in the kingdom to which wires had been laid. The promptness of the police arrangements was most creditable, the heads being at the stations when the emergency arose. Individuals were enlisted in the search, and before three o'clock next morning both houses belonging to Rush, at Potash and Felmingham, were surrounded by a cordon of police. Just before daylight a light was seen in the bedroom of a servant boy of Rush's, called Savory, who slept in an outhouse in the Potash farm, and a light was also seen in Rush's bedroom. The boy came out and was quietly ordered by the police, who kept him well in hand, to knock at the back-door and to tell Rush that Mr. Cann, the magistrates' clerk of Wymondham, wished to see him as early as possible. Rush came down, opened the door, and was instantly seized. They found two double-barrelled guns, both loaded, with caps on the nipples. The excitement throughout the nation exceeded anything of the kind ever known, and the *Times* actually sent down a printing-press to Norwich to report daily the incidents of the magisterial and coroner's inquiries.

The family at Stanfield Hall, where the Recorder was in residence, consisted of Mr. Isaac Jermy, his son Mr. Isaac Jermy Jermy, Mrs. Jermy, the son's wife, and her daughter, Eliza Chastney the maid, Watson the butler, housemaids, cook, groom, &c. Mr. Jermy senior was in the habit of leaving the dining-room about eight o'clock after dinner, and going to the front door to look at the weather, and did so as usual this night at half-past eight (Tuesday, November 28). Mr. Jermy had gone out, and while he was absent Mrs. Jermy and her daughter had gone to the drawing-room, and Mr. Jermy junior had just joined them, when the noise of a gun- or pistol-shot was heard. Mr. Jermy junior hastened across the staircase hall to the door of a passage or corridor leading from the side-door to the Hall, when he was confronted by a man who at once shot him dead, his body falling back into the staircase hall. His wife went from the drawing-room into the hall, and seeing her husband's body ran into a passage calling for the butler, and was then met by Eliza Chastney. The murderer had gone openly into the dining-room with a fire-arm, and coming out at once shot Mrs. Jermy in the arm. He then shot Eliza Chastney in the thigh and groin, the entire charge lodging there and fracturing the bone; the shot had passed through Mrs. Jermy's dress on its way to Chastney. The young daughter ran down the passage already mentioned and got out at a back door with the cook, who accompanied her to the coach-house. The coachman jumped into the moat at the back and swam across; getting a horse at a neighbouring farm he rode post haste to the town of Wymondham. Surgeons, the Magistrates' clerk, and others soon arrived at the Hall. Immediately before the murder of Mr. Jermy junior, the butler, hearing the first shot fired outside, and hearing some one in the passage, went into it and saw an armed man with a cloak and a mask, who motioned to him to keep off, and went on to the staircase hall and committed the atrocious deeds already mentioned, the murder of Mr. Jermy junior following in a few seconds after the murderer passed the butler.



A. Entrance porch by which Mr. Jermy had gone out, and where his body was found.
B. The place where Mr. Jermy fell.
C. Side door.
D. The short passage towards the staircase hall.
E. Where the butler met the murderer.
F. Where the murderer met Mr. Jermy, junior.
G & P. Where the murderer shot Mrs. Jermy and her maid.
K. The back door.
L. The lamp.
O. Basket for wool.
Q. Ancient portion of building which Colonel Boileau converted into a library.
→ Track of the murderer.

On the arrival of the various persons from Wymondham and elsewhere, the body of the Recorder was found weltering in his blood in the porch of the front door. The heart was demolished and the clothes partially burned, showing that the shot was fired at close quarters. The bodies of father and son were carried on to the dining-table, and Mrs. Jermy and Eliza Chastney placed in bed. The next morning a meeting of magistrates was held in the servants' hall, to which Rush was brought from the lock-up house at Wymondham. The half-cover of a book, half-foolscap size, was found on the floor of one of the passages with the following warning written in printed letters as follows :—

"There are seven of us here, three of us outside and four inside the hall, all armed as you see us two. If any of you servants offer to leave the premises or to foll*oo*, you will be shot dead. Therefore all of you keep in the servants' hall, and you nor any one else will take any *arme*, for we are only come to take possession of the Stanfield Hall property.

"THOMAS JERMY, the owner."

The most careful search was made at the Potash Farm for arms and documents; the moat was emptied by the cutting of a huge drain and the hiring of large punts. The neighbouring haystacks were turned over, barbed forks were made, and all suspicious-looking sods turned by them. The search at Potash resulted in great discoveries—disguises, a horrible-looking wig, women's clothes; but more important than all, the floor of a cupboard which reached to the bottom of a room like the rest of its floor was found to be so laid that it could be lifted, and in it were found the following documents, which my readers will see disclose the object of the murders :

The forged documents found under the floor of the cupboard.

"Agreement dated the 10th day of October 1848, between James Bloomfield Rush and Isaac Jermy Esquire, marked A.

"An agreement made the 10th day of October 1848, between James Bloomfield Rush of the one part and Isaac Jermy Esquire Recorder of Norwich on the other part. The said Isaac Jermy agrees to let the said James Bloomfield Rush have the five thousand pounds on the Potash estate three years over and above the time mentioned in the mortgage deeds, at four per cent., computing three years from the expiration of the ten years as mentioned in the said mortgage deeds to Isaac Jermy, and the said J. B. Rush agrees to pay the interest the same as heretofore, and observe all the stipulations and covenants mentioned in the aforesaid mortgage deeds, and the said Isaac Jermy agrees to do the same as witness our hand the day and year just above written.

"ISAAC JERMY.

"JAMES B. RUSH.

"Witness—Emily Sandford."

Then follows the second forgery, the forger providing himself with (as he evidently thought) an alternative of either producing an agreement to obtain *further* time to pay, or a more profitable one of freeing himself of all obligation to pay. This forgery runs as follows :

"Agreement dated 21st November 1848 between Isaac Jermy Esquire of Stanfield Hall and James Bloomfield Rush, marked B.

"It is this day agreed to by me Isaac Jermy of Stanfield Hall that if James Bloomfield Rush gives up all papers and documents he holds relating to the Stanfield Hall and Felmingham estates and do all that lays in his power in maintaining and keeping me and my heirs or assigns in possession of the said estates that I will give up all claim I have on him the said James Bloomfield Rush on the Potash estate and will burn the mortgage deeds I hold on the said estate, and give up the writings of the same to the said J. B. Rush within twelve months from the date hereof, and give him a lease of the Felmingham estate for twenty-one years, on the same terms and conditions as he now holds

an agreement from the present claimant Thomas Jermy. In witness hereunto the undersigned have set their hands, this 21st of November 1848.

"ISAAC JERMY."

"I James Bloomfield Rush do in consideration of the above herewith give up all papers and documents relating to the above estates that can in any way affect the title of the aforesaid Isaac Jermy, and agree to do all I can to assist in maintaining and keeping possession of the said estates for the aforesaid Isaac Jermy his heirs or assigns.

"JAMES BLOOMFIELD RUSH.

"Witness—Emily Sandford."

There was also found a forged lease purporting to be of the Felmingham Farm, and to be signed by Mr. Isaac Jermy, to which Emily Sandford had signed her name as witness. It goes without saying that so long as Mr. Jermy was alive these forgeries would be useless, and therefore the taking of his life was a necessary part of the performance, and the death of Mr. Jermy, jun., would of course render the transaction more complete, as his knowledge of the actions of his father, with whom he was living, would necessarily be considerable, and Mrs. Jermy, the son's wife, was probably in a position to throw light upon the case. The death of the entire family would facilitate the plot, so that it was well the daughter of Mr. Jermy, jun., escaped as she did. The magistrates sat at Stanfield Hall, where Rush was brought by a writ of habeas corpus. One magistrate completely lost his head, and gave so much trouble that the other justices were about to communicate with the Home Secretary on the subject, and his conduct very much complicated the inquiry. At first, poor Emily Sandford, who was not far from becoming the mother of a child to Rush, screened him by her evidence, but she broke down the next day and confessed all, after which Rush behaved with the most abominable violence and had to be restrained. The arch-hypocrite had taken her in his gig on both the days mentioned in the forged documents to the Hall, passing through a turnpike

gate and through one of the park lodge gates, so that if he had been in a position to use either of the forged documents he could have called the turnpike- and lodge-keepers as witnesses of his having been at the Hall with Emily Sandford on both these days. Despite his fearful violence, which was so difficult to restrain, the poor victim of his villainy told all the truth, and how he had got her to sign her name to the forgeries, Mr. Jermy of course not being present or signing them; and how he had gone out disguised on several nights at the same hour, locking her up in her room, doubtless in order to prevent her seeing how he was disguised. On the night of the tragedy there was a concert at Norwich, to which he had promised to take her, with evidently no intention of doing it, but he took care that the servants went. They had tea at home (Potash Farm) at half-past five, and Emily Sandford observed agitation on the part of Rush, who said: "I have been thinking a good deal about the story we read the other day of the Scotch chief," alluding to the well-known story of Robert Bruce before the battle of Bannockburn. He lay on his back and saw a spider which had suspended itself from the ceiling, swinging itself with the view of reaching a beam. The insect tried six times and succeeded the seventh time, and then said the Scottish chief: "I have tried six times, and as the insect tried six times and succeeded the seventh I also shall succeed." Rush continued: "I have tried five or six times and the next time I shall be successful." Sandford expressed alarm and asked what he meant, that it must be something more than poachers, alluding to his having gone out armed and disguised on the several nights, as she had caught glimpses of him despite his precautions. He replied, "I would like you better if you do not ask me." He went out between seven and eight o'clock. She heard but did not see him go, which he always tried to prevent her from doing. His nearest path to the Hall was down a long piece of ground called a "Lork," in which the animals were allowed to stray, and he had had this covered with straw, no doubt to prevent the marks of his footsteps being seen, although it is only

right to say that straw was often placed there, and at other farms in like places, for the cattle, pigs, and other animals to tread down into manure. From there the path went along the top of a hedge, on parts of which no marks need be feared, but where marks might be possible straw had been placed, and from this hedge he entered the park. As already stated, Mr. Jermy used to go out at or soon after eight o'clock to the porch, and Rush knew the house and his habits, and had often let himself in by lifting the latch of the side door. When Mr. Jermy went into the porch he was confronted by a man (Rush of course) who shot him dead as above stated, although there were five persons, female servants and their sweethearts, by the gate at the outside of the bridge of the moat, thirty-five yards only from the scene of the murder. These persons were laughing and joking, when they heard a report of a fire-arm, andisaw a spark fly up some feet in the air, and they all ran away. In reading the account of the evidence given before the magistrates I was amazed to find some of these people had not been examined, and one of them had been asked a question or two *not on oath*, as he stated on the trial ; and it struck me forcibly that had they not been called upon at the trial it would have afforded a strong ground of argument that witnesses who could throw light on the case should not have been called. Despite all the exertions to find the weapons, the moat and most likely places being examined, they were not found until after the execution of the murderer, when the pistol and the cloak supposed to have been the one he wore were found in the muck heap in the yard at the back of the Potash Farm. The weapon was a double-barrelled blunderbus with very wide mouths and the charges were slugs, which were nearly all found in the bodies and limbs of the four persons shot. One of the witnesses who saw the event spoke of two shots, but I fancy it was the banging of the door, for while I was visiting years after at Stanfield Hall I wanted to fully realise the whole thing, and at eight o'clock one windy night I went just from the staircase hall through large folding doors into the front hall, then opened the hall door,

STANFIELD HALL—THE HALL

A Dining-room door B Drawing-room door C The stairs
C to D Stairs omitted, as they would hide spot where Mr. Jermy, junr. was shot
X Spot where Mr. Jermy, junr. was shot
I Family portraits

a heavy old oak door, leaving it a little open to enable me to return after standing in the porch, the porch door flew open, and it and the folding door between the two halls I had also left partly open both shut with a noise like a gun, and I had to do as Rush had done, that is, to go to the side door, lifting the same latch and going down the long passage as he had done. I am of opinion after very careful consideration of the matter that Rush burned the cloak he had worn, and buried a different one, so that in the event of the things being found, he might prove in cross-examination of the servants that it was not the one deposed to by the butler, who had seen him in the house. Rush had had the claimants of the property from London on the day of the murders on some pretence of giving them some hints to assist their claim, but no doubt really to give colour to the attempt to prove that they were the murderers, and the notices he threw down in the passage at Stanfield Hall purporting to be signed by poor old Jermy, the claimant of the estate, were of course not intended to prevent the servants from interfering, as the murders would be completed before they could be read, but were to divert suspicion from himself to the claimants. This is a mere outline of the case.

The prisoner was committed for trial for murder after unparalleled scenes of violence on his part, after he found that Sandford told the truth at the trial. He had doubtless been disturbed on the first six nights, probably in the same way as on the seventh, but the time for payment of the £5000 mortgage being so near he committed his murders no doubt calculating (rightly as it proved) that the shots would frighten away the persons he saw. A figure had been seen on several of the six nights in the park, once with a dark lantern, and this no doubt was Rush.

The bodies of father and son were buried in two coffins made from an oak tree in the park and removed in two hearses to the church at Wymondham, the funeral *cortège* being of enormous proportions, the neighbours and people from far and wide joining in it. In the period between the

preliminary inquiries and the Assizes the search for the weapons and the preparations for the trial were unabated. The sufferings of Mrs. Jermy and Eliza Chastney continued, the arm of the former having to be amputated, and for a long time she lost her reason. No effort could restore her to consciousness; she knew no one, but after a time recognised her child. One Monday morning the little creature began to repeat a hymn in her mother's sick room (bedroom) in which she was not correct. The poor mother immediately prompted her, and the moment she had done so her benumbed feelings were relieved by tears for the first time since her disaster. Shortly after she recognised the bark of a favourite dog of her late husband. When convalescent she was removed from Stanfield Hall to another place; and one day at the house of a friend, whose infant was brought into the room, she made the natural movement to take it into her arms, and was painfully reminded by the loss of her arm how cruelly she had been mutilated. "She was a young, handsome, light-hearted wife, but none who then saw her as a widow with the bright but vacant eye could fail to realise the sad change. She, however, eventually recovered from the mental shock she had received."

A poor woman named Bailey kept the lodge-gate of Stanfield Hall on the Ketteringham side of the park, through which Rush and Sandford had driven as stated on a previous page.

She and her son were examined at the preliminary inquiries before the magistrates and Coroner, and she gave her evidence clearly, but became insane immediately afterwards and died raving mad in a fortnight, never having ceased to repeat the names of Rush and the Stanfield family until her death. Her son gave evidence at the Assizes. The grand jury appeared in large numbers, and the High Sheriff was solicited by many to be summoned. So great was the interest taken in the trial that great difficulty was felt to supply the necessary accommodation, and several ladies were accommodated in the grand jury box. The London press was strongly represented, the reporters being admitted as

early as half-past seven in the morning. At eight the court was filled, the members of the Bar also being in their places. The Judges on the Circuit were the Lord Chief Baron Pollock, who presided in the Civil Court; and Baron Rolfe, who presided in the Crown Court. The learned Baron took his seat on the Bench at nine o'clock, and the prisoner was brought in. The Clerk of Arraigns, amid the most solemn silence, arraigned the prisoner on the charge of murdering Isaac Jermy, and on a second indictment for the murder of Isaac Jermy junior, and also on the Coroner's inquisition, to which he pleaded "not guilty." The Counsel for the prosecution were Serjeant Byles, Mr. Prendergast, and Mr. Evans. (Serjeant Byles was not long after promoted to the Bench, and came the North Wales Circuit, and tried *inter alia* the action in which the right of the Harbour Trust to the foreshore was established.) Rush defended himself, and his violence and interruptions were so great that the Judge threatened to send him back to prison and have the trial conducted in his absence. The following witnesses were examined:

Mr. James Deane, to prove the plans of Stanfield Hall and the Potash Farm, and the probable way that Rush had gone from Potash to Stanfield on the night of the murder.

Mr. J. S. Cann, Magistrates' Clerk, who proved accompanying the police and finding the forged documents and many others in the secret hiding-place under the boards of the cupboard from Emily Sandford's description, and deposed that Miss Sandford had given the information as to where they would be found. The witness was continually interrupted by Rush, and the appeals to the Almighty were nauseous coming from the lips of such a man. On one occasion he said to the witness, "God's arm is strong, you are a young man, it is most awful to hear you."

James Watson, the butler, proved having heard the reports of the shots, and the meeting with the man. Counsel asked him who was that man, and he replied that he believed it was the prisoner Rush. The butler was examined at great length.

The next witness was the wounded maid, Eliza Chastney, who after a period of four months was suffering agony. She was carried in a palanquin from Stanfield Hall, and gave her evidence lying down in it. After deposing to the facts related at the preliminary inquiry, she said, "I saw the head and shoulders of the man who shot me. There was something remarkable in the shape of the head, being flat on the top; he was wide shouldered, and I formed a belief at the time who the man was. I have had no doubt in my own mind about it." The Counsel asked who she believed him to be. Putting out her emaciated arm and hand from the palanquin where she lay, she said in a clear tone, "that man," pointing to Rush. She added that she had often seen him at the Hall, that he had a particular way of carrying his head which could not be mistaken. The witness was cross-examined by the prisoner.

Marhta Read deposed to having seen the murders and heard the reports of fire-arms. She described the appearance, and said: "I have often seen Rush at Stanfield Hall.* The man was of the height, size, and carriage of Rush." The prisoner cross-examined the witness, and told her to remember that God Almighty saw and heard what she said.

Mr. Nicholas, surgeon, said that the wound of Mr. Isaac Jermy, whose body he examined in the dining-room, was above the nipple on the left breast, and from three to four inches in extent. The fourth, fifth, and sixth ribs were shattered, the entire body of the heart was carried away, and the charge had passed through the left lung and had lodged in the muscles of the back. He examined the body of Mr. Jermy, junior; the wound was not more than half an inch in diameter, near the nipple of the right breast. He found a number of slugs in both bodies, those in both being identical. The prisoner then said that he must have the depositions read, that he would not be contradicted.

* He had frequent business with Mr. Jermy, and had often gone to ask for more time to pay, as the ten years' grace was all but over.

Another surgeon confirmed the last witness, and was cross-examined at length by the prisoner.

This is, of course, a very curtailed account, the speech of Counsel not being reported here.

At seven o'clock in the evening the Court adjourned until the next day. At nine o'clock the Judge took his seat on the bench. The first witness called was *Edward Harvey*, who deposed to what he and others saw outside on the night of the murders. In the notes I made at Stanfield Hall when on my visit there, I could not help recording my amazement that he had not been sworn at the preliminary inquiry, and on this occasion at the fact that Counsel failed to ask him the hour. Rush used most violent language to this and to another witness; and now appeared in the box the unfortunate woman he had ruined, Emily Sandford. Addressing the Judge, Rush said he must make one observation. This the Judge said he could not allow, on which the villain said, "I have a higher power than you, my lord, and I say to this witness that I am innocent." The Judge then said that it would be for the jury to determine that point. Having detained the Court for some time by his interruptions, the Judge at last said that he was entitled to remain in court while the evidence was given, "unless you misconduct yourself, otherwise you will be removed."* This poor woman was cross-examined at great length, the prisoner interrupting constantly. She deposed to her seduction on a promise of marriage; to his making her sign as a witness the forged documents, concealing from her the contents; to his remarks about the six nights and his expected success in an important venture on the seventh; his having the numerous disguises found in the Potash Farm, and a vast variety of facts, all leading to prove the guilt of her seducer. The Judge had to stop Rush's abuse of the poor woman.

* I was once sitting as a magistrate at Bangor with the late Lord Penrhyn, and a prisoner was so noisy and violent that I proposed to remove him, and Lord Penrhyn asked if we had the power, and I adduced this case in proof that we had, but the threat quieted the man.

He several times tried to argue with the Judge, who had to protect the witness from his cruel questioning.

The next day, Saturday, the Court opened at 9 A.M. A witness of the name of Home deposed to having heard prisoner say that Mr. Jermy had given him notice to quit his farm, and that he (Mr. Jermy) *would soon have notice to quit this world from him.* Other witnesses proved that Rush had inquired on the different days if Mr. Jermy was at home. Books were produced, one of which had the back missing, and one of the notices left in the Hall by the murderer was evidently torn from one of these books. The number of witnesses examined on Saturday was considerable, and the Court adjourned at 7.30 P.M. until Monday.

On Monday the Court opened at 9 A.M., and numbers of police and others were examined. The prisoner asked to see a pocket-book that was produced in evidence, and actually extracted a cheque for £40 from the pocket of it and concealed it in his hat. The Judge during the proceedings was about to ask a question of a witness, when the prisoner said, "I will examine her first, my lord, and then you may ask her any question you like." It will be remembered that I have stated that the notices left in the Hall were no doubt for the purpose of making it appear that the murders were committed by the claimants, who were, therefore, summoned by the prosecution. When old Jermy, one of the claimants, was put into the box, Serjeant Byles asked him *one question only, "Can you write, Mr. Jermy?" "No, sir,"* was the answer. In this case, as in so many others, Rush had overreached himself.

Poor Emily Sandford was in the witness-box for *thirteen* hours, of which ten were occupied by the prisoner's cross-examination, and much delay was caused in her examination by the constant interruptions of the accused.

No less than thirty-six witnesses, including several policemen, were examined for the prosecution, and proved beyond question the guilt of the accused. A large amount of time was consumed in the examination of documents and by the incessant interruptions of the prisoner. The prosecution

was now closed, and as the prisoner was about to defend himself the Judge gave him several pieces of information for his guidance as to what he could and could not do. The Judge asked him if he was prepared to make his defence, and as he replied that he was not, said that he would not require him that day. The Court was thereupon adjourned until the next day.

On Tuesday the Court opened at nine o'clock and the prisoner commenced his defence. The anxiety of the public to hear him was exceedingly great. Nothing strikes me as more plainly showing the pride of the prisoner in his belief in himself, his self-consciousness, and his contempt for others, than his electing to defend himself. The case against him was too strong for the ablest Counsel to resist, but in choosing to defend himself he afforded a striking instance of the truth of the adage that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client." No one accustomed to criminal trials can doubt that had he been defended, his counsel would not have called witnesses, and thus given the right of reply to the prosecution, inasmuch as the evidence he called was of no service to him, but on the contrary some of it was injurious. After the prisoner had addressed the Court for some hours the Judge offered to adjourn for a time so that the prisoner might have some refreshment, but he elected to proceed. When several hours had been thus occupied the Judge inquired if his address would take much longer time, and the prisoner said that he could not finish under four and a half hours. The jury being exhausted, the Court was adjourned.

The next morning (Wednesday) the prisoner continued his defence, which concluded at twelve o'clock, the accused having spoken for upwards of thirteen and a half hours altogether. The prisoner then commenced his examination of his witnesses. The first was *George Waugh*, who swore that Frederick Howe, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, had been in his service as a clerk, and that he would not believe him on his oath if he were contradicted by respectable testimony. As little or no importance was

attached to Howe's evidence, that of Waugh, of whom nothing was known at Norwich, could not repair the damage to the case of calling witnesses.

The next witness called was *Arthur W. Hyde*, but as it turned out, his evidence could not be heard.

Maria Blanchflower, nurse to Mrs. Jermy's children, had not been called for the prosecution, as she had only recently entered the service, and had not seen Rush prior to the murders, but she was unwisely called by the prisoner, who examined her as follows :

Rush.—"What did you see on that night ?"

Blanchflower.—"I saw a low stout man with broad shoulders and no hat on."

Rush.—You did not know who it was ?"

Blanchflower.—"No, I did not stop to look at him. When I got to the back stairs I passed him. He was near the back staircase. I brushed past him."

Here the prisoner incautiously gave himself away.

Rush.—"Did you pass *me* quickly ?"

Blanchflower.—"Yes, when I got to the servants' hall I looked back, and saw the man coming towards the servants' hall. I ran through it into the kitchen. I had no time to see if it was any one I knew. I did not see Read or Miss Jermy."

Solomon Savory, the servant lad whom I mentioned in a previous page as being the boy who was sent by the police to knock at the door at Potash when Rush was apprehended, was called, but his evidence was unimportant. Rush accused him of contradicting himself, but as he was one of his witnesses, the Judge of course refused to allow him to contradict Savory. Rush recalled the witness Howe, which was a curious mistake, in my opinion, for him to make. He was asked in succession if he knew no less than six persons whom Rush named to him, and he said he knew none of them even by name. As all his questions received negative replies this witness did more harm than good ; it was a novel thing to see a witness for the prosecution called by the prisoner.

Mr. Serjeant Byles rose to reply to the speech and evidence of the prisoner, but was frequently interrupted by him. The Judge then said that he must be removed if he continued to interrupt the proceedings, and the prisoner replied, "I must be removed then." On the conclusion of Serjeant Byles' speech, the Judge summed up and the jury retired to consider their verdict. They returned into court in ten minutes with a verdict of Guilty.

Amid profound silence Baron Rolfe proceeded to pass sentence as follows:—

"James Bloomfield Rush—After a trial unusually protracted you have been found guilty of the crime of wilful murder. The deepest and blackest crime may have some circumstances of mitigation, but I regret to say that in your case there is every circumstance which makes it one of the deepest dye, and committed under circumstances the most horrible. It appears from letters that you yourself have written, that to the father of the unfortunate gentleman to whom you have exhibited such malice you owed a debt of deep gratitude. You commenced your career by a system of fraud, that of endeavouring to cheat your landlord; you followed this course by making that unfortunate girl, whom you had seduced, the tool by which you committed forgery; and having done this, you terminated your guilty career by the murder of the son and grandson of your friend and benefactor. Your crime is as loathsome as it is terrible, and no one who has heard the evidence and witnessed your conduct at the trial can fail to agree in the verdict, and feel with me when I say that you must quit this world by an ignominious death, amid the unmitigated abhorrence of every well regulated mind. The crime you have committed is one of the greatest magnitude and atrocity. I shrink not from making this statement, nor from adjudging you the full punishment which the law awards in the situation in which you now stand. To society it must be perfectly indifferent how you pass your few remaining days—no concealment of the truth will cast the slightest doubt upon the correctness of the verdict. No

confession you may make or repentance you may show will more fully prove your guilt. No taper light you can add will be an increase to the broad daylight already cast upon your case. I hope that no morbid curiosity will be exhibited by the public towards you, who have no more concern with you ; and all I conjure of you is that you will devote your remaining days to an endeavour to make your peace with God. Had you performed your promise to that unfortunate girl to make her your wife, her lips would now have been closed against you ; for a wife's lips are sealed against her husband's offences." (Prisoner: "I did not promise, my lord.") You have been convicted on evidence so clear that any further comment is unnecessary. Having enjoined you on the small remaining portion of your life, I will hope that no idle curiosity of the public will be permitted to pry into the murderer's cell."

His lordship then passed sentence of death in the usual form. While Rush was being removed he gave vent to some improper expressions.

The Execution.

Never was a criminal hanged in a more prominent position and from which a larger number of persons could witness his exit from the world in which he had spent so evil a life. The great old Norman castle of Norwich, which was then the prison, stands on a high hill, and the large doors open upon an elevation over a large tract of open country. An extraordinary number of spectators gathered from far and wide, the crowd being so enormous that the most distant part of it must have had but the scantiest view. The hard-hearted monster continued his assumed coolness to the last. If a proof of the excitement throughout the nation was wanting, I think I can afford it. I chanced to be at Kidderminster, which, I need hardly say, is six counties away from Norfolk, and happening to go out of the coffee-room about eight o'clock the night before the execution, and seeing the bar and the approach to it crowded, I asked if there was an

election or some other unusual event going on at Kidderminster. The landlady said, "Oh, no; they are all talking of Rush's execution to-morrow." "What," I said, "at this great distance?" "Yes," she said, "they are all discussing it, and glad that the world is to be rid of such a monster." Later on, when I was a visitor at Stanfield Hall, Mr. Pinson, the able and respected governor of the prison, informed me that during his very long experience as governor of this large prison, nothing to his knowledge had ever approached the excitement created by this case. He received numerous letters from people in foreign countries, written in their languages, begging for some information as to Rush. He would have shown me these, but he had lent them to the Bishop of Norwich. Rush, he said, was the most difficult prisoner he ever had to deal with during his incarceration from the end of November to his execution in March. His wiles and schemes to deceive, his callousness and hardness, were simply amazing. When Calcraft, the hangman, entered his cell, Rush said, "I suppose this is the gentleman who is to do the little job for me." Taking up his top-coat, he said, "I suppose I shan't want this. I shall not catch cold." He said that he would not take it with him, or the hangman would get it as his perquisite with the clothes he wore. "He that hardeneth his neck shall suddenly fall." This man hardened his and suddenly fell.

Rarely in the annals of crime was a murderer more quickly secured. There is no doubt that it was a part of his vile plot to murder Emily Sandford had he been able to act upon the forged documents; for had he succeeded in establishing his claim either to get three more years to pay his mortgage of £5000 or, still better, to secure total immunity from payment, he would have been in constant dread while Emily Sandford lived of being handed over to justice, as she would have been able any day to prove his guilt. It was clear that no one by whose death he could gain would be allowed to live. His mother had been ill a long time, and, having got rid of the nurse, there is little doubt that he also got rid of

his mother, by whose death he got money. He also forged a codicil to her will. His stepfather was shot in 1844. He had gone to sleep after dinner, which, I believe, was his custom, and from that sleep he was not allowed to wake. His mother was ill upstairs, and Rush's account was that he (Rush) had gone upstairs, leaving his gun on a table; that, hearing a shot, he went downstairs and found the gun and his stepfather on the floor, the gun having exploded and killed the latter. He went himself and gave information to the Coroner, who found part of a jury ready for the inquest when he went to the house with Rush, whose forethought was rewarded by a verdict of accidental death. Rush had become aware that his stepfather had made his will, leaving all to his wife (Rush's mother), and he got from her what her husband would not have allowed him to have—£1500. The stepfather is got rid of, and his wife gets the money; Rush gets £1500 of it; and then Mrs. Rush dies mysteriously, and he again profits. I conversed with numerous people in the locality, who had no doubt but that both were murdered.

I copy the following from notes made by me in Stanfield Hall.

In a note made by Sir John Boileau, Bart., who acted as one of the justices of the case (not the excited one referred to above), he says of Stanfield Hall: "In the summer following the murders a sale took place at the house of some furniture and effects, and from the moment the private view, which preceded it, arrived, the place was visited by *thousands*. The days of the auction, when throngs of the gay and thoughtless trod the floors still stained by the blood of its owners, are scarcely to be described. Still less its complete desolation afterwards, a desolation that could be felt."

The floors of the two halls, viz., the front hall and the staircase hall, and the porch where Mr. Jermy, senior, was shot, are all flagged with porous light-coloured stone, of which also the steps of the hall-stairs are formed, hence the statement of Sir John of their being stained with the blood.

In my notes made while staying at Stanfield Hall I find the following :

"The family portraits (many of which are of considerable antiquity) and a few other things were not sold. The family portraits still adorn the walls of the dining-room, and the walls of the galleries looking down on the hall. Had these been endowed with sight and hearing on the night of that Tuesday, in November, 1848, what destruction they would have witnessed!" Another circumstance of melancholy interest attaches to this place. The following interesting facts are from the notes of Sir John Boileau, Bart. : "Stanfield Hall was at one time the home of Amy Robsart, the unfortunate Countess of Leicester. Her father was John Robert Robsart, Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in the first year of the reign of Edward VI., and is called of 'Wyndham in Norfolk, Esquire, alias of Stanfield, in the parish of Wymondham.' He obtained a pardon of the said monarch (according to Bloomfield, by the advice of Edward, Duke of Somerset, the Protector), and the Council, for all treasons, insurrections, rebellions, etc., before the 20th January in the first year of that king. Soon after this he died, leaving by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John Scott of Camberwell in Surrey, Esquire, a daughter and heiress, Ann, married to Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Sir Walter Scott, though he calls the Countess's father 'Sir' Hugh Robsart, as more euphonious, quotes in a note a passage proving him to have been called Sir John Robertsett or Rossert. The lady's name he also changes from Ann to Amy, by which she will always be best known."

I confess never to have felt so great interest in any trials or in any house as the several incidents I have described raised. The notes which I made from the various depositions of Sir John Boileau were made in my bedroom at night, as the family, of course, did not wish the servants to be needlessly reminded of past events. They are infinitely more numerous than those appearing here, and the incidents of the trial and ruling of the Judge upon a mass of points of evidence form an admirable study for any one who

administers justice in criminal courts. I will only give one more note, which may be of value to magistrates and policemen.

"These terrible murders, and the events which followed, prove the vast importance of the electric telegraph in the detection of crime. They also prove the necessity for having the heads of the police in *immediate* proximity to the telegraph."

In this case the chief of police of the county and of the borough of Norwich was at hand, and the speed with which Rush's houses were surrounded by a cordon of police was most creditable. They prove another matter to be most important, viz., the search of the house and haunts of the suspected person, not simply for weapons, as was at first the case here, but also for documents, the value of which in the detection of crime cannot be over-estimated on many occasions. Everything as far as possible should be sealed up, and the importance of a second search is often very great, as shown in this case, where the wig was found in a place previously searched by the police. The great importance of reticence on the part of the police is well evidenced by the fact that in this case Rush *named* the hour of the murders without having heard it from the police, who swore none of them had named it. As it is not possible to estimate at the moment the true effect of a question or observation by a prisoner, it is well to be chary about replying to it.

APPENDIX B

A TRAGIC EVENT AND A MOST REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE OF NAMES.

ONE of the most remarkable trials in my earlier days was that of Josiah Misters for cutting the throat of Mr. Macreth, a commercial traveller, in a hotel at Ludlow on August 1, 1840. Mr. Ludlow, a butcher and drover on a large scale, who visited the fairs in Shropshire and Herefordshire to buy cattle, was well known as a man of money, who carried a good deal of coin about with him, payment by cheque being far less in vogue then than in the present better practice of not carrying a lot of money on the person. Mr. Ludlow had, as will be seen, on two occasions at least the narrowest escape of being robbed and murdered, and the razor intended for him cut the throat of another. Mr. Ludlow, who, if I recollect rightly, lived in Birmingham, attended Shrewsbury Fair in the month of July 1840, and put up at the Ludlow Arms Hotel ; a very young shabby genteel man followed him into the house, and so acted as to make it appear to others that he was accompanying Mr. Ludlow. This villain attended the farmers' dinner, and when asked for payment pretended he had lost his purse. He had ordered a bed and took an opportunity of ascertaining which bedroom Mr. Ludlow was to occupy. Mr. Ludlow went to spend the evening with a friend near Shrewsbury, and either providentially or by good fortune he was invited and consented to stay the night, and did not return until the next morning, or he would very likely have had his throat cut, as the sequel will show that the young man would have been under his bed. The young man in question was Josiah Misters, who lodged in Birmingham, where a brother

of his, who was a respectable man, lived. Misters was a "ne'er do well," and had frequently to be assisted by his brother. After the Shrewsbury fair this fellow made his way by slow stages towards Ludlow, sleeping in barns and such places as he could, and no doubt waiting for the Ludlow fair, where he knew Mr. Ludlow would be. When the day of the fair drew near, he had gradually worked on towards Ludlow, and he was afterwards proved to have made inquiries when the Ludlow coach would pass. He placed himself on the way, got up behind, and when the coach stopped at the hotel he descended and entered the house with Mr. Ludlow, who recognised him, and said, "Oh, you are the young man who was at Shrewsbury when I was there," to which he assented. He coolly marched in with Farmer Ludlow, entered the commercial room, and sat down at the same table, both having ordered tea. Mr. Ludlow said, "You may as well make the tea," and this of course gave the people of the hotel the idea that he was travelling with him. Mr. Ludlow had a bedroom assigned to him, and well was it for him a second time that he happened not to occupy it. A little latter there drove to the hotel in a gig a very respectable commercial traveller, Mr. Macreth, who travelled for a wholesale firm of ironmongers at Bristol. Mr. Macreth got his tea, and was shown a bedroom, which he declined to occupy, insisting—most unfortunately for him—on having the room he had always slept in on his visits to that town. In consequence of this, the luggage of Mr. Ludlow was shifted to another room, and that of Mr. Macreth placed there. The latter then went out to an ironmonger's shop, and received for his employers a sum of, as far as I remember, between £30 and £40, which he locked in his box and returned to the commercial room. A small room at the end of a passage had been allotted to Misters, who had no luggage; the door of that room faced down the passage, the next to it looking across the passage was empty, the one beyond that being occupied by a Dr. Cameron, and the room beyond that by Mr. Macreth. About eleven o'clock Misters went upstairs, and the chamber-

maid, who had gone up with him, chanced to look back after reaching the top of the stairs and saw that the door of Misters' room was open and had no doubt that some one was standing behind it. Subsequently Mr. Macreth and all the others went to bed. Mr. Macreth locked his door, but did not look under the bed, which I advise every one to do in a hotel or public place of the kind; he placed his razors and brushes on the dressing-table and went to bed. He slept well until about four o'clock, when he was awakened by feeling something about his throat, and as well as he could speak with his throat cut, said "What is this?" or something of that sort. He put up his hand to his throat, and it went into the cut. There was then a short struggle, during which his mouth on each side was widely cut, as shown on the sketch taken at the trial, by which time it had healed. He was able to articulate but not distinctly, and heard people in the garret above. He got up and broke a window, shouting "Murder! fire!" as well as his wound would allow. He then attempted to get out of the room, but it being dark he got between the bed and the wall and felt his way, leaving quantities of blood on the walls. He then got out into the passage and was going downstairs when he met the landlord, who in my opinion deserved to be severely reprimanded. He could not recognise Mr. Macreth, and instead of inquiring into the matter, said, like a fool as he must have been, "What have you been doing to yourself? Go back to bed immediately." His brain seems to have been too small to comprehend that murder is more rife than suicide. So great was the quantity of blood lost by poor Mr. Macreth that the landlord's feet and slippers were wet with the blood on the stairs, and the walls were covered with his handmarks in feeling his way. The alarm soon spread—two men who had slept in the garret above, not realising where the noise they had heard was, had gone downstairs. Dr. Cameron who slept in the next room, got up and gave aid, and the police and Dr. Hodges of Ludlow, a very sharp man, were soon on the scene. Mr. Macreth had great difficulty in making himself understood and was very

weak, and his cheeks had to be sewn up, his mouth having been enlarged. Seeing that at first it was thought to be an attempt at suicide, he pointed to his clean razors on the dressing-table. The villain who had done the deed had the coolness and effrontery to go into the bedroom, and taking his cue from what he had doubtless heard the landlord say to Mr. Macreth, said, "He says somebody else done it, he done it himself." Addressing Dr. Hodges, Misters said, "Do you think the poor gentleman will recover?" Dr. Hodges turned sharply upon him and said, "How does it concern you?" The doctor, who had made up his mind that he was the culprit, whispered to his partner, "That fellow did it. I have a good mind to give him in charge." "Don't for goodness sake," said his partner, "for should you be mistaken the consequences would be serious." "I will risk it," said the doctor, and gave Misters into custody. A careful examination revealed small spots of blood from the door of Mr. Macreth's room past Dr. Cameron's door and the empty one up to the room of Misters. There was a small mark of blood on the curtain on one side of his bedroom window; this led to a search of the garden below belonging to another house, and in that garden the police found a black-handled razor with blood on it. The prisoner, as he then had become, said he had no razor with him, but had two black razors in his lodgings at Birmingham, which he very unwisely described. His lodgings were searched, and one *only* found there, that found in the garden being no doubt the other. He was committed for trial, and at the next Assizes at Shrewsbury tried before Baron Gurney and deservedly hanged. Fortunately for society, the law had not then been changed which confined capital sentences to cases only in which death ensued. Like most of the worst criminals he was as "cool as a cucumber," and died with a lie on his lips.

How often one is amazed to find numbers of people attributing innocence to a firm denial and a callous demeanour, whereas to persons acquainted with criminals it is as a rule one of the strongest evidences of guilt. Silly people

lose sight of the fact that a person capable of committing murder, is equally capable of cool lying to the last. Mr. Ludlow never carried large sums with him after these narrow escapes, and took a man always with him when he travelled. The coincidence of names was most curious. The man intended to be robbed and murdered was Mr. *Ludlow*, his first escape from murder was at the *Ludlow* Arms in Shrewsbury, and the second in the town of *Ludlow*, and at the Assizes the Counsel for the prosecution of the prisoner was Sergeant *Ludlow*—four Ludlows! The Town Clerk of Ludlow has a cast of the head of Misters, which he kindly sent to me at Ludlow to look at. It has often puzzled me why the miscreant did not commence operations earlier, instead of waiting until four o'clock in the morning. On the bed being moved the marks of his body were plainly seen in the dust under the bed, of which there was plenty to leave a mark, and the doctors said that the place where he had been breathing was quite distinct in the dust. Some matches he had dropped were also found. Many years after the event there was a sale of furniture in the hotel, and under the mattress of this bed were distinctly seen the marks of bloody hands that had been wiped on it. I have forgotten to say that he appeared the next morning without stockings, and declared that he had lost them. The landlady lent him a pair, but the doctors were puzzled as to the way in which he had got rid of the blood; and some time after a pair of stockings, which beyond doubt he had placed there, were found in the fireplace of a disused back kitchen. This had not been searched, no one dreaming that he had gone so far; the stockings, originally white, were of a sort of dirty brown, but it was too late for the doctors to be able to say it was blood, although they did not doubt it. The water-jug of his room was empty, and he had no doubt used his stockings to wipe his hands and other things. There is a lesson to be learnt here as to searches—not to make too sure that a criminal's hiding-places may not be further than at first sight seems probable. Had the stockings been found out at the

time, the doctors might have been able to prove that there was blood, and they would have helped to preserve society from a villain. Dr. Hodges used to say that nature had intended him for a detective, and he was that way inclined. Dr. King of Ludlow, who, a few years ago, most skilfully and carefully attended me in a dangerous illness, had been a pupil of Hodges.

APPENDIX C

IRISH HOSPITALITY AND WIT.

In my youth I was called "Louis" for short by my intimates, and more formally "Mr. Louis" by those who were less intimate. An Irish lady, some five or six years my senior, was a bosom friend of mine, and although we always called ourselves cousins I doubt if we were any relations at all. She was a charming and most witty person, who, like so many other dear friends, has long left this sublunary scene, to the regret I am sure of all who knew her. Strange to say, to this day I have never been able to make up my mind whether many curious things she said were Irish bulls, or clever imitations of bulls.

We kept up a most delightful and witty correspondence for a long time—the wit, I am afraid, being all upon her side. In one of her charming letters in the year 1845 she sent me the following humorous lines in illustration of something very amusing contained in her letter :

I believe he's in earnest,
Yet I long to find out.
Fortune's wheel as thou turnest
Take me out of this doubt.
I've no feeling for *sly* men
Who make flirting a trade,
But maintain that for *shy* men
Some excuse may be made.
No, he'll never deceive me,
Though I now and then doubt,
When he knows he'd relieve me,
Why can't he speak out?

On my word it's provoking
To worry me so,
If he's serious or joking
How on earth can I know?
One moment he says things
Which the next he destroys.
Are women's hearts playthings
To be broken by boys?
Sure woman was never
So tortured by doubt,
Tho' I'll lose him for ever
I'll make him speak out.

January 1845.

In the following year she formed one of a large house party at the residence of Major Eustace, near Carlow, a relative of General Eustace, one of the generals I have mentioned earlier as being at the battle of Vinegar Hill in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. An account of her doings is poetically and pleasantly given in the following witty lines. Some of the matter will be better appreciated when I explain that the "painful impression on the foot" was caused by the spur of a cavalry officer in dancing. The names of the "fleet on your coast" arose from a habit I had of calling my lady friends by the names of ships-of-war. My charming friend and witty correspondent being the "Irresistible," and a lady of our mutual acquaintance, a Miss Malaber, I called the "Malabar," after the 74-gun ship of that name. The *Inconstant* was a beautiful 36-gun frigate, the picture of which hung in the hall at Parkia, but is now one of twenty ships-of-war in my bedroom. The *Pique* and *Inconstant* were considered the two smartest frigates in the Service at the time of which I am writing.* With these explanations I fancy my readers will appreciate the playful and witty lines of a departed friend:

Mr. Louis, I wonder you often don't write,
You certainly ought when I'm out of your sight,
I used to imagine you real *true blue*,
And sure I can't bear disappointment *from you.*

* The *Pique* was the frigate Sir William Mends came home on from North America without a rudder.

My first composition you will not refuse,
'Twill give you a sketch of Castlemore mews,
I've been dancing and riding, driving and walking,
And *you* know very well *I'm not backward in talking.*

We've had some excursions old ruins to view,
I must also remark some fine scenery too,
And now I should say how *your prints* were admired*
And for your country, admiration inspired.

I've something to tell you, believe me 'tis true,
I do not know *why* I should keep it from you,
I've had a proposal—*or*—a lady that's here,
At present the youth has not made it quite clear.

I hinted most gently "which *one* do you mean?"
From his look I should say 'twas plain to be seen,
But on *such a subject* I ought not to tease,
I leave you to guess—*whichever you please!*

Carlow is famed for "*available*" beaux,
But then if you gain *them*—you also gain *foes*,
Some ladies have daughters in number near ten,
Which makes them most watchful of all the young men.

And if they but happen attention to pay,
Oh! how it is talked of the very next day!!
I certainly like your custom in Wales,
No matter what's said there—you never tell tales.

I'm leaving to-morrow, and with much regret,
There's but *one* whom I'm sorry that ever I met.
My heart it is safe—*I had that much discretion*,
But *he* left on my foot a most painful impression.

Now, I must ask for the fleet on your coast,
And if "*Irresistible*" still is your toast?
Or as she has gone on a voyage afar,
Have you turned *tender* to the great "*Malabar*"?

Our Irish are true—at least 'tis said so,
As for the Welsh—you must keep them *in tow*,
But if after all "*Inconstant*" they be,
Why then I pronounce them—*unworthy the sea.*

* This alludes to some prints of Welsh scenery I had sent to her.

And now my best verses to you I enclose
And request that they may not be answered in prose:
I hope that the Muse will inspire your rhyme,
And don't *sicken my heart* by *deferring the time.*
April 22, 1846. J. J.

It is many years since I last visited Ireland, the land of my mother, but it would be as difficult as undesirable to efface the memory of the hospitality of its people, and the droll scenes one witnessed and experienced.

On the occasion of my first visit, when about nineteen or twenty years old, I was most hospitably entertained by some very dear old friends of my father and mother. It often happened that Irish houses were somewhat untidy, and in that respect less charming than houses this side of the Channel; but this house, which was of considerable size, was one of the best-ordered, neatest, cleanest, and in every way nicest of dwellings. It required to be somewhat large, owing to the number of its inmates, the family consisting of my host and hostess, eleven children, all grown up or nearly so, and an adopted nephew and niece, making a family of fifteen, and myself a sixteenth. The breakfasts, lunches, and dinners were profuse; the breakfast-table abounding with fish, meat, and the greatest variety of tempting viands. I never saw one pair only of anything at dinner; ducks were two pairs, fowls also, not of course on the same dish. In those days all food was served on the table; there was only one drawback, and that was a great one, namely, the pressure put upon me to eat. One of the sons, a nice kind young fellow of about my own age, always sat by me, and the difficulty I experienced in resisting his hospitable pressure was very great. If I put my knife and fork down, my plate was at once replenished or another plate with something tempting substituted. Protest was vain; my companion was evidently told off to take care of me (the same son always). My constant protest—"My dear fellow, I really can't eat any more," was met with—"Sure if you don't eat you'll die." I really became ill, as it was not possible to avoid over-feeding, and was obliged to curtail my

visit. It was the regular practice in those and earlier days amongst Irish families. I recollect some twenty years later relating this to the late Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, and he said: "Ah, that was some years ago. I well remember the custom; but if you go to Ireland now you will find in all good houses that the habit has disappeared, and the English custom of leaving people to eat as much or as little as they like prevails." When I visited Ireland later I found it to be so.

In Ireland I met with nothing but kindness and hospitality. I spent a fortnight about forty years ago with a friend of mine, a Q.C. of the Irish Bar, who had a good landed estate in the north of Ireland—a very old friend of mine. He and his wife were most kind; I went with my host every day to the Four Courts, and the fun going on there kept me in a perpetual state of laughter.

As to the men who drove the Irish jaunting-cars, they were the jolliest and most pleasant fellows I ever came across. I would say, "Pat, this is a beautiful city of yours!" "Ah, bedad, y'ur honour, it is a beautiful city," was the reply. The compliment paid to the city always proved a passport to his affections.

One day, seeing a jaunting-car going along slowly waiting for a customer, I hailed the driver, "Hold on, Pat, and I'll go a drive with you." As I was mounting the car a by-stander called out, "There will be two jolly fellows of you together. Don't give him too much whisky, your honour." The fares seemed to me ridiculously low, and the pleasant conversation with the drivers was quite worth an additional fare. One day, as I was leaving the Four Courts, I found a driver fast asleep on his car, and got up on the other outside wing. I saw a silver sixpence on the cushion between us, and awaking the driver handed him the coin. He civilly touched his hat, and I told him to drive to Mountjoy Square; I stopped at the post-office and at a shop on the way, for which I expected to pay extra. When we reached the house I was going to in Mountjoy Square I asked what his fare was. "Ah, sure your honour paid me when you got on

the car at the Four Courts." "Oh, no," I said, "that was your own money which I found on the cushion behind you." "Ah now, your honour, I see it all now, and I am greatly indebted to your honour. I dhrove a gintleman down to the Four Courts in the morning, and thought he bid me wait for him, and I waited and went to sleep, and if your honour had not come and woke me I might have slept on waiting for him all day." His only demand on me was sixpence, and he looked on the shilling I gave him evidently as a godsend, and was profuse in his gratitude.

The fun in the Four Courts was as good as a play, and as my host and hostess on this occasion did not belong to the school of compelling one to eat too much, I felt that one had no better promoter of health than visits to the Four Courts and a drive on an Irish jaunting-car.

There is a church in Dublin called St. Michan's, the soil of the yard of which has the curious effect of preserving bodies from decomposition. In the Irish Rebellion of 1798 two brothers, Mr. Richard and Mr. John Sheers, were executed for high treason on the balcony of the Criminal Court in Green Street. The case was an exceedingly painful one, and my mother's recollections of the great Rebellion had interested me much with regard to them, and I was well acquainted with the evidence and Curran's great defence in their behalf. Mr. Ponsonby arrived in front of the place of execution with a reprieve, but the crowd was so great that he could not get to the place in time; their heads were cut off, and one of the executioners was holding one of the heads up, saying, "This is the head of a traitor," just as Mr. Ponsonby got near. My host told me that he had been some few years before to the vault in St. Michan's churchyard where they were buried, and had seen the bodies with the heads on the chest of each.

Knowing what interest I felt in the trial he said that if I liked he would get me an order to see them, and he did. I went to the sexton's house with the order of the vicar, and a young woman with a lantern came with me. There were several iron entrances to vaults, exactly like the wooden

companions leading to the cabins of ships, and the young woman unlocked one of them, and was preceding me when I asked if she was certain that that was the vault which contained the bodies of the brothers Sheers. She replied that it was not, and pointing to another entrance said, "That is the vault containing them." I of course said that what I wanted to see was the heads and bodies of the Sheers. She then told me that I could go down to the vault they were in if I liked, but that I could only see the coffins, as they had had lids fastened on them by order of Government not long before. I then asked her how long it was since any one had been buried in the vault she was going to show me, and she said, "Last week." As I could not see the Sheers, and had no other object in view, I did not go down.

One day when I went as usual in the morning to the Four Courts, I was in the Court of Queen's Bench for three hours waiting for the Judges to come in. They were in their retiring-room consulting on a point of criminal law, with reference to two men who had been condemned to death at one of the Assize Circuits; the men had been brought there, I don't know why. I forget what the point raised was, but I looked with considerable interest at the two men who were under sentence of death. They were not bad-looking fellows, and I recollect were quite different in appearance from each other. One of them not unlike an Irishman I knew (now long dead) in Carnarvon, a man with no colour in the face, the other a man with a fair skin. At length the Judges came in, and the Lord Chief Justice delivered the judgment of the Court against the prisoners, who were taken back to the Assize town and hanged.

A droll case was tried in one of the Courts of the Common Pleas one day before Chief Justice Monahan, of that Court. It was a peculiarly small court, with a gallery in it. Hearing screams of laughter I hastened up the gallery stairs, so as not to lose the fun, and to my surprise saw a black retriever on the desk in front of the Queen's Counsel, and I laboured for some time under the delusion that it was steadily looking at me, but as the case proceeded I found that the

dog, which was dead, was the subject of the action, that the eyes were sham and the animal stuffed. The plaintiff claimed £100 damages against the defendant (who had shot the animal), as the pups, he asserted, always sold for £10.

The only witness-box I saw in Ireland was in that small court, as in all others I visited the witness (as elsewhere stated) sat on a chair on the table, round which the Counsel all sat. The plaintiff's Counsel having stated the case, the witnesses were called.

"Call Mr. Macnamara."

Into the box went Mr. Macnamara, a tall, thin man, and Counsel proceeded to examine him as follows :

"Mr. Macnamara, I believe you are a solicitor practising in Dublin ?"

"I am."

"Do you recollect Sunday, the — day of —— last, walking along the Canal Road, near the plaintiff's fields ?"

"Perfectly well."

"Did you see the defendant in one of the fields ?"

"I did."

"Had he anything in his hand ?"

"Yes, he had a gun."

"Did you see this bitch there ?" (pointing to the stuffed animal).

"I did."

"Did you see the defendant do anything to the bitch ?"

"I saw the defendant deliberately point his gun at her, and he shot her dead."

"Now, had the bitch attacked or done anything to him before he fired at her ?"

"No, she had not. On the contrary, the bitch went towards him wagging her tail in the most harmonious manner."

Then, of course, came the cross-examination, and very considerable sparring between Counsel, and witticisms as to the animal welcoming the defendant rather than trying to bite him.

Evidence was called as to the nature of the animal and the

sum that her pups had fetched. Before the Counsel for the defendant (whose brogue was exceeding great, and, I can't help adding, very disagreeable) rose to address the jury, he called to the officers of the Court, "Take that nasty thing away" (pointing to the animal).

"I object to that, my lord," said the plaintiff's Counsel, and then arose a considerable wrangle. The Judge, intervening, said, "Is there any *heavy* smell on it?" At last the animal was removed, and the Judge having summed up, the jury awarded reasonable compensation for the valuable mother of pups, the amount of which I forget.

On another occasion, before the same Judge Monahan, an action for false imprisonment was tried. The plaintiff was a great sufferer from trespass on his hayfield in the outskirts of Dublin, and one day caught two small boys in the hay. He collared both, led them into the nearest street, and handed them over to a policeman. The action for false imprisonment, which I will briefly describe, ensued. This case, though tried by the same Judge, was held in a larger court than the other, and had the usual chair on the table for the witnesses.

The Judge asked one of the boys as he sat on the chair on the table: "Now, me bhoy (his lordship had a lisp and a brogue), what did you and your brother do when you got into the field?" "Well, my lord, I took a whisp out of a haycock and shoved it into Billy's face, and Billy pulled a whisp out and shoved it in my face." His lordship then asked, "Now, me bhoy, did you mount on the top of the haycock?" The boy, still sitting on the chair, lifted one leg up with both hands, and replied, "Ah, my lord, is it with a little leg like that?" I forget what the result was.

There was a fine tall barrister, Mr. Rolleston, who had a large business in the different Courts, and sitting by a barrister in court one day, I remarked to him that Mr. Rolleston seemed to be in great request. He replied, "Yes, I go the same Circuit as he does, and he has a large business there as well."

"One day, at one of the Assize towns, after I had finished

my business, I went away and took off my wig and gown as it was a hot day, and then returned to the court. A man came behind me, and, pointing to Mr. Rolleston, said, 'What would I get that big Counsellor there for?' I told him what the fee was, and pointing to a short barrister in court, he asked, 'And what would I get that little fellow for?' 'Oh, the same money,' was the reply. On which Pat exclaimed, 'Ah, shure, and is it pay the same money for that little fellow that I could get that fine big able Counsellor for? Shure, I heard him talking in court yesterday, and I down be the post-office!'"

What struck me most as to the Irish courts was the wretched practice of whittling the desks of the courts, which were sadly cut, causing a great contrast between the meanness of injured desks and the majesty of the grand Four Courts. Many of the Judges of those days were very far from acting in the dignified manner of the English Judges; but there were two very great exceptions, namely, Lord Chief Justice Blackburn and Lord Chief Justice Lefroy.

I forget at the moment the name of the Chancellor at the time of my earlier visits, but his enemies insinuated—how shall I say? well, I'll put it politely—that he sometimes sat rather long after dinner. The Chancellor and some of the Judges were at some great function in Dublin, and, to the surprise of every one, Mr. Justice Ball danced. A Judge went up to Chief Justice Doherty, so remarkably ready of wit, and said, "Brother Doherty, did you ever see a Judge dance before?" On which the Chief Justice, pointing his thumb towards the back where the Chancellor was, replied, "No, but I may have seen a Chancellor reel." This was about sixty years ago, and people sat long after dinner.

Chief Justice Doherty, who flourished in those days and for some time later, had one of the large houses on the Green at Beaumaris, where he used to go in the Long Vacation.

On one occasion he and his valet were packing up at Beaumaris to go on Circuit in Ireland. The trumpets sounded on the arrival of the Judge of Assize, and the Chief

Justice, addressing his man, said, "Happy country! happy country! here is the Judge of Assize coming to try a few cases of no great enormity, whereas I am going Circuit in Ireland, where I shall have to try men for murder and other crimes of terrible wickedness. The freedom from crime here is most creditable to the people;" on which Mickey promptly replied, "Ah, me lord, they are a mane-spirited lot."

My host, as I have stated, had landed estates in the north of Ireland. On one occasion he had to defend a young man and woman charged under the White Boy Act, an Act directed against midnight marauders, who went by that name.

The case was simply this: A wealthy old miller was anxious to marry the pretty young daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who favoured the miller's suit for his daughter owing to his wealth. The young woman, however, had engaged herself to a young man in the neighbourhood, and the lovers naturally did all they could to choke off the old miller. In imitation of the White Boys they went to the miller's house one night, armed with two old muskets, that carried by the young woman (who was dressed in a suit of her lover's clothes) being without a lock. The young man foolishly fired several shots with his. They placed a notice on the door stating that if the miller did not leave the country in a week he would meet with the fate of ——, somebody who had been recently shot. The notice had on it a rude representation of a coffin, and was signed "Molly Maguire," which was the signature adopted by the White Boys. The firing brought down the police, and the young people were committed to the Assizes. My host's defence of the accused was in accordance with what I have stated, and he argued that it was a mere frolic on the part of two lovers, carried out in the hope of deterring an objectionable old nuisance from pestering the girl with his offensive addresses. The Judge adopted this view, and in his summing up told the jury that this was a charge under the White Boy Act, an Act of Parliament peculiar to

Ireland, and the main question for them to consider was whether the *young woman* was or was not a *White Boy*. "If," he said, "you should be of opinion that she is a White Boy, the law will allow me in my discretion either to confine or to transport her. But however much she may have been transported with her lover on the night in question, I certainly will not transport her, and if you entail upon me the necessity of confining her, her confinement shall not be attended with hard labour."* As my host remarked, the Judge's summing up was probably more effective than my host's defence. The jury at once found a verdict of "Not Guilty," and as my friend's estate was in the locality, he learned the sequel of the story. The old miller could not stand the annoyance he had to submit to from his neighbours, and shifted his quarters. The father of the *young woman*, who was proved not to be a *white boy*, withdrew his opposition to the marriage, which soon after took place.

Many years ago there lived in Dublin a man of great hospitality, whom I will here call Mr. A., and whom I very well knew. He was a great joker, and on one occasion invited three noble lords to dine with him; the eatables and drinkables were confined to sausages and champagne, but as they knew their man there was no surprise.

He was once in Carnarvon Castle with me, and he picked up a few rusty iron nails that some workmen had left behind. We met a fussy hypochondriacal old woman coming out of the Eagle Tower, evidently giving great trouble to her companions. Addressing her, Mr. A. said: "Are you ever troubled, ma'am, with a cough, or a cold, or anything of that sort?" The woman at once mustered a great cough; and presenting her with the rusty nails, Mr. A. said: "Now, ma'am, if you will just boil these in some gruel, and take them when you are going to bed you won't be a bit better in the morning." Her companions enjoyed the chaff more than the old lady did.

Mr. A. used to entertain the officers of the various

* Transportation had not then been superseded by penal servitude.

regiments in Dublin. Colonel ——, with an infantry regiment, arrived in Dublin, and was soon asked to dinner at the house of a co-conspirator in practical joking of Mr. A., of whose curious freaks the Colonel had heard, but had not made his acquaintance, and little dreamed that he was sitting opposite to him. The Colonel said to the man next to him, also a co-conspirator in their pranks: "I hear there is a Mr. A. in Dublin who gives very good dinners, and indulges in some odd doings?" "You may well say he does odd things," said the other, "he's an infernal old scamp." This was uttered "without turning a hair," as the saying is, either by the man who said it or by Mr. A., who sat opposite; the Colonel said he had heard a good deal of him, but nothing against him, and hoped some day to meet him.

A few days after came an invitation for Colonel ——, and the officers of the —— Foot, to dine with Mr. A., which was gladly accepted. On arrival at the door of the house, it was opened by a man in the uniform of one of the regiments which were quartered in Dublin. In reply to the Colonel's inquiry as to what he was doing there, the man simply motioned with his hand for them to move on towards the stairs. At the foot of the stairs was another red-coat with the number of another regiment, and he motioned to them without speaking to go upstairs. At the top of the stairs were a lot of muskets stacked, and another red-coat without uttering a word motioned to them to go into the drawing-room. The weather was cold, and a lot of red-coats were standing round the fire, like those acting as servants, all in the uniform of privates, and the officers could not get near the fire. Soon after the private at the door put his head into the room and shouted, "Dinner ready, boys!" and they all started downstairs, pell-mell, for the dining-room. Here there was a regular scramble to get to the table; the officers, guessing there must be some trick that would be cleared up, took it in good part, and sat where they could. There were upon the table a large round of boiled beef at the end, and a great dish of cabbage at the other. There was for a few minutes

a great scramble for the dishes, and the officers good-humouredly contended with the rest for possession. After a short time Mr. A. got up and rang the bell, when three or four liveried servants came in and removed the beef and cabbage, and laid a handsome feast on the table, those being the days before dinners were served as now.

Mr. A. then said: "Colonel —— and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my friends, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, etc. etc." These were the sham privates, amongst the rest a very well-known dignitary of the Church, more than one well-known public official, and, *inter alios*, the "co-conspirator" who had told the Colonel that Mr. A. was an infernal old scamp. Mr. A. had a roomful of uniforms and dresses of all sorts. I was once in a house on this side of the Channel, where he and the reverend personage just mentioned were on a visit. They had brought none of their stage costumes with them, but managed to extemporise a wonderful lot of strange attire out of ordinary household matters and ornaments. The reverend gentleman got himself up marvellously well as a Chinaman, his ear-rings I remember being composed of neither more nor less than a pair of cases of some small ornaments, which hung to his ears with singularly apparent fitness.

Such were the habits of *some* jokers in Ireland half a century ago, but it must not be supposed from this that there were not numerous houses where nothing of the kind took place.

One might go on for no end of time in recounting the droll sayings and doings in Ireland. A by-law existed, and I presume still does exist, in Dublin, prohibiting boys under fourteen years of age from driving vehicles in the streets. A boy was summoned before the police magistrate on one occasion for breaking this law, and the police proved his age from the register of births. "Now, me bhoy," said his worship, "what have you got to say?" The boy at once replied: "Well, your worship, I am one of twins—I am thirteen years of age and me brother is thirteen, and shure, sir, that's twenty-six years between us!" The magistrate,

addressing him, said: "Now, me little special pleader, you may go, but if I catch you again I'll fine you." Where could one find a better special pleader?

There was a good story extant about fifty years ago, which I recollect, of an argument between an Englishman and an Irishman, which ended in a duel. The Englishman was talking of anchovies. "Sure, I've seem them growing?" said the other. "How could you see them growing," said the Englishman; "why they are *fish*." "I tell you I've seen them growing," says Pat. "And I tell you they are fish, and you would have to watch the water a long time to witness their growth," said the other. "Do you mean to give me the lie, Sir? I repeat that I have seen them growing," says Pat again, and finally he called the Englishman out. The duel, according to the story, came off, and Pat shot his opponent in the leg; the latter sprang up in the air when shot, and on seeing that, Pat shouted, "Ah, I am so sorry, sure it was *capers* I meant!"

There was a droll sailor from the Emerald Isle that had the *glorious record* of having served in that grand old ship the *Shannon*, in her celebrated duel with the *Chesapeake*, elsewhere recorded; *apropos* of which I may state that the veteran Admiral Sir Harry Keppel once told me that he would rather have been in the *Shannon* on that occasion than at Trafalgar. But to return to William Neale, the man I am introducing to my readers, he became master of a schooner belonging to Arklow, that traded to Carnarvon for slates, and I chanced to be in the office of the Dorothea Quarry when the Captain went in for his bill of lading. "What is your name?" said the agent. "Billy Nail," replied Captain Neale. "How do you spell it?" said the agent. "Sure, your honour knows that best," said Mr. Neale. "Well, will *N-a-i-l* do?" said the agent. "Ah, I suppose it will as well as anything else," said Mr. Neale; so instead of "William Neale" it was written "Billy Nail." In those days, nearly sixty years ago, there was no examination for captains and mates as now, and Billy could not write. At that time gutta-percha was all the go for soles

of shoes; meeting the harbour-master one day (Mr. William Owen, who later on died of cholera) he said, holding up one foot to show the sole, "Misther harbour-master, this go-to-Persia's wonderful stuff; faith, I verily believe a man *could* go to Persia and back without wearing it out." Billy was a fine tall well-made man, and I daresay cut down a goodly number of men in the splendid boarding of the *Chesapeake*.

There was a Carnarvon seaman, an old shipmate of "Billy Nail," in the *Shannon*, and they always had a harmless meeting together when Billy was at Carnarvon. His Carnarvon chum was Richard Griffith, commonly known as Dic Tywygrean, one of the crew of the *Shannon*; Billy was a tall and Richard Griffith a short man. The former always had a ready answer, like most Irishmen; meeting on the quay one day the agent of one of the slate quarries (Billy having his dog with him), the agent, meaning of course the breed, asked, "What is your dog?" Billy replied, "My dog is the other sex."

Captain Neale, to give him his proper title, told the harbour-master that when he was a young smart fellow of nineteen, he was in the employ of an owner of fishing-boats and herring-nets, and a schooner belonging to a neighbour in Ireland sailed through one of the nets, which are of enormous length, supported by buoys formed of dog-skins filled with wind. The schooner arrived in port at Arklow with a great quantity of netting fast to her. "I was a good-looking young chap in those days," said Billy, "and my master sent me to demand the return of his nets. I dressed in me best with a blue jacket and trousers, and knocked at the back door, which was opened by a nice young woman, who invited me to walk in and sit down, saying that her master would see me by-and-by. 'Well, young man,' said she, 'what may your occupation be?' 'Well, mim,' says I, 'my occupation is a very quare one, very quare indeed.' 'And pray, young man,' she said, 'what may that be?' 'Well, mim,' says I, 'my occupation is blowing wind into dead dogs!' 'Well,' says she,

'I never heard of such a business as that.'" He was alluding of course to the filling of dogs'-skins with wind.

Talking of Arklow, I always regret never having gone to see the battlefield which my mother was so near in 1798, as mentioned in another place.

I was in Ireland during the excited times immediately following the trial of John Mitchell, and was in the Criminal Court in Green Street, Dublin, at the trial of his successor, John Martin. There was a garrison of 10,000 men in Dublin and a vast body of police. All the streets within about a quarter of a mile of the Court-house had cordons of police across the road, in such intervals and numbers as to let people pass between them in the ordinary way, but in sufficiently strong force to prevent any rush of crowds. The excitement in court was so great that the presiding Judges, who were (I think) three in number, left the Bench one day for some time. Martin was defended by Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., the Home Ruler. No man is a greater admirer than I of the speeches of Curran, Grattan, and numerous other great Irish orators, but I confess to have been very much disappointed in the address of Mr. Butt, whose ridiculous motions would have spoiled any speech. The jury-box, like that at Beaumaris, is in a gallery, and one moment the learned Counsel's voice was loud and shrill and the next so exceedingly low that I could not hear a word he was saying. At one moment he was erect in person, the next leaning over the table as if he was doubled up. I was particularly struck with his pronunciation of the word *rule*, the prolonging of which was absolutely absurd. "Talk to the gentlemen of the jury of English r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rule in Ireland," at the same time hammering the palm of one hand with the other as rapidly as possible.

For my part, I think the best address ever spoken would be spoiled by either a strong brogue or accent and a number of gestures.

There are brogues and brogues. At the Irish Bar its varieties at the time I speak of were considerable, the

majority not objectionable, but some very decidedly so. I maintain that the language of Shakespeare and Chaucer is more or less spoiled by accents which may be suited to the languages that gave them birth, but are better confined to them; and in these days, when the schoolmaster has been so long abroad, I submit that a broad accent is neither more nor less than a provincialism; but my description is of half a century ago and more.

A Sermon.

Talking of brogues, by all that's funny I never witnessed such a performance as a charming lady friend took me to in a Dublin church. If ever a poor fellow could be excused for laughing in a place of worship, I felt that I ought to be excused if I did there. I had heard much of the Rev. —— —— as a *wonderful* preacher. When we got to his church it was so crowded that one had to stand, my delightful friend for half the service and I for the whole. When the collection was made by a number of gentlemanlike-looking persons, I thought, from the noise of the plates, that everybody gave a crown or at least half a crown, and, feeling in my pocket, I mustered sixpence, and thought what a shabby fellow they would think me. When the plate reached me, my ideas were at once changed, and I began to think that, if my juvenile appearance was not against it, I should be mistaken for the Governor of the Bank of England or some great millionaire, as my bright sixpence shone brightly on the big pennies and halfpence, the sound of which I had mistaken for crowns and half-crowns. The well-known kindness and liberality of the Irish forbids the remotest suspicion of stinginess; but this and the low fares of the Dublin carmen show that money was far less plentiful on that than this side of the Channel. But to the sermon, which was on the subject of the shipwreck of St. Paul. After landing Paul and his ship's company, the preacher drew a contrast between the so-called barbarous people "who rec*a*ved them kindly and his own

countrymen, who had often been guilty of robbery and murder in wrecked ships"; and his reverence was moderately quiet until the viper got hold of Paul's hand, when he launched out both arms, port and starboard, as if they proceeded out and in from his body, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "*Sure*-ly this man is *a murtherer!*" repeated three times at high pressure, astounding the unsophisticated individual who now recites it. The words in the fourth verse of the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxviii., are, "No doubt this man is a murderer"; but I am giving part of the sermon. I could not help fancying how the "barbarous people" would have bolted had they heard this Boanerges and seen his arms shooting in and out as if he had an internal engine to propel them. The rev. gentleman was made a Bishop not long after, but whether he shouted himself into it I know not. There is so much really great oratory in Ireland that I could only feel amazed how such a noisy person could attract so large a congregation. The preaching in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Christ Church, and the Chapel Royal was, to my mind, as superior to what I have been describing as the song of a nightingale to that of a screech owl. The serene service of the Cathedral pulpit was in marked contrast to the roar in the other church.

APPENDIX D

[In this appendix are given some of the speeches made and addresses delivered by Sir Llewelyn Turner on important occasions.]

PERJURY IN CARNARVONSHIRE.

(Copied from the *Carnarvon Herald*)

We now give in full the speech of Sir Llewelyn Turner on the above subject at the Carnarvonshire Quarter Sessions, to which we briefly alluded in our last.

Sir Llewelyn said:—In rising to bring forward the painful subject of the prevalence of perjury in this county I need scarcely assure the Court that I have not placed such a matter upon the agenda without considerable hesitation and regret. As a native of this county, who has always felt a warm interest in its institutions, I had no inclination to publish a scandal of which I am ashamed. In dealing with the subject I must ask the indulgence of my brother magistrates to bear with me while I enter into it at some length; for I feel that it would be almost as improper to treat such a serious matter in a light or perfunctory manner as it would have been to introduce it upon frivolous or insufficient grounds. It seems hardly necessary to offer any observations in proof of the extensive existence of this crime. Most assuredly in the division of the county in which I act no such necessity can exist, as any magistrate who sits as often as I do, has the most frequent and painful experience of it; and from what I have heard from some of those sitting in some other divisions, their experience is not very dissimilar, and I have reason to know that the County Court Judge (than whom there is not a more learned or painstaking County Court Judge anywhere) has no less painful evidence of its existence. I have less hesitation in

attacking perjury in the witness-box from the fact of my having attacked it successfully many years ago in the jury-box, in conjunction with the late Lord Lieutenant of the county, Sir Richard Bulkeley. A practice at the time I speak of prevailed under the sanction of law of jury-packing, a system of legal—or, more properly speaking, illegal warfare—which I can only compare to the poisoning of wells in military warfare, and certainly nothing more calculated to pollute the fountains of justice can well be conceived. Representations were made to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and to some of her Majesty's Judges, by the late Sir Richard Bulkeley and myself, and the practice was suppressed. The distance from the witness-box to the jury-box is not great, and if we do not prevent the existence of perjury in the former it may soon again appear in the latter. My experience of cases is not confined to those of country districts. Some time ago I sat for many years as a magistrate in the town of Carnarvon, trying some thousands of cases, and it may at first create some surprise when I state that, so far as my experience goes, I have found infinitely greater perjury coming from country districts than from the town. This may arise in a great measure from the fact that in a town of this size people know, and perhaps care, less for their neighbours' affairs, and partisanship becomes less probable and possible, and rows are generally settled by the intervention of the police, whose presence is a strong deterrent to subsequent perjury. The class of cases is mostly different. In the country districts partisanship prevails to a surprising extent, the friends of the disputing parties arranging themselves on either side, like the faction fights of Ireland. In that country disputes are settled by the rival combatants with the persuasive aid of the shillelagh; here, too often, with the Gospels of heaven in the right hand. This leads me to a remark natural, I think, under the circumstances; namely, that in a part of the kingdom which boasts, and fairly boasts, of its support of the Bible Society, and in which the means of religious instruction are so thoroughly provided in

churches and chapels, the Holy Scriptures should be thus treated in courts of justice, not merely with levity, but actually made an instrument of fraud. The eminent author of the noble "Commentaries on the Laws of England" (Mr. Justice Blackstone) reminds us that "the Scriptures are the common law on which all other law is founded;" and it is upon this great foundation of all law, this great treasury on which our knowledge of the life that now is, as well as our hope of that which is to come, is founded. It is, I repeat, upon this sacred sanction that the most barefaced falsehoods are continually uttered. In affiliation cases the partisans of complainant and respondent array themselves in opposite ranks on either side, young men feeling no shame, no compunction in adding insult to injury, by imputing (as their denial necessarily does impute) perjury to those whom they have seduced and ruined. Young women, on the other hand, are frequently found coming forward with shameless effrontery to declare that men are the fathers of their offspring under circumstances the falsehood of which is often proved to demonstration; in some cases women who have already privately received payment from one man publicly enforcing it from another. Again, in cases of a different kind, where witnesses have been compelled by summons to attend, the magistrates have frequently either to believe that the senses of hearing and seeing of the witnesses had been suspended at a particular time, or that their denial of facts proved to have taken place was neither more nor less than wilful and corrupt perjury. I repeat my great reluctance to have brought such a matter forward prominently, and I say that nothing but a deep sense of duty and an ardent desire to secure a pure administration of justice would have impelled me to do so, for I feel it a stain upon my native county; but it is far better to endeavour to remove it, and less disgraceful to expose it, than to connive at and allow it to continue. Though I am not one of those sanguine men who imagine that any resolution of mine will entirely effect the object devoutly desired, still I have faith that those to whom the first part of my resolution appeals

will afford their powerful aid, and that the county officials will do all in their power to carry out the second part. The resolution I intend presently to submit to the Court may be divided into two parts, the first of which appeals to the religious instincts of the country, to the press, and to those entrusted with the training of youth. The other part may be called declaratory and mandatory to the officials of the county. The resolution is as follows: "That this Court regards with anxiety and regret the prevalence of perjury said to exist in the county. The Court desires respectfully to invite the earnest aid and co-operation of ministers of religion of all denominations, of the masters and mistresses of schools, and of the representatives of the public press, in suppressing this social sore. That the police be reminded that they are authorised to employ professional assistance in all cases deemed expedient by the chief constable in perjury prosecutions. That the special attention of magistrates' clerks of the various petty sessional divisions be called to the necessity of taking most careful notes in cases where contradictory testimony is likely to arise, and that in cases where the magistrates deem it essential they be authorised to employ shorthand writers, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the public prosecutor." Now, I have the firmest belief that if the various ministers of religion are convinced of the evil they will attack it, and that if they attack it they will succeed in effecting great good. Many years ago, when what is, or was, known as "the custom of the country" prevailed to a most lamentable extent, the Rev. John William Trevor, Chancellor of the diocese of Bangor, and the Rev. William Roberts, of Amlwch (a Calvinistic minister who was as highly respected by Chancellor Trevor as he was by all who knew him), made a series of journeys through Anglesey together, denouncing that impure practice, and their voluntary mission was attended with excellent effect. The English press of Carnarvon has already done admirable service in this matter of perjury, some most useful articles having appeared; for which, in my opinion, the thanks of the Court and the county are due, and if they will continue

their efforts they will be invaluable. In these days when we pay so highly for the education of our humbler neighbours, we have a right to expect that the inculcation of truth will form a prominent feature in the training of the rising generation, and, if so, we may hope that they, at least, will be sent into the world with a knowledge of the disgrace attaching to a wilful departure from the truth. With regard to the other part of my motion, I can only state that the conduct of the police in investigating several cases of this sort, and in bringing the guilty parties to justice, has been most admirable, and such as entitles them to the highest praise. It may be supposed by inexperienced persons that magistrates' clerks will have a difficulty in anticipating cases of perjury. I do not think so ; for when a certain class of cases comes before Petty Sessions, and a long list of witnesses are read over on each side, with a request that they be ordered out of court, it is not difficult to believe that ulterior proceedings may be more than probable. Speaking from long experience I can state that there is no class of cases more difficult of proof, and none in which accurate notes of the evidence impugned are more necessary, than perjury cases, where conviction is simply impossible unless the exact words alleged to be false are stated. The importance of shorthand notes in such cases is obvious. I trust that a due consideration of the motion will lead the Court to the conclusion that although certain parts may be within the duty of those to whom they apply, that they are not the less proper to be placed in this motion, which I request, if adopted, may fully appear in the Welsh and English press ; and when people find that the authorities are fully determined to bring every engine to bear to secure the conviction of perjurers, surely we may hope and expect that many will be deterred from its commission. I beg to propose the resolution already read.

SIR LLEWELYN TURNER ON EDUCATION.

At an annual speech-day at Friars' Grammar School, Bangor, Sir Llewelyn Turner presided, and in opening the proceedings said :

Of all the subjects which occupy the minds of thoughtful persons at the present time I can conceive few, if any, of greater dignity, interest, or importance than those which relate to the training of youth—the preparation by the actors and thinkers of to-day of those who will be the actors and thinkers of a by no means distant future. It has been my lot at various times to have been connected with several educational institutions in these parts, and I hope I have not been an altogether indifferent governor of this ancient foundation. It was my happiness to be associated on many interesting occasions with my revered and estimable friend, the late Dean Cotton, of whom it may be said, without fear of offence to others, that he was the pioneer of popular education in this diocese, and no one could have been so associated without imbibing a healthier and heartier spirit in the work. Notwithstanding the vast amount of writing and public speaking that this great subject of education has evoked, there still seems an ample field for discussion. Many of you possibly had the pleasure and profit very recently at Beaumaris of listening to the views of that practical prelate, the Bishop of Manchester, who there discharged duties analogous to those I am discharging to-day ; and when two such authorities as Bishop Frazer quoted in his address, namely, the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Aberdare, differ upon the important question of whether too much is not being attempted, whether the youthful brains of our boys are not being over-taxed by a too great variety of subjects—when, I say, two such men as Dr. Temple, the former successful Headmaster of Rugby, and Lord Aberdare, differ on such an important point, and we find that the Bishop of Manchester, who heard the debate, did not vote upon it—then it behoves me to speak with modesty in reference to it. If I venture to express an opinion it will be

that as in all other things we ought to endeavour to hit off the happy medium, and, while modern requirements necessitate some addition, avoid making that addition too heavy a burden. The late Lord Chelmsford delivered a very strong address in the House of Lords a few years ago on the subject of the education of naval cadets, denouncing in vigorous terms and with all the eloquence of which he was so perfect a master the notion that boys could, at the early age of entering as cadets, imbibe all the subjects which they were expected to learn ; and I unhesitatingly confess that I fully concurred in all he said. We may buy gold too dearly, and if learning is acquired at the cost of health and sight, it is paying too high a price for it. There is an aspect of the question which I think is too much lost sight of, but which it is in my humble opinion most injudicious to ignore. I mean the undoubted fact that all boys have not the same power of concentrating their minds upon what they have to learn, at the same age ; and, as the present accomplished Ambassador of France to this country puts it : "All boys have not the same aptitude, and all do not flower at the same age." I desire to dwell on this point because I am satisfied that too little is thought of it. Many boys are set down as dunces at school who are really not so, but whose peculiar aptitude has not been ascertained, or who have not begun to flower. Without giving names, I will mention two remarkable cases in point within my own knowledge, those of two highly accomplished men, distinguished in their respective walks of life, but who were considered decided dunces at school. Both have now passed away after brilliant and successful careers. One died an admiral, after contributing greatly to geographical discovery, and casting a lurid light upon many scientific subjects ; the other died a Judge, after occupying the place of a recognised leader of the Bar for many years. At the Bar, his profound knowledge of law, and forcible exposition of it, obtained for him that position on the Bench which he filled for many years with the decided reputation of what is called a strong Judge. The fact was that these two eminent persons flowered late. There is

no doubt that in too many schools the boy whose talent has been discovered absorbs the greatest attention, and it is equally certain that it will always be difficult for the master to avoid this, and to discover the latent forces of those "who flower late." There is a branch of the educational tree on which perhaps I may be allowed to touch, though it does not belong to a classical school like this—I mean the subject of Board Schools. No man views with greater respect than I do the creditable sacrifices made by the hard-working people of Wales, who deny themselves numerous comforts to enable them to give their children a better education than they received themselves; but I unhesitatingly affirm that it is highly discreditable to those who elect the Boards that in too many cases the most ignorant, crotchety, and unfit persons are consistently elected as members of School Boards. The man who would not think of entrusting his watch to a blacksmith or a carpenter to repair has no compunction about entrusting the management of the educational establishments of his locality to the most ignorant of his neighbours, and it is, alas! too common an incident to find men who are actually unable to speak the language which is taught in the schools placed on the Boards, and that frequently, too, in places where there is plenty of choice. A gentleman of my acquaintance once received the following note from his gardener, who had asked for a holiday to attend the election of a School Board: "Dear Master the lection is over, and I happy tell you that me and you is the school board." Perhaps, as the master was an educated gentleman, the electors thought they would set off a little ignorance against him, or possibly they may have thought the cultivation of cucumbers analogous to the cultivation of brains. Perhaps this may be considered an exceptional case, but I know it is not, and I put it broadly to the people of this country that if great results are expected from Board Schools, if the rate-payers are to have the worth of their money, they must elect competent persons to ensure it. There are plenty of suitable men to be found in most of the Welsh towns, but it too often happens that the first person who asks for a vote

gets it irrespective of his fitness for such a post. This being a classical school, I trust it will always have upon its governing body a sufficient number of men imbued with those traditions, and capable from their own training of appreciating those studies which it is intended to impart. There is another subject to which I cannot help alluding, and which I cannot help believing to be of importance—I mean a correct habit of expression and pronunciation, and a freedom from provincial accent. I can hardly think it creditable to any young native of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Somersetshire, or other part of the Queen's dominions, in these days when the schoolmaster is abroad, that he should be unable to express with distinctness that which he had acquired at school. I met a man the other day in a neighbouring county who would doubtless feel grossly insulted if told he was not fit to be a member of a School Board or anything else! I said to him: "Have you seen Mr. Jones about here?" The reply was: "I will *coal* him, Sir Llewelyn." "*Coal* him!" I replied; "why, he is not a steamer, is he?" But the joke was not appreciated. A young clergyman, whose business it was to tell us about "Paul who was called Saul," astonished many of his audience by speaking of "Pole who was coal-ed Sole," and regardless of the season invariably prayed for *peas* in our time. There is one thing above all which I hope will never be lost sight of in schools like this—I mean the maintenance of that high standard of principle which is necessary for a worthy career, the absence of which in the aggregate destroys the greatness of any people. It was well said of that fine specimen of a true man, Sydney Smith:

> Whate'er was true he loved, but all pretence—
> Pride without merit, learning without sense—
> Small niggard piety that deals in tracts
> And substitutes cant words for Christian acts,
> He hated, and most holy war did wage
> With each Tartuffe who shamed our English stage.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will, with your permission, address for a few moments those who are the more imme-

diate objects of this meeting—those who now play a minor part, but will hereafter play a more important one in the great drama of life. My young friends, I offer you, for what they may be worth, a few of the matured opinions of one who, having passed through the stage of life you are now in, has had much contact with a great variety of persons. I desire to impress upon you the vast importance of cultivating a manly disposition. Do not suppose I mean for a moment a pugnacious spirit—far from it. I mean that healthy, manly love of truth and fair play, without which no man can act a creditable part. I was taught by my father that nothing was baser than a lie, and nothing worth gaining at the expense of truth and honour. True manliness is far removed from a combative disposition, and is more frequently associated with gentleness. One of the most eloquent men who ever occupied the post of Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Erskine, who had served in the Army and Navy before he went to the Bar, when addressing the House of Lords in favour of the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, thus related his experience: "I never knew a man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted by gentleness and humanity, nor a kill-and-eat-him countenance that did not cover the heart of a bully or a poltroon." No finer example is to be found in the history of this or any other country of a truly manly character than that of the great Lord Nelson, the greatest sea officer that ever existed in this or in any other age or clime of the world. His men said of him, "Our Nell is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb"; and I commend to you another attribute of his—he was as incapable of revenge as he was of cowardice. I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion a revengeful man is the very lowest type of humanity, and how any man who believes that God, who so sternly forbids it, is the Judge of all, can deliberately indulge a revengeful feeling passes my understanding. In Nelson's noble career there were numerous instances of his magnanimous forgiveness, notably of one high officer, who had been one of his few enemies, though Nelson would be no

enemy of his. Depend upon it that time amply revenges all wrongs; and besides the exceeding wickedness of nursing such a feeling, it will give no satisfaction. I will give you the result of a very foolish and wicked attempt made to injure me some years ago by that unmanly and detestable method, too often practised, of anonymous letter-writing. It was my misfortune, several years ago, to incur the wrath of a man whom I had most unintentionally offended. I say unintentionally, for it is part of my religion never wilfully to hurt the feelings of any one. The offence taken was at an act of omission and not of commission. Directly I found out that offence was taken, I tendered, as I shall never be ashamed to do, the most full explanation and apology, but was told I was too late. This I failed to understand until it was subsequently made known to me in a manner most gratifying to my feelings, that the man had written a most scurrilous anonymous letter against me to very high quarters, and, strange to say, this letter, designed deeply to wound me, led to my receiving a letter of thanks from a great public department for services of which they would probably have been ignorant but for this futile attempt at revenge. My young friends, our common country has a splendid past, a glorious retrospect. Religion, science, arts, and arms can all claim a roll of noble names. You have the advantage in this ancient seat of learning—the foundation of a pious man of long past days—of acquiring that knowledge which may fit you to have your name inscribed on that roll. I trust that no meanness will ever stain the character of any of you, and that you will each endeavour to contribute your fair share to the permanence of that "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety," which we pray every Sunday in the beautiful liturgy of our Church "may be established among us for all generations."

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed and seconded in short speeches by Colonel the Hon. Sackville West and the Dean of Bangor.

(From the *Carnarvon Herald*)

"Sir Llewelyn Turner was missed from his place at the meeting of the Carnarvon Harbour Trust last Tuesday, but he was not idle, and I venture to think that he did even more good elsewhere. He presided at the annual speech-day meeting at Friars' School, Bangor, and delivered a really excellent address on education, with every word of which I heartily agree. In fact, Sir Llewelyn inculcated some noble lessons which ranged far above the ordinary routine of education. He was right in saying that gold might be bought too dear, and that if learning were acquired at the cost of health and sight, it was paying too high a price for it. Probably blind Milton thought so when he found 'wisdom at one entrance quite shut out'; but fortunately in his case the celestial light shone inwards, and 'Paradise Lost' was the result. Sir Llewelyn's statement that too many boys held to be dunces at school are not so in reality, but that their intellect flowers late, is quite borne out by facts. Oliver Goldsmith was reckoned a dunce at school, but after his genius had developed itself, he proved a most graceful writer, and in the words of Dr. Johnson, who wrote his epitaph, 'left no species of writing unadorned by his pen.' There is no part of Sir Llewelyn's address that I like better than that in which he impressed upon the boys of the Friars' School the importance of cultivating a manly disposition, to love truth and fair play, and let no petty meanness ever stain their character or sully their name. This is the kind of education of the heart which is more needed than education of the head, and Sir Llewelyn Turner has done good service in eloquently descanting upon it."

APPENDIX E

INTEMPERANCE.

THE large experiences of prisoners whose fall was due to drink, and of men of all classes who succumbed from the same cause, led Sir Llewlyn Turner to accept the post of Pesident at one time of the Leeds Temperance Conference, and to address large meetings in the great towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and in Wales. A few of the addresses are given.

GREAT CONFERENCE MEETING IN THE FREE TRADE HALL AT MANCHESTER, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF THE REV. THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, OCTOBER 17, 1885, AND AN AUDIENCE OF FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE.

In proposing one of the resolutions Sir Llewelyn Turner said: My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I read this afternoon, after our conference concluded, a most interesting account in a magazine I picked up at a club of the blowing up of a well-known obstruction to the entrance of New York, consisting of nine acres of rock called *Hell Gate;* and I not long ago read of great rejoicings in this city on the occasion of celebrating the passage of an Act of the Legislature sanctioning your bringing of the sailor to Manchester through the great canal you propose to make. Allow me to say that if you put that Act of Parliament in force you will incur a most serious responsibility. As friends of temperance and decent living, which is impossible without it, you will, I trust, feel doubly bound to put forth the utmost exertion to imitate the action of New York, and destroy that danger to the sailor which in this country exists on every side. There is no nation under heaven that

owes so much to sailors as ours, and there is no class of her Majesty's subjects so little cared for and subjected to so many dangerous pitfalls. You, in these centres of industry, are greatly indebted to the sailor. Without him you cannot eat bread. It was on this platform that the great battle of cheap bread was fought, and successful as the agitation was, you cannot avail yourself of it without the sailor. Without him you cannot receive those vast and various products of the earth by the manipulation of which you live. Geographically speaking, the sailor sees infinitely more of the universe than other men, but (in the sense in which we use the term) he knows less of the world. Artless, confiding, and generous, he lands on the shores of his own land with the wages earned at the risk of his life; and great as those risks are, they often prove very much less than those encountered from the beasts of prey that are on the watch in our seaport towns to fall upon and plunder him. Now I am not going to draw on my imagination for my facts, but to relate to you a specimen of the evils arising from the licensed temptations in his way. A ship's company is paid off; they stroll through the streets of a town, and see the apocryphal beasts that adorn the public-house sign. "I say, Bill," says one, "we saw some lions in Africa, but we never saw a Red Lion like that." "No, Jack," says the other, "nor a Green Dragon like that beast over the way." Happy would it be for them if the survey was confined to the pictures of the wonderful beasts outside; but, alas, the tempting description of the liquor within leads to an inspection of the interior, and that inspection often to maiming, to manslaughter, and to murder. In a seaport in the county whence I come a ship from the Baltic was paid off. The outside and inside of the taverns were inspected, and maddened with liquor the rest of the crew gave chase in the street to a Finlander, who drew his knife, and said that if they approached nearer he would use it. They did not heed the warning, and in a few seconds one man lay on the street a bleeding corpse. Now am I not justified in asking whether the licensing law is not

responsible for the fact that the seaman is not alive, and for the painful punishment of the Finlander in having to walk the earth for the rest of his days with the painful consciousness of having caused the death of his fellow man, with whom he had no previous quarrel, and with whom he had lived in terms of amity during the entire voyage? The Judge who tried the Finlander took a merciful view of the case, and passed a very short sentence of imprisonment, believing the act to have been done without premeditation, and that the great temptation of the tavern to a freshly landed sailor was the most active cause of the fatal fray. Now, being an old gaol-bird myself, I was a great deal in the same prison with that man, who was one of the best behaved prisoners, and was moreover a man with a fine intellectual head that often attracted my attention. He spoke English, and I held many conversations with him. How different might have been that man's position under a different star! Now this is the sort of thing that goes on continually, but how different would be the mariner's lot if he were freed from the temptation! My Manchester friends, I appeal to you—to the thousands of earnest men and women that have crowded this great hall to-night—I appeal to you to blast *Hell Gate*, and clear your channel before you make your canal, before you bring your sailor here. Let Manchester, if it is to be a seaport, present to the world the grand spectacle of being more free from the licensed temptation of the sailor. I have come to you as a voice from the sea coast, crying in advance of the ships and their brave crews to remove the rocks and shoals that will endanger them. I am here, too, because after forty years' apprenticeship to all sorts of public offices, I have never had the good fortune in my public or private capacity to enjoy immunity from witnessing the sin, sorrow, and degradation, suffered by all sorts and conditions of men —would that I could avoid adding, and women too. My heart is cheered by such a sight as this. We can read in the thousands of faces an earnest of what to expect from your exertions. I have enjoyed great and numerous opportunities of addressing the men and women of various places in the

North of England, and your heartiness is a great spur to the work. Let me pray of you not to relax, not to think that the fight is won, because you witness signs that the enemy is becoming a little disconcerted. On the other hand do not despond in consequence of the disappointments we have experienced.

> Hope on, sir, I see the morn break through the grey,
> The shades are dispersing, all hail to the day
> When fresh from the furnace untarnished and pure
> Incorruptible truth shall for ever endure.

Yes, hope on, and work on. Work for the passing of an Act to give the inhabitants of each locality the right to say they won't be polluted by a mere drinking-tavern in their midst—the right every gentleman of property now enjoys in his own immediate neighbourhood. I have been a licensing justice for the last twenty-six years, and I find the licensing law is a failure. Give the people the right of veto, and if they wish for the public-house, then let the magistrates administer the licensing law which I would prefer to any Board ; but in the name of outraged humanity, let the people who wish to live decent lives have the right to express and enforce that wish. Let us return to the original house of refreshment for man and beast, but not for mere drinking purposes. I have great, yes, the very greatest pleasure, in supporting this great measure of local option and absolute veto.

Sir Llewelyn Turner resumed his seat amidst loud cheers, his speech having been frequently applauded throughout.

Sir Llewelyn Turner once addressing a crowded meeting under the auspices of the Blue Ribbon Army, in the Pavilion, Carnarvon, spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am afraid that it is nearly forty years since I first stood up as a stripling to address a public meeting in the town of Carnarvon, the subject being the establishment of a cheap reading-room in Castle Square for the working classes ; and since that time

I have presided over and addressed a vast number of meetings on a great variety of subjects in this land and other parts of the kingdom, and I can honestly affirm that great as the number has been, I never addressed an audience on any subject which I considered to be of such widespread national importance as that which has brought us all into this great building ; and if any evidence were required as to the truthfulness and reality of that statement, any proof that it is not a mere passing conventional assertion, it will be found in the fact that night after night I am doing what I would not lightly do—leaving a comfortable home to advocate this great cause in the towns and villages of the neighbourhood. I am happy to say that the success of the Blue Ribbon Army, so far, has been very great in these parts, as well as all over the kingdom. Happy, too, to find, as the chairman told you, that earnest, thoughtful men like Lord Cairns, the late Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Mount Temple, and Lord Claud Hamilton, are giving their valuable support to this great national regeneration. I repeat the words with great deliberation, " this great national regeneration," for if there is one thing more certain, more generally admitted than any other, it is the evil of drunkenness. Murder, and all crimes recognisable by the law, are promoted by it. The peace of families is destroyed by it ; the race of men and women is degenerated by it ; and we also know that almost incredible sums are diverted from useful to baneful purposes by it. Not to dwell too long on the point at the outset, I must give you one big fact—more than double the cost of governing our great Indian Empire, in which so many thousands of the inhabitants of these isles derive a living—I repeat that more than double the cost of governing India is wasted in drink by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and principally by the working classes. Before I go further into the subject, let me make one remark, that in what I am about to state this evening, as well as in the numerous addresses I have been invited to deliver in other places, nothing can be further from my desire than to give pain to any individual, or class of persons ; on the contrary, I desire to express the

opinion that much of the evil of drunkenness arises from long but wrong habits and customs of the nation. But with all my wish to avoid giving pain to individuals or classes, I must remind you that the surgeon would exercise his skill in vain if he did not probe the dangerous wound to the bottom, however painful the probing might be to the patient; and as in that case no one would benefit more than the wounded man, so no one will benefit more by this examination than the drunkard. What did I say? The wounded *man*. Alas! the wounded and the slain in this case are not confined to men; would to God we had not to lament the painful fact that it is fearfully prevalent amongst women, and I take it that the number of persons who can behold the sight of a drunken woman without a shudder must be small, yet we find drink so debasing an agent that men will accompany their wives to taverns and spend the evening there with them; and if any good man with a taste for statistical information would give you an accurate description of the horrors of drunkenness, even in your own town, horrors not confined to the working classes, as too many suppose, but to all classes of society, I believe the lesson would be of infinite use and benefit. We are strangely constituted in many respects, and it is a well known and admitted fact that the capsizing of a ship, the falling of a house, or an accident to a train, where the lives of a hundred persons are suddenly destroyed, will excite a thousandfold more attention than the loss of a thousand lives by gradual, though perhaps more preventible causes. When I was driving into the town to attend this meeting my mind reverted to those solemn ones held a few years ago to which I drove in by nine o'clock every morning, Sundays included, for weeks—I mean the sanitary meetings held daily during the cholera. The results of those meetings were regarded with no doubt far more general interest in your town than this, yet I have spoken of the drink question which we have met to discuss as of more widespread national importance than any other. Well, the truth is I have been all my life accustomed to deal with sober facts. I have had such a vast amount of public

business to attend to that I have naturally got into the habit of marshalling those facts in their true order, and therefore it is only natural for me to say that the evil disease of drunkenness which has measured its victims by thousands, even in this your town, is of immeasurably greater importance than that of cholera, the victims of which were below one hundred persons. That, too, was a temporary disease ; this, alas ! is a permanent one. The cholera carried off its victims without leaving the smallest taint upon their offspring ; but is that the case with the drunkard ? It is as well known as any fact can be that the children of drunkards are weaker, more sickly, and more subject to disease than the children of sober men, and that they are more liable to become drunkards themselves. I have spoken to you of men and women, husbands and wives—I am afraid I may add parents and children who give way to this degrading vice together, and I have expressed a desire that such cases should be prominently placed before the public. Suppose I remind you at random of a few. Some of you may recollect that of a person who was once a sober man, respected by the numerous persons to whom he was well known in this locality; I never met a more obliging man. But for the demon of drink, that man might be living, and as respected to-day as he was when sober, and in receipt of good wages from a public company. He and his family might have been to-day putting by money for their old age, and might be occupying their own house, and their children might be growing up happy and contented around them. That is a pleasing picture to contemplate, but I have to show you its opposite. Accompany me to the police office, where the first sight I saw was a woman with blood dried and caked over her entire face and neck, her dishevelled hair matted with dried blood, her head having numerous stabs upon it. Then was led in the prisoner, who turned out to be the man I have described to you as once occupying a situation of trust, and being respected in it. Well, my friends, I am only a fallible human being, and I am not ashamed to confess that I was unable to see that fallen man without

deep emotion, without realising to its full extent the injunction, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall," and when a man thinks he is strong enough to enter the bar, and the tavern, in full confidence of his strength not to go beyond a certain point, let him, I say, consider the awful wisdom of that scriptural warning. But to return to the police court. Policeman No. 37 is examined, and deposes that he was on duty in High Street at three o'clock that morning, and hearing a moaning noise, he went towards it, and turning into Market Street, found the woman (now about to give evidence) on the steps of the meat market, almost denuded of clothing, covered with blood, and bleeding from numerous cuts in the head. From what she told the officer he proceeded with her (after tying up her head to reduce the bleeding) to the sea, by the edge of which he found a bonnet, dress, shift, shawl, and other articles of female clothing with much blood upon them, and near them was the sad evidence of the husband's guilt, his knife open and stained with his wife's blood. It turned out that the husband and wife had been drinking for hours in an opposite gin-shop. To cut the story short, I committed the husband for trial, he was found guilty at the Assizes and sentenced by Baron, now Lord Bramwell, to seven years' penal servitude. I visited him many times in prison, where he subsequently died of the cholera, with many other victims of drink. I add that because drunkards are always more liable to cholera than sober men. Now I can fancy some opponent of this cause or some reluctant supporter of this great movement saying, "Oh ! he has to go back some years for his illustrations," but have I to do so ? Why, I could occupy you all night with details of miserable careers. Have I to go far back for illustrations ? Let us see, the other day I had a case before me of men going to a tavern at night ; they go out to fight, one is knocked down, another kicks him and breaks his collar bone. The other day I tried a case in which a husband and wife seemed to feel no shame in admitting that they had been for hours together in a village public-house, where some words took place with

some young men, who waylaid them on the way home. The result to them was a severe kicking, the five or six young men who had kicked them being heavily fined and dismissed by their employer. Read the papers; see the recent coroners' inquests at Bangor; see the drunken brutality recorded in the great metropolis of the Empire and all over Great Britain. I daresay many people wonder at my going about the country at night to these Blue Ribbon meetings. Have I not a cause? Is the civil magistrate to be confined to the duties of punishment only? Is he precluded from exercising every engine at his disposal to *prevent* crime? Drink is the greatest cause of crime, and does more to create it than all the other causes put together. As Chairman of the Visiting Justices of H.M. Prison at Carnarvon, which is now the prison for Anglesey, Carnarvonshire, part of Merioneth, and a small part of Denbighshire, I have full sway for my fanaticism, as some, who believe more in punishment than in reformation, possibly regard it. The excellent chaplain, Mr. Hughes, has a great field of usefulness. We have a humane governor, a good staff of officers, and now no man or woman leaves that prison without every effort being made to induce them to embrace sobriety on their discharge, and we have a Prisoners' Aid Society, which does much to rehabilitate fallen men and women. I have known the gaol to contain more prisoners when it was the gaol of this county only than now that Anglesey and parts of other counties are added. Why? Because at the time I speak of wages were high. Well, I am not here to advocate high or low wages, but when the wages go to the ale-houses, high wages become a great evil; and thanks to our drinking habits, the higher the wages the fuller the gaols, whereas with sobriety good wages would tend to more empty prisons. But is all this evil confined to what are called the working classes? Oh dear no—far from it. Are there none of those honoured with the description of gentlemen or professional men or tradesmen? Why, of course there are. Some tell us that education will cure the evil! Education is a very good thing, but it alone will not cure drunkenness; if it

would, how is it that amongst others—medical men, whose special education teaches them the danger of drink, how is it that drunkards are found in their ranks? How comes it that I am able to tell you now of the case of a gentleman, an accomplished scholar, holding honorary degrees of one of our old universities, with whom I often pleaded, but pleaded in vain, for his emancipation from his terrible enthralment, and who finally left this world for the unknown future, oblivious to every fact except that I was by his side. Ladies and gentlemen, the subject is painful, but the trumpet must utter no uncertain sound in the day of battle, and this is the day of battle—yes, "to-day while it is called to-day," for "the hour cometh when no man can work." I have said that drunkenness is not confined to one class. Does not the experience of each one of you prove it? Have none of you observed? If you have not I have, for I have not walked the earth with my eyes shut. I say, have none of you observed some quiet, decent man, some one, perhaps, that one only knew by sight or, mayhap, one knew him well? And I am happy to know that there are many such good, quiet men in our land—some unobtrusive man who, "rising early, late taking rest, and eating the bread of carefulness," stints himself of many things to enable him to educate a son, or, perhaps, sons, to afford him or them advantages which he himself has never enjoyed. The education is given, the son is launched upon the voyage of life, and, perhaps, gives promise of being useful to others and a credit to himself; but the hotel smoking-room or the tavern bar has claimed him as its victim. Forgetting that "when we are weak then we are strong," that when we recognise our fallibility then we are safest, he accompanies his friend—what did I unconsciously utter?—his friend, did I say? I at once recall it—he accompanies his *tempter* to the edge of a fatal precipice, and after having his mind polluted (as young men who have had the luck to be saved have told me their minds have been polluted in this very town), they gradually descend, until the love of liquor conquers their reason. I will give you the experience of one young man

who served his time to a profession in Carnarvon. It reminds me of the parable of the two people "grinding at the mill, the one taken and the other left." There were two brothers, but not here at the same time: the one died of drink, the other, who had the wisdom "to flee from the wrath to come," told me that as long as he lived he would regret his visit to the smoking-room of a hotel he named to me. At the time of his recital I did not exactly know who he was, though he knew me well. He told me that he had been in similar places in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, but nowhere else had he heard such vile, ribald language, and that he had reason to thank God he had seen its wickedness in time. This young man's brother saw it *not* in time, and the demon of drink claimed him as its own, and got him. Are these things true or are they false? Do they run violently counter to your own experiences? Have you seen no hopes blasted, no young men whose parents, as I have said, denied themselves many things? Have you seen no young men starting on the great voyage of life like a well-equipped vessel, the hull symmetrical, the sails set at first to a favourable breeze, the charts and compasses apparently in order? Have you never witnessed the silent admiration of the father, the possibly more demonstrative love of the mother? Have you ever seen those hopes blighted, blasted for ever? Perhaps the ship has been wrecked at the outset of her voyage, or may have made one, two, three, or more creditably successful voyages; but the unseen, or rather the unregarded, rock has been struck upon, the ship has gone to the bottom; the young man of promise has trusted too much to his own powers of navigation, and like the man who suffers himself to lose his balance at the top of an inclined plane, he rolls to destruction at the bottom. I say again, are these realities or fictions? Would to God they were the latter. Now I have already reminded you, if I mistake not, and most of you doubtless know that I am one of those practical people who, when they take up an inquiry, like to fathom it. You know I have filled public offices intended for your benefit during my whole man-

hood. I have had to look into matter-of-fact questions as to the cost of keeping paupers and where it was best to keep them, having been very many years ago Chairman of the Union. In another capacity I have had to examine how far obstructions to navigation were permissible, and have had to remove them. How far evidence tended to prove the guilt or innocence of prisoners, and other everyday inquiries, so you will excuse my indulging my everyday mind by asking a few questions for our mutual information. But before I do so, let me ask you to accompany me to the encampment of a vast army which is just outside your walls. In my day I have seen thousands of its members walking in your streets, some appearing steadier in their gait than others. Many of them I have met from time to time in large temples of stone, of which I think I have counted some fourteen or fifteen, including one very ancient one placed in the midst of the encampment. I have occasionally gone into one of those temples, and I have there heard the priests who minister to them assert that there was some other place beyond the encampment, some holy spot where they might go if they liked to adopt the necessary steps, but that nothing unclean could enter, and they quoted from a book, a copy of this very book on the table, that no drunkard can gain admission, and they quoted a parable out of the book about a man who had failed to enter this other world by the right door, got into another place, and awaking in torment, wished to come back to warn his brethren at home, but he could not be allowed. Am I asking too hard a question when I put it to you whether if those of the great army outside your town, who left this world with their brains clouded with drink, and curses on their lips, could be allowed to revisit the earth to-night, as we read that some of the saints were allowed to do so on a great sacrificial occasion, they would choose to come here to join in our warning to their brethren at home, or would recommend them to go to the various haunts of drunkenness, of which from sixty to seventy are at this moment open in all directions? I have stood by the bedside of more than one that the demon of

drink, aided by Act of Parliament, has sent off on this all-important voyage. To pursue the inquiry, we have the militia recruits up now, and the whole regiment, nearly 900 strong, will soon be amongst you, learning how to protect their country, but owing to a foolish national practice unprotected themselves from their greatest foe. You have large slate quarries a few miles off, where thousands of men are employed, and living in or near villages with taverns, and coming here to market, where there are more. If the militiaman or quarryman gets drunk, I, or another magistrate, who has had to license the tavern, fines him for it, or commits him to prison for a worse offence caused by maddening drink. Get the law altered, join the representatives of other places in getting your members to vote for an entire change in the granting of licences, which we will of course readily carry out. The priests of those temples I spoke of tell us that a great Being appeared for a short time upon earth, leaving us a short form of supplication, which has always appeared to me to be a model of conciseness, and towards its close I find these words, "lead us not into temptation." One hundred years ago my father went to school to the Rev. Robert Walker, the clergyman of Seathwaite, in Lancashire, called in the interesting life written of him, "The wonderful Robert Walker," a man of great excellence, who used to tell his congregation that it was a dangerous thing to be tempted of the devil, but a more dangerous thing to tempt the devil, which every youth who goes to a public-house is doing. The practice is in every way bad. No tavern frequenter can do efficient work of any kind. Though I have no ostensible occupation, I work very hard both mentally and bodily. I want my education to go on even to the end. Now, one word in defence of the original licensing law corrupted by modern misuse. The term licensed victualler at once shows that the origin was to license houses for travellers. The word victuals is derived from the Latin word *victus*, food. There were originally inns to entertain travellers, then hotels for a higher grade; but now all have more or less become confounded with

drinking habits, which require correction by sweeping legislation. Now, what is the remedy for all this? Enlighten the public. Nothing is so fallacious as the statistics of the deaths of drunkards. They don't supply you with a tithe of the reality. Do you think that if I died at Parkia of drink this night that a medical man would offend my family by stating the cause? They are an honourable body of men, but they are human, therefore fallible, and they have to live. The heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, or some portion of the system, becomes vitiated from hard drinking, the result being death from disease of the heart, or some other member affected, and heart disease is stated as the cause of death. This might be partially, but only partially, corrected by sending the certificate to the Registrar-General. Petition in favour of Lord Stanhope's Bill for preventing the payment of workmen in taverns; of those parts of Mr. Morgan Lloyd's Bill which prevent the use of taverns at elections; but, above all, petition in favour of removing all the load of tavern temptation from the young and the thoughtless who are its victims. I desire to offer my thanks and to express my admiration to those who carried on the great work of temperance while I slept over it. In conclusion, let me express a hope that as the light breeze which carried the glorious flag of England into the midst of the enemies' ships at Trafalgar brought victory with it, that so in like manner the little blue ribbon may gradually, but surely, find its way into the ranks of those who are their own enemies, thus hastening the time when there shall be no "leading into captivity, no complaining on our streets."

SIR LLEWELYN TURNER ON SUNDAY CLOSING.

(From the *Carnarvon Herald.*)

An address delivered by Sir Llewelyn Turner in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, under the presidency of the Archbishop of York.

My Lord Archbishop, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been deputed to propose the first resolution, "That the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Lord's Day is productive of a large amount of drunkenness, domestic misery, pauperism, and crime; and as other trades may not legally be pursued on that day, this meeting is of opinion that it is unfair and wrong that such sale should be sanctioned by the laws of the realm." Perhaps few people are better qualified to verify the first part of the resolution than one who was a great many years ago Chairman of a Poor Law Union; has been for a quarter of a century a magistrate, and is at present chairman of the visiting justices of a prison, and also a visiting justice of a lunatic asylum. I feel that the result of that experience justifies me in charging, and I do in the presence of this vast assembly charge upon our licensing laws and drinking customs an overwhelming proportion of that "drunkenness, domestic misery, pauperism, and crime." I see and feel by your cheers that the assertion commends itself to you, as it must to any one acquainted with the degradation of vast masses of our countrymen and women of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, a degradation the more revolting and public part of which is to be witnessed in every town of the land by any one who visits the haunts of those who have descended into the lowest depth of that degradation. It has often struck me, my lord, that, if I were an inhabitant of a heathen land, I should be infinitely more likely to embrace Christianity as taught by a missionary there than I would be to accept it in this country, because in that other land I should not be met by the difficulties that would present themselves on every side in this. In the distant land, under the guidance of the missionary, I could look up from Nature to Nature's God

with unquestioning faith and simple trust. Here the poor heathen would be met by so many anomalies, so many astounding contradictions, that he would become fairly perplexed. In the Bible, which he is taught to read, he would find it stated that no drunkard or unclean person could enter into the kingdom of heaven ; and as your Grace and all other ministers of religion teach, he would doubtless be instructed that the utmost vigilance and watchfulness over himself was necessary to secure salvation. His curiosity might lead him to ask the meaning of the passage, "As the tree falls there it lieth," and the number of drunkards' deaths would probably suggest to his mind strange reflections. He would hear that the Judges of the land, whose decisions are so justly venerated, declare that 78 or 80 of every 100 criminals have fallen into that condition through drink ; and if he chanced to meet a man like himself who visits criminals as a friend as well as a magistrate, he would learn that these criminals themselves fully confirm the statement. How could he reconcile this statement of the Judges, and other competent authorities, with the existence of the enormous number of traps laid for the unwary in the shape of houses licensed to sell the very thing that caused the evil ? How reconcile the opening of these drink houses on Sunday in every direction with the teachings of religion and the existence of the places of worship by their side ? What on earth could he make of it all ? Sin denounced, crime punished, and the cause and the creator of crime duly licensed ? Would he not be tempted to ask : Why do you pray to be delivered from temptation when you license it ? Why go on lamenting the existence of so much crime when you have it in your power to reduce a large percentage of it by a simple act of common sense and common honesty ? These things being so, your Grace is eminently in your proper place to-night as chairman of a meeting to rid us of this astounding inconsistency. Although we here are asking, as far as the computation of time goes, for the closing of taverns for only the seventh of a period, the gain will be far more than a seventh. The gain of any one day of enforced

sobriety would be great: who can tell what dawning of reason might ensue to the saving of many? But the gain of Sunday closing is far greater than of any other day. It will relieve us of this terrible inconsistency of the Bible and the publican, as it were, contending side by side on the day nationally recognised as the day of rest and worship. It will allow many more minds to be calm and free to enjoy the day, and to partake in public worship. It will make many a household happy, and allow many a Saturday night's drunkard time for reflection, and time too to fit himself for Monday's work, which, after Sunday's drinking, is either totally neglected or perfunctorily performed. What a spectacle for an unbeliever it is to see the population of church-goers and public-house frequenters, the latter waiting impatiently until the former have closed the service of God that they may commence their devilish orgies! I know a small tavern in a seaport, the whole width in the frontage of which is not, I think, sixteen feet, including the door; yet I have it, on the authority of respectable neighbours of it, that about twenty people were always waiting the Sunday afternoon opening of that wretched den, where they would remain as long as the law allowed. These places, though narrow in front, are often deep, and have generally back doors. I have seen, not only the outside but the inside of this place, having on more than one occasion to hunt out a fine British sailor, who was employed in my yacht. This man, who could far better face the dangers of the ocean than of the tavern, was my companion in more than one peril of the sea, and in boarding an American ship in the lifeboat on one occasion I was delighted with his cool courage. What a curse that such men should be ruined, as he finally was, by these pest-houses! Man the lifeboat! Men of Manchester, man the lifeboat of temperance, man the lifeboat of temperance, and do not lay in your oars until you have rescued your perishing brothers and sisters, until the men and women who are daily sinking in the troubled sea of drunkenness, and all its attendant vileness and dangers be rescued. [Here the entire body of people stood up and

waved their handkerchiefs.] Put aside the selfish grovelling creatures who look on coolly while their fellow creatures are perishing, and shame them into following your example. In Wales we have obtained the Sunday Closing Act at last; and although in some parts the blessing may not be fully realised, it is nevertheless an invaluable blessing, the extent of which is measurable by the extent to which it is enforced. You want public opinion brought decidedly to bear upon its enforcement in all quarters, and you want that thirsty animal the *bona-fide* traveller dealt with in a *bona-fide* manner by magistrates, police, and all concerned—big and little publicans to be treated alike. Thank God that the Act is in force in Wales; and should a national tribute be offered to Mr. John Roberts, M.P., who was the honoured instrument of its adoption, I for one will be delighted to be a participator in giving it. Unlike many public benefits, the closing of taverns on Sunday can in my opinion have no drawback, no qualifying evil, and its national adoption would be a national gain. My Lord Archbishop, you and other ministers of God tell us "that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." What is the reality of that assumed righteousness displayed by a nation that legalises what those best informed as to its mischiefs condemn? What is the reality of that boasted civilisation that consists in respectability in the sanctuary, side by side with the most disgusting orgies in the tavern, followed by the most revolting vice, filth, cruelty and murder in the so-called home? I appeal, and I cannot fail to see that the appeal is not in vain, to this vast concourse of enthusiastic supporters of temperance to stand forward as true patriots to stay the avenging hand by removing the causes of the reproach of this nation, and earning for it the reward of righteousness. As a slight contribution to this desirable end, I move the resolution I have read.

APPENDIX F

GHOSTS.

In dealing with this subject it appears to me desirable to divide it into the several heads or divisions which follow :

(1) Ghosts are the result of interested imposture.

(2) Those which are due to a love of the marvellous, combined with a peculiar disarrangement of the nervous system.

(3) Those which are the creation of rats, mice, birds, trees, wind, creaking furniture, and many other disturbing accidents or influences.

(4) Those which are created for the amusement of their creator, and the frightening of silly people.

In dealing with the first cause mentioned I will give a brief description of a ghost which I saw and laid when a very small boy. My father and elder brother (twenty years my senior) were members of the "Adelphi" Society, which was a county club holding an annual ball in the county town of Carnarvon. To this ball my father and mother and the grown-up children had gone on the night when this ghost was created, and the others had gone to a young people's party to which I was too young and insignificant to be invited. Knowing that the coast would be clear on the night in question, with the exception of the young urchin that remained, the servants gave a party, and in this case the interested imposture lay in the desire to give me something else to think and talk about than the servants' feast. In accordance with this ——, a housemaid, took me upstairs when she was going to turn down the beds as usual, and put me to bed. Leaving me in my father and mother's bedroom (where I was born a few years before) with a candle burning, she returned in a short time on all fours

with a white sheet over her. I was standing near the fireplace and facing the door, when I was horrified to see a movable white object approaching me. Very fortunately a long-handled brush with a good heavy cross-head had been carelessly left near where I stood, with the cross-head upwards. I was terribly alarmed, but had often heard of ghosts from hard-headed people who knew there were really no such things, so suddenly seizing the brush I said as well as my fright would allow—"I will see whether you are a ghost or a servant," and brought it down upon (as it turned out) the left shoulder of the ghost, which came out of its white sheet groaning with pain. It is needless to say that it was the housemaid; the weight of the cross-head of the brush proved too much for her, assisted a little by my tiny exertion put forth with all my might. Had I not heard such rubbish laughed at by sensible people I might have had my nervous system ruined by this "interested imposture." This is a very small and insignificant story compared with those that follow. The wretched little boy told his story in the morning, and the erring housemaid was relegated to her parents' home.

The next story of fearfully interested imposture was related to me several years ago by an old general officer, who had been quartered in Ireland at the time of the horrible incidents which I am about to relate. There was a large old mansion on an Irish estate where there was a long minority in the ownership, during which the gardener and his wife lived in the mansion as caretakers, receiving a weekly wage, and having a very comfortable billet, and a large garden, the bulk of the produce of which they no doubt plundered. The estate was the property of a young lady who was living in a garrison town many miles away from it. During some of the years of her minority the house had been at different times rented by people who entirely disappeared; and the country being at that period in a disturbed state, as, alas! Ireland has so often been, the matter did not receive that attention which would have been the case with the present improved police arrangements.

It so happened about the time of the coming of age of the young lady that a fine powerful young officer of the Royal Horse Artillery was quartered in the garrison town and fell in love with this lady, and his affection being reciprocated, they were married. The stories of the old mansion being haunted having been circulated for years, and the fact that those who had gone there to reside had so often disappeared, nothing would induce her to go and live there. Her gallant husband, however, rode over to the place armed as a soldier with sword and pistols. He carried a small quantity of food and ordered the caretaker's wife to prepare it for his dinner. Having gone over the place, he sat down to dinner, and while eating it a large white object of peculiar appearance and rude shape entered the room and approached him. The officer called out, "Halt! or I fire"; but the object continued to advance, and he fired, the ball passing through the advancing substance. He fired again, with the same result, the balls passing through the right and left sides of the advancing apparition. The advance continuing, the officer saw that both shots had passed outside the body, which he was, of course, satisfied was concealed within. Having discharged both his pistols, he had only his sword remaining, so he quickly decided to choke the person; fortunately calculating correctly where the neck would be, and the white cover yielding sufficiently, he tightly grasped the throat, and throwing himself on the body, brought it under him to the ground. He succeeded in strangling the gardener, who was well armed, and had been about to commit another of the many murders of which the reader will presently see he had been guilty. While he was examining the body, another person, dressed in male attire, entered the room. Seizing his sword, the officer attacked and quickly disarmed the newcomer, who proved to be the gardener's wife in a suit of his clothes. Begging for quarter, the woman said that if the officer would spare her life, she would confess the truth, and show him where the bodies of the persons that her husband had murdered at different times were buried. This she did, and the bodies of the different victims were exhumed from

a pit into which they had been thrown. This is a fearful instance of the first of the divisions into which I have divided the ghost stories, for a more horrible example of interested imposture could scarcely be found. Is there not a moral to be drawn from such a fearful narration, viz., that the foolish people who "sin against light," the light of reason and common sense, by crediting and upholding a belief in ghosts, tend materially to assist knaves and murderers, and to render the detection of crime more difficult ?

The third ghost story under the first heading which I am about to narrate occurred in the town of Carnarvon within my own recollection, and I well remember the affair and the principal actors in it. There were two gentlemen who resided in Carnarvon whom I knew when I was a boy, named respectively Musket and Murray. One of them was a retired military officer, but I have forgotten which was the Colonel and which the civilian. I recollect when I was very young the Colonel lunching with my father at Parkia, and telling me then that his real name was Pil Garlick, which was an abbreviation of William Onion. The Colonel died, if my memory serves me right, in either the house now occupied by Mr. Richard Davids at Henwalia or the adjoining house, both under the same roof. Immediately after the death and burial of the Colonel, it became noised abroad that his ghost went about the streets in the dead of night in a hearse, and many people asserted that they had seen the hearse. The statement soon became transposed into their having seen the ghost, of which, of course, the hearse was part and parcel. The fact of the hearse being seen at uncanny hours was vouched for by too many respectable people to leave the matter in doubt, and as few folk like meeting ghosts, the streets the hearse frequented were well cleared of people at ghostly hours. At this time, and for some years before, there were several Jersey and Guernsey smacks engaged in the trade of carrying apples to Carnarvon, and there was a citizen of that town, by name Boaz Pritchard, whom I well remember. He and his wife lived in Love Lane, and had business relations of a *spiritual* kind with the

apple smacks. As I was always fond of the sea, I often went past these handsome smacks and often boarded them in the harbour, and frequently saw Boaz and his wife there. The ghost of the Colonel had not a long career, for either the lynx-eyed officers of the Inland Revenue or some one, I have forgotten who, "smelt a rat," as the saying is, and, instead of the hearse containing the Colonel's ghost, the occupants were found to be kegs of brandy. The parish hearse was, and I suppose still is, kept in a shed outside of Llanbeblig Churchyard, and Boaz and his Jersey and Guernsey friends took "French leave" and used it for this spirituous service. It was an ingenious use to make of a ghost, but one that could hardly pass muster for a long time. The result of the discovery was the transfer of Boaz Pritchard from Love Lane to a less lovable quarter called Gaol Street, where board and lodging gratis is provided by the State. His sentence was for a very long period, but it was shortened at the request of the first Marquis of Anglesey. Now, here is a very clear case of interested imposture. Clear, because it was found out; but had it not been discovered, there would no doubt be people or their descendants to this day who would be declaring that they or their parents had seen the ghostly hearse on different occasions, and there would have been many recruits added to the ranks of silly believers in ghosts. Boaz broke the eleventh commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not be found out."

The next ghost is of more modern date than those I have already related, and took place, as far as I remember, not more than about thirty years ago, within two or three miles of Carnarvon, and about a similar distance from Parkia across country. It took place at a farmhouse near Pryscol, belonging to Mr. Assheton Smith. I also believe that the house has since been pulled down and a new one erected, with, let us hope, no room for unearthly sights or sounds.

The house, or the kitchen where the tenants lived, was open to the roof, and had a beam across from the top of one wall to the other. The tenants were an elderly man and his

wife, and they allowed their daughter and her husband to reside with them. A ghost appeared at Pryscol and played various antics, as to my knowledge as a great lover of ghosts they are in the habit of doing. There was an old saddle hanging from the beam (how ghosts love old things !) and a piece of ham or bacon, I cannot say if that was old, hanging from the beam ; and the ghost having taken either a liking or hatred, I know not which, set them frequently into motion, and saddle and dried pig were often transferred from one side of the house to the other. The neighbours assembled in numbers, and perhaps the old house had never before held so many people with their mouths open. The story soon reached Carnarvon, and several people from that ancient town had the pleasure of viewing the sudden transit of leather and of what was possibly as tough. The ghost held his own for some weeks, until two hard-hearted policemen, who had evidently no sympathy with apparitions, visited the place, and the saddle and piece of pig travelled across the beam no more. These sharp guardians of the law soon got behind the scenes, or rather their hands got behind something hung on each wall, which each concealed a cord, which, by means of a small pulley, enabled the inventors of the apparition to move the articles rapidly from one end of the beam to the other. The "murder was out," and the neat little scheme of the younger generation to frighten away the older was defeated, and these unprincipled people failed in their plot to drive away those who had housed and fed them. One step further, which got rid of a father-in-law in Anglesey, led to the gallows (*vide* the murder trial at Beaumaris before Mr. Justice Keatinge).

Now in this case of these dutiful children, they also broke the eleventh commandment, and their being found out exposed another instance of interested imposture, and deprived the ridiculous believers in ghosts from adding a very large number of recruits to their silly ranks.

Ghosts arising from a love of the marvellous and a credulous condition of the mind are exceedingly numerous, many of them being of the most childish description. I

have known persons, otherwise apparently sane, who were always on the *qui vive* for a haunted house or an apparition of some sort. Anything at all difficult of comprehension, such as an unusual sound, any place where a tragedy of any kind has been committed, is at once seized upon and forms the subject of an apparition. Despite the exposure by Maskelyne and Cooke, who honestly tell their audiences that all their work is sleight of hand, the lovers of the marvellous go on believing in the silly rubbish of the pretended spiritualists. That which is readily ascribed to natural causes by healthy minds is a subject of awe to your marvel lover.

A very few years ago some silly people degraded one of the daily papers with nonsensical letters about haunted rooms, and had the impudence to assert that everybody had at some time of life felt that he was in a room where something dreadful had taken place, or which from some cause was haunted, and the writer even went so far as to say that everybody now believed in ghosts. I recollect I created great indignation on the part of these people by asserting in the London paper that inserted their twaddle that no really brave, healthy-minded man could entertain such credulous nonsense. When one enters the cell where Mary Antoinette was confined, one naturally feels the horror of the place, because one knows the horror of that poor Queen's position when she occupied it; but no one could tell me that a room he was in had been the scene of a tragedy without the fact having been made known to him.

I once had a coachman who lived at the stables and would on no account pass between them and the house without a lantern after dark, although the distance to the servants' hall, where he got his meals, was not more than half a minute's walk. He had seen a ghost, yes, a real ghost, as large as life. I chanced one day to mention it to the butler, who confided to me the fact that he (the butler) was the author of the ghost, and he said that if I would go up with him to his room he would show me how it was done. I was much amused at the notion

and went with him. There is a high wall opposite the room in which the latter slept, and when the candle was in a particular part of the room, owing, if I recollect, to the position of the looking-glass, a figure in white was shown on the opposite wall, which looked singularly like a white woman. The butler told me that he had gone out one night with the coachman, and showed him the white lady, and used regularly to place his candle in the position which created the ghost. Shakespeare tells us that conscience makes cowards of us all, and in this case this man, as it turned out, might well be a coward, as he proved to be a thorough scoundrel. He was with us for nine or ten years, and was as plausible as Old Nick (a justifiable comparison in a ghost story). He was trusted in every way, but we could not keep another servant, as he told all new domestics that we never gave characters to servants when they left, and that unless they did so at once they could not get fresh places. At last a new butler, who was not fool enough to believe him, asked to speak to me one night, and said : " You have had great trouble with your servants, many of whom I find give notice a day or two after their arrival. The new lady's-maid and I had not been in this house an hour before the coachman advised us to give notice at once, as you dismissed servants without characters, and the longer we stayed the worse our chances of a fresh place. I asked him how it was he had remained nine years in the place if his story was true, and he replied that it suited him to stay as he had saved money and intended on leaving to retire from service altogether." The butler further informed me that he had at once written to his wife, who suggested to him not to believe the story, but to tell us of it, which, like an honest man, he did, and further gave me unasked full authority to use his name in the matter, which I did, pointing out to the coachman the terrible evil he had inflicted for nine or ten years on Lady Turner, who had made poultices for him with her own hands when he was hovering between life and death. This man, whose injury to us was incalculable, was dismissed the next day. He was too

religious (?) to read a newspaper, had always one or more religious books left about the saddle-room, and was a perfect saint; but notwithstanding his piety, he could not face a ghost, which, had he been brave and honest, he could. This ghost comes, of course, under the category of a ghost created for the amusement of its creator and the alarm of silly people.

The next ghost I have to introduce to my readers is one which really might well disturb the stoutest heart; but though a person blessed with one might well be disturbed, he would not necessarily attribute it to supernatural causes, and if he had read any of the stories of the murders and robberies in country taverns in former days he might well be alarmed. I honestly confess that had I been in the place of the man whose position I am about to describe, I should have been exceedingly alarmed, and would have fancied that there was a repetition of what was not uncommon very many years ago, viz., the lowering of a traveller's bed by machinery into a place of destruction.

The story, which was told to me by a medical man at Carnarvon, is that a commercial traveller on the road to Criccieth was caught in a fearful storm of wind and rain, and stopped at a wayside tavern, and asked for a bed, and stabling for his horse. The landlord told him that he could stable his horse, but that there was only one spare bed in the house, and that was haunted. The weather was so bad that the traveller elected to stay, saying that he was not afraid of ghosts, and that he would sleep in the haunted room. After he had been in bed for some time he was awakened by an extraordinary movement of the bed. After righting it he went to sleep, being again rolled out of it in the same way. He determined carefully to investigate the matter, and, obtaining a light, soon got at the cause of the mystery. The tavern had a large swinging sign outside, the spindle of which penetrated into the bedrom through the front wall, and the many years that it had swung about in bad weather had loosened the fastening; some local wise-

acre had thereupon lengthened the spindle into the bed below the mattress with some clumsy arrangement, the effect of which, in a heavy gale, was to "capsize the ship." Here was a plucky and clear-headed fellow who evidently searched into cause and effect and found it. Are there not multitudes of full-grown men and women who would have rushed out of the room without the smallest investigation, and would probably have shared the stable with the horse, or had the gig out and pursued the journey despite the weather, spending the rest of their lives as believers in ghosts? There are many geese without feathers so superstitious that to point out anything to them in the night and say that it is a ghost is to them sufficient warranty that it is.

I had a great hulking lad of about eighteen or nineteen years of age working at Parkia some years ago, and chancing to go into the outhouse in which he and others were having their dinner, I heard this youth speaking of ghosts, and I asked him if he had seen one? He replied that he had seen two; in reply to my inquiry as to when and where, he said that he was going along a road on a moonlight night and on some grass where the space was wide there was a ghost in the exact form of a pig. In reply to my question as to how he knew that it was not a pig, he said that a man who was with him told him it was a ghost. I asked where and when he had seen the other ghost, and he answered that it had been seen on the same road and on the same night, and that it was in the form of an ass, upon which I suggested that the ass was his own shadow. I told him there were no such things as ghosts, and that his companion had been making a fool of him; but although the men laughed and made fun of him he "stuck to his guns" and declared he had no doubt of the matter.

Rats, mice, birds, wind, &c., are frequent causes, even in this house, where we have no room for ghosts. On different occasions birds got into the garrets from under the roof, and getting amongst the bell wires rung the bells in the dead of

night. Similar occurrences are often attributed to supernatural causes, and in many houses rats and mice have been guilty of similar misdemeanours. As to the hall door bell at Parkia, a worse behaved bell never disgraced a house; so ill is its behaviour that a notice has been stuck over it to "pull hard," and many visitors during the last few years have had to go to another door, where the bell behaves decently. One day the late Mr. Watkin Roberts was upstairs attending a patient, and I was sitting in the library with the large folding doors open. I saw the servant passing to, and heard him open the hall door, and I could see the doctor's coachman on the box of his brougham in the front, and could have seen any one go to the door, from which he was about thirty feet distant. He said no one had been at this door, and I saw no one pass the two windows of the room where I was writing; yet the servant had been summoned from his pantry by the hall door bell, which I informed him was occasionally guilty of the practice. Well, I know people who would have put it down to ghosts, whereas the simple fact is that the wires have a long distance of ups and downs to travel, and a hitch no doubt occurs now and then in some part of the wires which some accidental shake lets loose. There is one bedroom in this house which has a very large chest of drawers that I would guarantee to frighten any believer in ghosts. It occasionally creaks so loudly that any one not used to it would believe there was something very wrong. Some years ago, a long time now, I occupied the room, and recollect getting up more than once to see if there was a burglar in the room, as I have a very great belief in gentlemen of that occupation, but none in ghosts. I forgot to begin earlier and relate that when I was a small boy the late Mr. Holland (later on M.P. for Merioneth) presented my eldest sister with a monkey. Like the rest of our brethren who still retain their tails, he was addicted to mischief. He was the first of his tribe that had been seen in these parts, and one winter's evening he found his way to a neighbouring small farm. The inmates all moved out and left him in

possession, seeking safety at another farm and telling their neighbours that either the devil or a ghost had gone into their house and was jumping about in the most frightful manner. They said they had an old gun but no powder, or they would have tried to shoot him. Their host said that he had a small bottle with powder in it, and if they could get at the gun he would go back with them and have a shot at him. Accordingly, accompanied by several people, they returned to the farm, and found the devil or ghost still in possession, and considerable damage done in the house. Incautiously placing the little bottle containing the powder on a chair, it caught the watchful eye of the monkey, and his curiosity being excited, he took possession of it, and commenced examining it, in no less dangerous position than on the iron in the large chimney-place above the fire. The people had got the gun but the monkey had the powder, and considering the danger of the seat he had chosen he was again left in possession, the good folk peering at him through the outer door. At last some one who had seen the creature at Parkia arrived and said that it was the "monkey-cat" from Parkia. The "cat" being always appended like a sort of additional tail to the earliest monkeys that were seen in these parts. Now, without this explanation, that old farm-house, which is still standing, would have been noted as long as it remained together as being a haunted house.

I recently heard that a good house in the outskirts of Carnarvon had developed some prominent ghostly symptoms. The inmates were disturbed on different nights by the destruction of kitchen crockery, which fell from the dresser and other places, where it was stowed in a position from which a shaking could dislodge it. Some years ago this would have unquestionably led to the belief that the house was haunted, but fortunately it occurred to some one to consider on what sort of nights the ghostly disturbance took place. They invariably happened on windy nights, and as the house is closely surrounded by large trees there was no doubt that the force of the wind acting on the large branches

disturbed the roots of the trees, which having grown under the walls, shook the house in windy weather. There are, alas! many people even in this year of grace 1903 who would hug this ghost to their bosoms and adduce the disturbance as an additional proof of the existence of supernatural agencies of that kind.

HOME USE
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
MAIN LIBRARY

This book is due on the last date stamped below.
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405.
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk.
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.
ALL BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO RECALL 7 DAYS AFTER DATE CHECKED OUT.

APR 3 1974 7 8

May 2

IN STACKS MAR 3

APR 14 '74 8

RECD CIRC DEPT

LD21—A30m-7,'73
(R2275s10)476—A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

535315 DA722
.1
T3A3

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY